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THE NEW YORKER

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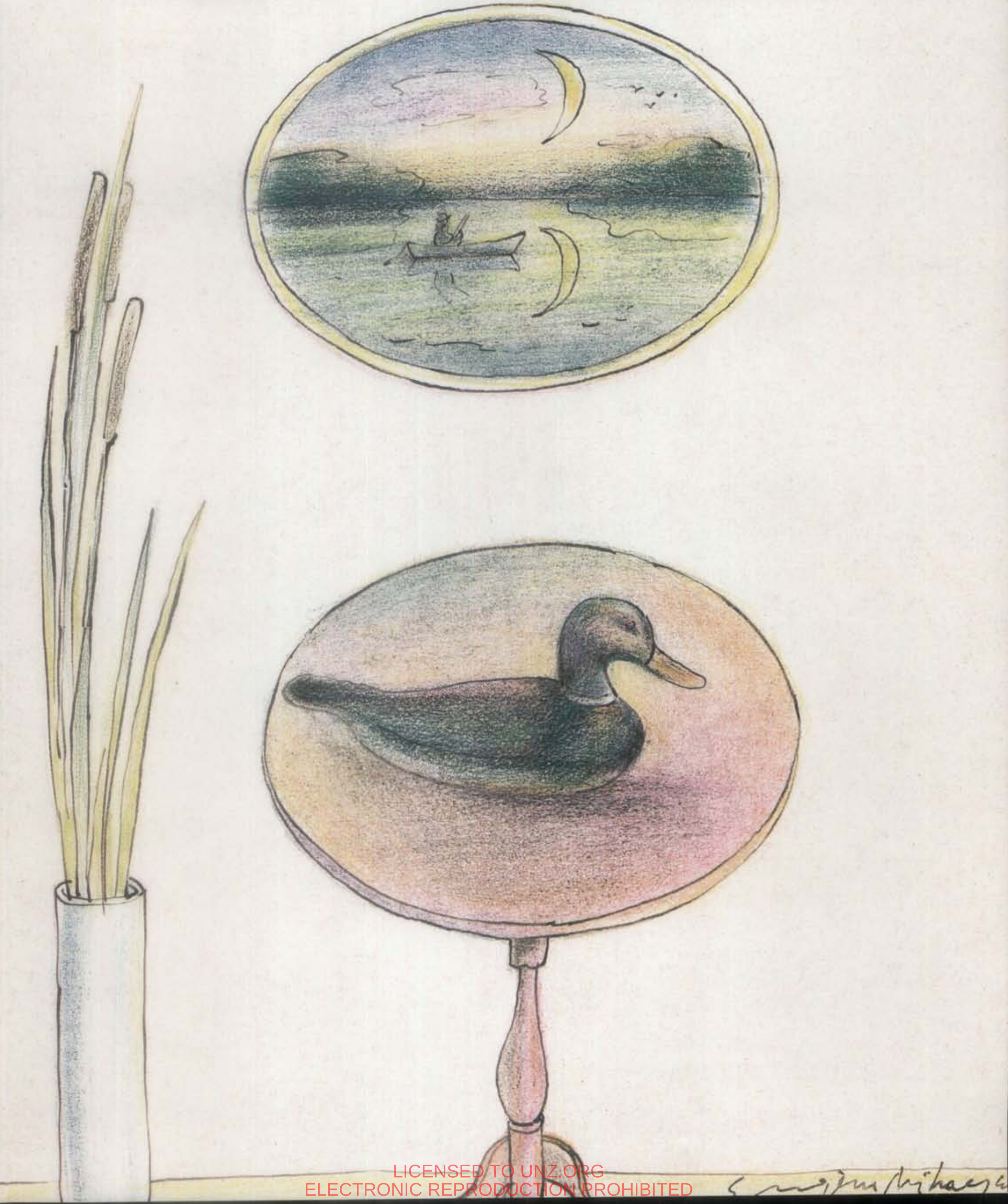

My new list of what I like and don't like so much in a woman.

My dislikes

1. A woman who talks about money all the time.
2. Who won't even answer the telephone without makeup.
3. Who lies about her age.
4. Who expects help from self-help books.
5. Who's a sore loser.
6. A woman who talks about old lovers. In front of new lovers.
7. Who won't spend her last few bucks on perfume.

My likes

1. A woman who still likes older men.
2. A woman in a little red dress.
3. Who lives on something besides salads.
4. Who can whistle for a cab.
5. Who wears perfume when nobody's around.
6. A woman who refuses to have her prominent nose fixed.
7. Who will spend her last few bucks on perfume. Mine, I hope.

Bill Blass

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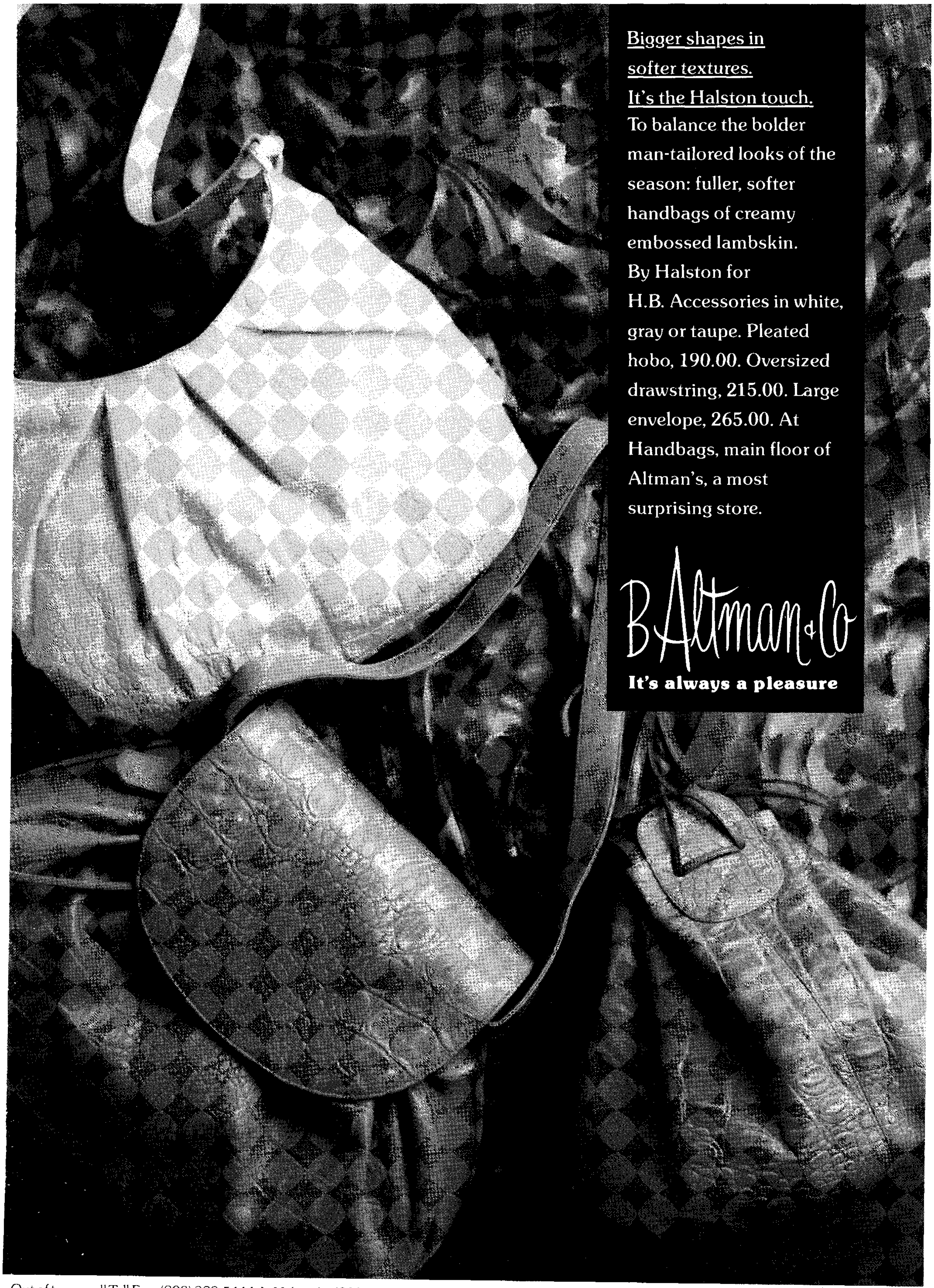Bigger shapes in softer textures. It's the Halston touch.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—The last in a series of productions by three Italian avant-garde theatre companies, La Gaia Scienza's "Torn Hearts" opens Wednesday, Oct. 10, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 21. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assorted assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is very well performed by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Circle Repertory Company—A modern-dress version of Shakespeare's **love's labor's lost** is the first in this season's series. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 11, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, Raul Julia, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bernard Slade's 1978 play **tribute** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 14. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

Kipling—Alec McCowen portrays Rudyard Ki ling in Brian Clark's one-man play, whic was previously seen in London. Patrick Ga land is the director. Opens Wednesday, Oc 10, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 1 (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tue days through Saturdays at 8; opening-nigh curtain at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish pla written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richar Engquist, and music by Raphael Crysta Performed in English. (Audrey Wood Theatr 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Si mund Romberg's **the new moon.** (Eastsid 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays a 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—Theresa Merrit stars as the early blues singer Gertrude (Ma Rainey in a play by August Wilson. Lloy Richards directs, as he did for the show' spring production at the Yale Repertor Theatre. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 1 Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 11. (Cor 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, excep

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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea and the Doll—A drama by Rudy Gray. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 11. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 12. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. Joyce Is Leaving Paris—A play about James Joyce, by Tom Gallacher. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 14.)

Quilters—A musical comedy that is neither very comic nor very musical, on the subject of quilting, with particular reference to the pioneering women of the American West in the nineteenth century. How this humble, dogged, virtuous, boring work arrived in New York is a mystery. (10/8/84) (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

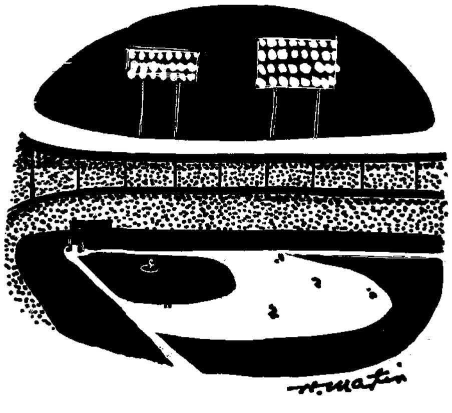
Royal Shakespeare Company—Opening performances of a ten-week engagement of two plays in alternating repertory that will end Sunday, Dec. 16. Shakespeare's **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** Wednesday matinée and evening, Oct. 10, and Thursday evening, Oct. 11 (previews); Sunday matinée, Oct. 14 (opening); and Friday evening, Oct. 19, and Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Rostand's **CYRANO DE BERGERAC,** in a translation by Anthony Burgess: Friday evening, Oct. 12, as well as Saturday matinée, Oct. 13, and Sunday evening, Oct. 14 (previews); Tuesday evening, Oct. 16 (opening); and Wednesday matinée and evening, Oct. 17, and Thursday evening, Oct. 18. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Through the Leaves—A limited engagement of a two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Oct. 13, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Keith Michell and Keene Curtis. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,176 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** The funniest, fast-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Théâtre du Nombre d'Or—Presenting Molière's comedy **LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES,** in French. With the Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 11-12, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 355-6100, Ext. 500.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "Heyoka," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws" (première), and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Agathlon," "Summer-Clouds People," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Summer-Clouds People," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Agathlon," "Summer-Clouds People," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Plains Daybreak," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2: "Hurrah!," "Plains Daybreak," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: "Summer-Clouds People," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Plains Daybreak." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Summer-Clouds People," "Trickster Coyote," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Summer-Clouds People." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Agathlon," "Trickster Coyote," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Plains Daybreak," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Summer-Clouds People," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Angels of the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Inmost Heaven," "Trickster Coyote," "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc.," and "Summer-Clouds People." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Songs of Mahler," "Fall River Legend," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Square Dance," "Wingborne," "Mirage," and "Banda." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, at 8: "Manifestations," "Voluntaries," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2: "The Four Temperaments" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: "Agon" and "Giselle." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Saturo Shimazaki—"Monologues," "The Seasons," "Tango," and "Journeys with Satie." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **JUBILATION! DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Oct. 10, and Friday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, at 2. . . . **IZULU DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, Oct. 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 11-13, singer **DAKOTA STATON** will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE,** bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will perform. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Oct. 10, Sore Thumb, the Charts, and the King Bees; Thursday, Oct. 11, Peter Stewart, On the Edge, and Crystal Blue; Friday, Oct. 12, Crybaby, the Falgares, and the Shane Gang; Saturday, Oct. 13, comedy night and Andy Rosen; Sunday, Oct. 14, Life in a Blender, the Boomerangs, and Boygirl; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 15-16, comedy nights. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**JOE WILLIAMS,** a skillful, entertaining blues and ballad singer, is on the stand through Sunday, Oct. 14; on Monday, Oct. 15, Bob Casanova, Sabrina Carnesi, and Karen Starr will pay tribute to Dinah Washington; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 16, **MORGANA KING** will begin singing here. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, **CLAUDE BOLLING,** on jazz piano; Friday through Sunday, Oct. 12-14, bassist **STANLEY CLARK** and guitarist **PAT MARTINO;** Wednesday, Oct. 17, the Mosquitos and the Smithereens; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, singer and songwriter Bruce Cockburn. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **BILL MAYS** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Oct. 13, and **MIKE ABENE** and **MICHAEL MOORE**

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starting Monday, Oct. 15. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, is doing an all-Rodgers and Hart show through Saturday, Oct. 13; on Tuesday, Oct. 16, **BOBBY SHORT** will return to these premises. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist inspired by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, is back here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

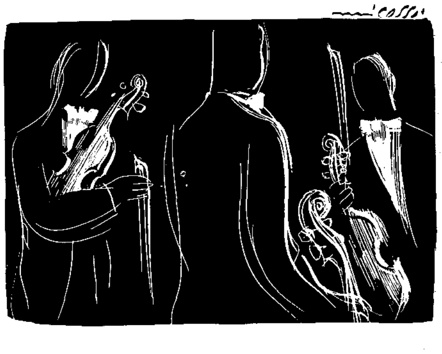
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Oct. 10, the Gray Zone, John Are, Modern Café, and I.A.F.; Friday, Oct. 12, the Drongoes, Chris Bond, G. C. Greene, and Smash Palace; Saturday, Oct. 13, the Cor-Vairs, the Clintons, the Spades, and Clambake; Sunday, Oct. 14, Altar Boys, Faceless, and Fright Wig; and Tuesday, Oct. 16, Western Eyes. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Saturday, Oct. 13, Crystal Creek; Wednesday, Oct. 17, Nancy Crutcher; and Saturday, Oct. 20, the Otis Brothers. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Mondays and Tuesdays are Ed Polcer nights; Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays the tradition-minded house sextet cuts loose; and on Sunday, Oct. 14, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will drop in. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A three-guitar front line, made up of three big-gun guitarists—**BARNEY KESSEL, HERB ELLIS,** and **CHARLIE BYRD**—can be found here through Sunday, Oct. 14. On Tuesday, Oct. 16, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will arrive with her backing crew. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Oct. 10, at nine and eleven, "The Same Old Song," a revue, with Donna Destri, Sherryl Marshall and Zora Rasmussen, plus the Junior X trio Thursday, Oct. 11, at nine and eleven Chicago City Limits; Saturday, Oct. 13, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, singer **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Tuesday, Oct. 16, Jeff Sumerel and Lucy Avery Brooke; Wednesday, Oct. 17, at nine and eleven, John Lurie; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Dan Hicks. Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **DAVID EUBANKS;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** Sunday and Monday, Oct. 14-15, singer Carol Fredette; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 16-18, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

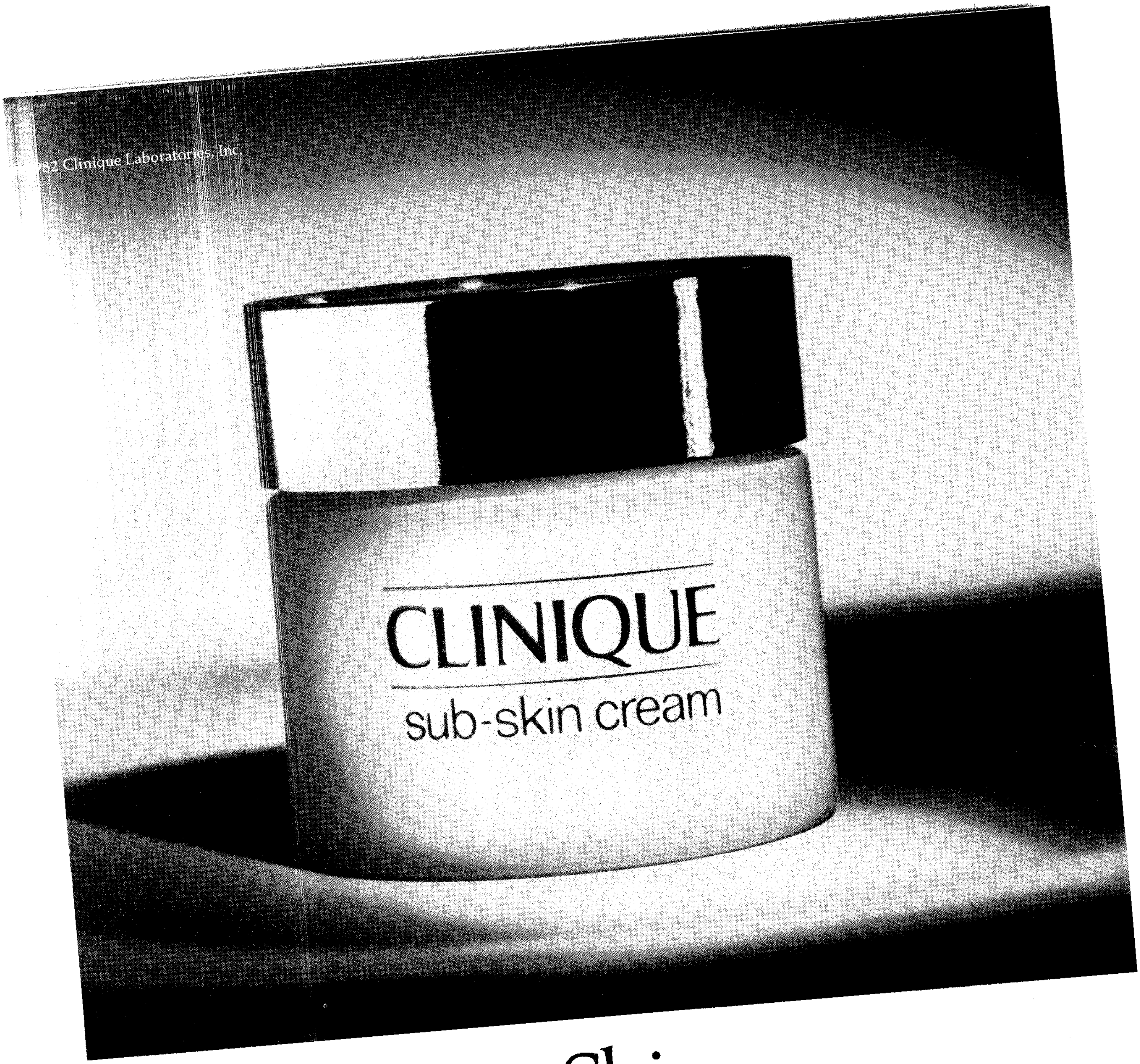
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JOHN EATON** works at the dining-room grand until Saturday, Oct. 13, and on Tuesday, Oct. 16, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return The Sunday man is **JIMMY LYON,** and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Oct. 10 relive the sixties with the **SAN FRANCISCO ALL-STARS** and **NICKSILVER;** Thursday, Oct. 11, Mutabaruka; Sunday, Oct. 14, blues guitarist **HUBERT SUMLIN,** with **SUGAR BLUE;** Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 15-16, the Radiators; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** and **RICK DANKO.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St (228-3788)—The Terence Blanchard–Donald Harrison quintet performs through Sunday, Oct. 14, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 16 altoist **PHIL WOODS** will head up his quintet. On Mondays the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** swings, wails, waxes lyrical, and generally stirs up audiences. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—English singer and actress **ANNIE ROSS,** a member of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross twenty years ago, is here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a



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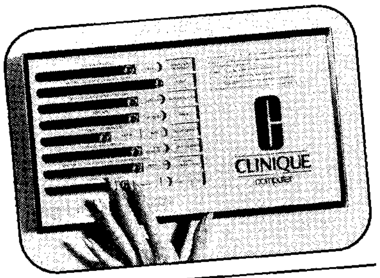

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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decade. The music: Wednesday, Oct. 10, Ivy Ray; Thursday, Oct. 11, guitarist **BILL CONNORS**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, violinist Noel Pointer; Monday, Oct. 15, **JUMP STREET**, a rousing R. & B. outfit; Tuesday, Oct. 16, Rebirth; Wednesday, Oct. 17, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his crisp Latin-jazz band; and Thursday, Oct. 18, trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF** and saxophonist **LOU MARINI**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Oct. 12, the Schemers. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN ORCHESTRA** is on hand through Sunday, Oct. 14, and on Tuesday, Oct. 16, the Bill Lombardo orchestra will move in. The music hours run Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Oct. 10, reggae with **I-THREES (RITA MARLEY, MARCIA GRIFFITHS**, and **JUDY MOWATT) & THE WAILERS**; Thursday, Oct. 11, guitarist **ALVIN LEE**; Friday, Oct. 12, **MINISTRY** and A.P.B.; Saturday, Oct. 13, Konk and the Coma-teens; Sunday, Oct. 14, reggae rapper **YELLOWMAN**; and Saturday, Oct. 20, the dB's and Glass Hands. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **JOE BUSHKIN** and ten musicians salute Louis Armstrong through Saturday, Oct. 13, and Fats Waller starting Monday, Oct. 15. Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 10, Turbulence; Thursday, Oct. 11, Napua; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER**; Sunday, Oct. 14, Future Funk; Mondays at nine and eleven, Galt MacDermot & the New Pulse Jazz Band; Tuesday, Oct. 16, Nat Dixon's quartet; Wednesday, Oct. 17, **JUMP STREET**; Thursday, Oct. 18, Vladimir Horunzhy & the Central Committee; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**, drummer **PETER ERSKINE**, and bassist **MARC JOHNSON**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, songwriter and singer **GILBERTO GIL**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Oct. 14, Kenia; and Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 17-20, Nigerian drumming legend **OLATUNJI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** is here with his rhythmic, lilting band **EKAYA—CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE**, and **BEN RILEY**—through Sunday, Oct. 14. On Tuesday, Oct. 16, bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with a quartet. Mondays are launch nights for the red hot **DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. Thursdays belong to the Delancey Street Hawaiians, Fridays and Saturdays to rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY**, and Mondays to Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Oct. 15, **EDDIE PALMIERI, CONJUNTO CACHANA**, and **CHARLIE PALMIERI** will all be present. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** supplies moving piano solos nightly, except Mondays, and, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays each Tuesday with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Guitarist **JIM HALL** gets solid, sympatico support from bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, Oct. 14; on Tuesday, Oct. 16, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will bring in his sextet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians, mostly pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Kuni Mikami; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 11-13, and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 18-21, Ted Chavis and Bob Hobson; and Sunday, Oct. 14, Tom Charlap and Charles Blenzig. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University *is* just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY** leads his crackling, sharp hard-bop band through Saturday, Oct. 13; Sunday through Tuesday, Oct. 14-16, singer **ROYAL BLUE** will be present; and on Wednesday, Oct. 17, **DAKOTA STATON** will begin singing here. Music from about nine.

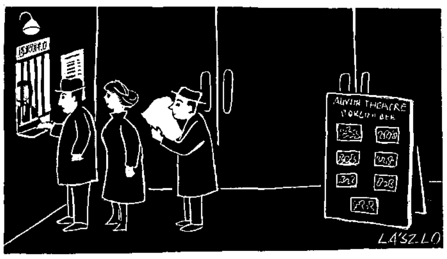
ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. Singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS** are in it through Saturday, Oct. 13, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 16, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** will take over. Every Sunday guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** drop by. Bertoncini and Moore have been playing their own brand of chamber music—a lively mixture of jazz, classical, and twinges of rock—together for several years. Bertoncini's classical playing is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and super-delicate backup work are as astounding as ever. The Monday guys are pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Billy Taylor, Herb Ellis, Al Grey, Buddy Tate, George Duvivier, and Joe Morello. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

CARTER JEFFERSON & KOLLAGE—With Danny Mixon. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 12-13, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

TRIBUTE TO CHEO FELICIANO—Mr. Feliciano will be there, along with the Joe Cuba sextet, Jimmy Sabater, Eddie Palmieri, Ruben Blades, Hector Lavoe, and Willie Colon. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)



MAHAVISHNU—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.

JOE AND ANTOINETTE MCKENNA—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.

REGGIE WORKMAN—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.

TRIBUTE TO MABEL MERCER—The first in a series of concerts devoted to the repertoire of Mabel Mercer, this one featuring Barbara Lea and Wes McAfee. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

HOLLY NEAR AND RONNIE GILBERT—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8.

LOU REED—Beacon Theatre. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

NICOL ALLAN / GWEN JOHN (1876-1939)—Small, neatly contrived collages, in muted colors. Through Oct. 27. / Small works on paper, many of them sketches of women in church. Through Nov. 10. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

HERBERT BAYER—A three-gallery exhibit of paintings, works on paper, and photographs by an artist who taught at the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Browne, 16 E. 78th St.)

TONY BERLANT—This artist, who does colorful found-metal collages on plywood, is now working on a much larger scale, one piece being an icon nearly nine feet tall, very Californian in style but titled "Christ in New York." He incorporates drawings in some of the compositions. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

LOREN D. CALAWAY—Finished wood-and-metal sculptures resembling small-scale unorthodox furniture. Through Nov. 3. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JON CARSMAN—Watercolors and oils inspired by Monet's home and gardens at Giverny. Through Oct. 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

MARY CASSATT (1845-1926)—A benefit loan show of about thirty pastels and paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

CARMEN CICERO—Large, colorful paintings in the funky manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROBERT CRONIN—New sculptures. Through Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LUISE KAISH—Collage paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ARISTODIMOS KALDIS (1899-1979)—Semi-abstract landscape paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

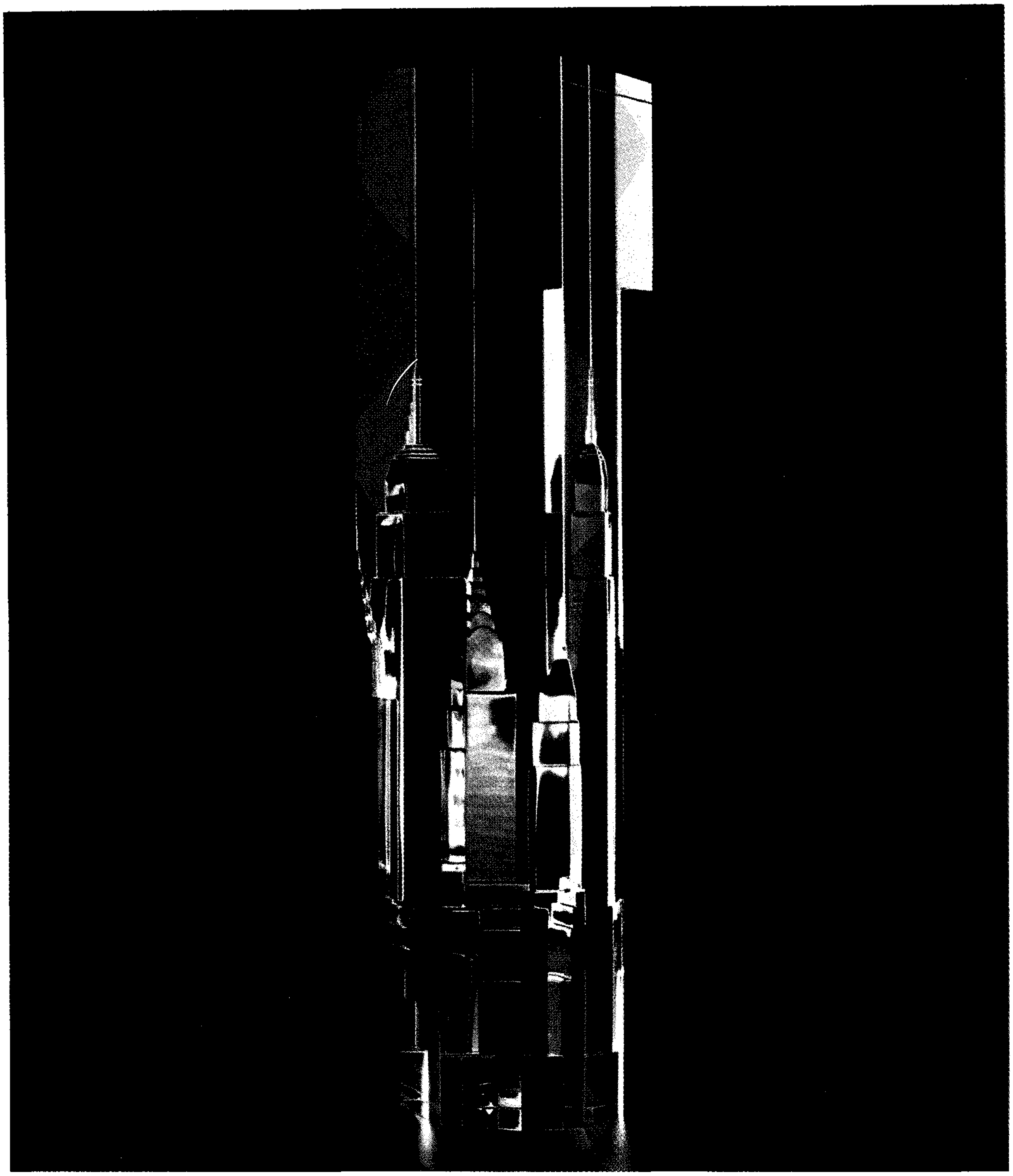
ROBERT MICHEL (1897-1983)—Works on paper by a Bauhaus-influenced German artist who seldom exhibited here. Through Oct. 27. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Three exhibits. Drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ More of the above. Through Nov. 9. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Ditto. Through Dec. 1. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—A new set of collage paintings. Through Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CLARK MURRAY—Life-size bronze torsos, plus related drawings done in exceptionally thick black pencil lines. Through Oct. 31. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

JOE NEILL—Wall sculptures, many of them undulating in form and accented by balls painted in variegated colors and incorporated into



New York, New York

A new sculpture by Paul Schulze. Height 17". $25,000. Signed Steuben. Part of the exhibition *Fifty Years on Fifth: A Retrospective Exhibition of Steuben Glass*, October 5-27.
Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441.
Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

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the works. The materials are wood and plastics, mostly, and there are related drawings. Through Oct. 27. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Parks / Tim Prentice—English landscape paintings. / Sculptures of musical instruments which can be played. Through Oct. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Susan Roth / Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—New paintings. / Paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Kit-Yin Snyder—A sculpture installation built with wire-mesh bricks that are used as if they were clay bricks. Through Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Herk van Tongeren—New bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Two large-scale bronzes. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

African Art—A hundred elegant examples of tribal African art and artifacts on loan from the Musée de l'Homme in Paris—figures, spoons, grave markers, masks, whistles. It adds up to a sort of postgraduate course after the "Primitivism" show at the Modern. Through Jan. 22. (Center for African Art, a new establishment at 54 E. 68th St. Open Sundays.)

Mexican Folk Art—About a tenth of the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller has been selected for a show of more than three hundred pieces—saddles inlaid with ivory, birdcages, swords, needlework, masks, whirligigs, figurines, paintings. Through Oct. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Works on paper by twentieth-century Australian artists from three generations, plus five aboriginal bark paintings; a complementary show is at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ericson,** 23 E. 74th St.: Abstract paintings by Stan Gregory, Robert Quijada, and Christopher White. Through Oct. 27. . . . **mazoh,** 13 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Pissarro, Noland, Twombly, and others, and sculptures by Matisse and Noguchi. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Sixty-five paintings and fifteen works on paper, all but one carrying the title "Homage to the Square." Through Nov. 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arman—Bronzes cast from charred French furniture reproductions. Through Nov. 3. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Will Barnet—For many of these twenty-two new paintings the artist used family members as his models. Through Oct. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs (1922-84)—A memorial show of paintings which underscores the wide range of styles he mastered in addition to the Abstract Expressionism he is best known for. Through Oct. 27. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Arthur B. Carles (1882-1952)—A sampler of paintings by this pioneer modernist. Through Oct. 27. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Virginia landscapes by an artist who lives there. Through Oct. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Eisenman—Recent landscape (the Berkshires and Utah) paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Abstract works on paper. Through Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 3. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Raymond Han—Oil-on-canvas still-lifes. Through Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Patti Hansen—Hyperrealist oil paintings: flowers, portraits, interiors with peek-a-boo vistas of downtown Manhattan through the windows. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Kalina—Recent paintings in which an animal of some sort—a dog, a pig, a cow—is the focal point of an otherwise abstract composition. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Brice Marden—New Minimalist paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—Paintings and works on paper from 1925-45. Through Nov. 3. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sam Messer—Large, rich paintings, taken up with a strange medley of subjects, themes from Goya and African art among them. One painting, of a downtown artists' bar, has sixty beer bottles racked up in its frame. Through Oct. 27. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Nechvatal—Diptychs and wood sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Wall sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

James Penney (1910-82)—A memorial exhibition of abstract and representational paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Matt Phillips—Hand-colored drypoints. Through Nov. 3. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—New paintings. Through Nov. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Painstakingly detailed oils of rural Connecticut and upstate. Through Oct. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hubert Scheibl / Birgit Jürgenssen—Abstract paintings. / Paintings in which figurative shapes are set against geometric forms. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

David Schofield—Pen-and-ink drawings of city architecture, minutely recorded by a twenty-six-year-old artist. Through Oct. 27. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

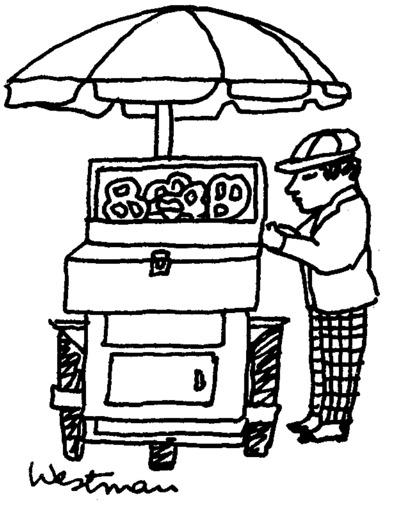
Susan Shatter / Maurice Grosser—Large landscape paintings of rocky coastlines and of the Grand Canyon. / Realist still-lifes and landscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Osamu Shimoda—Geometric painted-iron sculptures. Through Oct. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Philip Trusttum—Paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki—A loan show of works on paper and oil-on-cotton paintings done between 1969 and 1973. Through Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joe Zucker—New paintings, mostly in stark black and white, some portraying Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, and some portraying Kung Fu action. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ In the back gallery, jokey drawings by William Wegman illustrate his everyday problems, like losing weight. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Group Shows—At the **bellman,** 41 E. 57th St.: Two works apiece by John Kessler, Scott Richter, Richard Milani, Lydia Dona, David Humphrey, and Michael Byron. Through Nov. 3. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration brings together works seen in the débuts here of such artists as Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and H. C. Westermann. Through Thursday, Oct. 18. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: A small, elegant show of comfortably sized works by eight prominent abstractionists—LeWitt, Judd, and Ryman, for instance. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: American folk-art paintings by Grandma Moses, Edward Hicks, Ammi Phillips, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . **markel,** 50 W. 57th St.: "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," paintings and sculptures by sixteen Post-Vacationists, among them Elena Borstein, Barton Lidicé Beneš, and Pat Lasch. Through Nov. 3. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Edward Betts, Hans Moller, Jason Schoener, Bernarda Bryson Shahn, and William Thon. Through Oct. 27.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock—A series of four large metal sculptures, consisting of revolving blades, sweeping arms, blinking lights, and a general air of industry, which the artist calls "Time-Creation Machines." Also, drawings. Through Oct. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Max Cole / Alan Wolfson—Abstract paintings. / Dioramas depicting scenes of New York City. Through Oct. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Eric Fischl—Eleven oils done during the past two years. Through Oct. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vernon Fisher—Paintings with sculptures that elaborate on them. Through Oct. 30. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Mary Ann Gillies (1935-84)—Thirty-one paper bags stiffened with layers of water putty, and arranged in groups. The sculptor prepared this show before her death in July. Through Oct. 31. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Judith Godwin—More or less representational paintings of animals by an artist better known as an Abstract Expressionist. Through Oct. 27. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Edward Lee Hendricks—Sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Susan Laufer—Acrylics thickly applied to wood panels and Masonite. Also, works on paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Tomasz Leszczynski—Striking figure paintings and several abstractions by a Polish artist freshly arrived in this country. Through Oct. 27. (Christian, in new quarters at 90 Prince St.)

Doris Lubell / Carol Unger—Large acrylic and watercolor paintings. / Figurative drawings. Through Sunday, Oct. 14. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Michael Lucero—Larger than life-size sculptured heads, some ceramic and some bronze, most of them lying on their sides and all of them decorated with incongruous landscapes. There are also several ceramic friezes of primordial scenery. Through Oct. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Sculptures from 1979-83. Through Nov. 4. (Sharpe, 328 E. 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Bruce McLean—Stylized shoes, handbags, and gloves serve as symbols in these large, sketchy paintings satirizing high fashion. Through Wednesday, Oct. 17. (Art Palace, a new gallery at 611 Broadway.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings and drawings done

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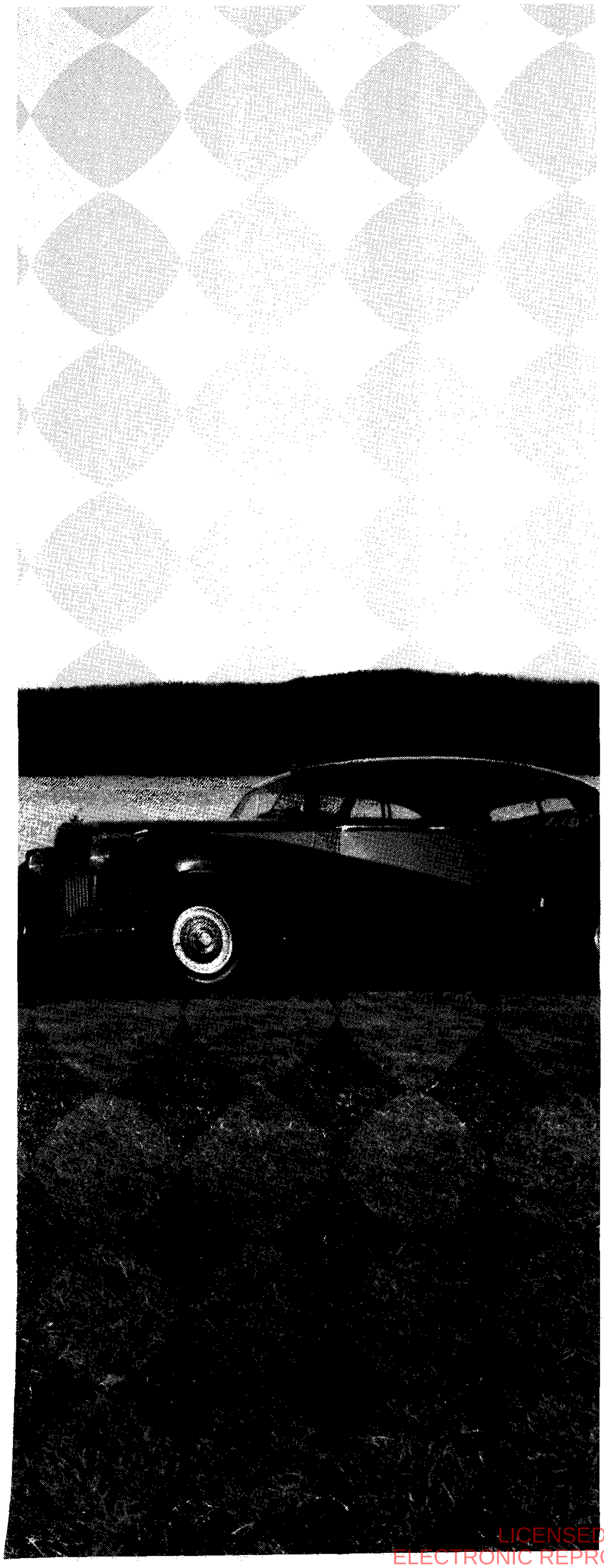
She Knew Life Could Be Lived Richly,



without being rich.

She lived as if in a dream, with the kind of grace and charm, sensitivity and style that could never be bought. The accident of birth that had placed her in moderate circumstances, somehow never prevented her from living as if she were always about to come into a great fortune.

The first time I saw her, we were both weekend guests at a rather palatial Newport estate. She alighted from an automobile holding a bouquet of red roses. As she approached the puddle in her path, the chauffeur lifted her into his arms to carry her across it; a gallant gesture prompted, perhaps, by her radiant beauty. A manservant struggled with four pieces of handsome luggage that I recognized to be of the highest quality. The kind that summered in the South of France and wintered on St. Bart's. The kind that held silk and satin and whispered of intriguing adventures. She wore lizard sandals and inexpensive perfume that smelled of gardenias and October mornings. In the back of the automobile was a leather-bound volume of poems by Apollinaire and an ostrich eyeglass case.

She was the kind of woman who lived a life in which she cultivated the element of surprise. It was obvious she knew how to live.

Reminiscing about her, years later, I usually experience two conflicting emotions. One is a sense of loss that we would probably never meet again. And the other is a feeling of joy, knowing that some of the things I had created had contributed, in some small way, to the beauty of her life and the incandescent beauty of that moment.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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during the past quarter century by this elderly French artist-poet, whose abstractions often seem on the verge of coalescing into realism. Through Nov. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Large abstract paintings usually consisting of several layers of shaped canvases, some of them overlapping. Through Oct. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—Sculptures of neon tubing, stone, plaster, and steel. Through Nov. 3. (Castelli, and Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Peter Plagens—Abstract acrylic paintings, all of them incorporating a circle or part of a circle, by an artist who has added some fresh new colors to his palette. Through Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Yhuda Porbochrai—Large acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 27. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Garry Rich—Large semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Very large canvases made up of smaller compositions fitted together like a mosaic, with wholesale borrowings from leading mainstream painters. Through Oct. 27. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Hap Tivey—Abstract paintings and preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER,** 578 Broadway: Works by Sarah Canright, Jack Chevalier, Harry Soviak, and others, in an inaugural exhibition for this new gallery space. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **A.I.R.,** 63 Crosby St.: A new-talent show of twenty-one women, including Lynne Mayocole, Donna Page, and Joan Snitzer. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by fifteen artists. Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St.: New work by René Daniels, Mike Kelley, Robert Longo, and Cindy Sherman. Through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sergio Camporeale—Tightly handled watercolors and oils, mostly with a Surrealist twist. Through Friday, Oct. 12. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St.)

Fabio Cresci—Large figurative and semi-abstract paintings, one of them devoted to a single fig leaf, by an Italian artist. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Two related exhibits. Oil paintings in a new series called "The Peaceable Kingdom." Through Oct. 27. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings. Through Nov. 11. (Dramatis Personae, 25 E. 4th St. Thursdays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **THE CLOCKTOWER,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Science fiction is the theme of paintings and sculptures by more than thirty artists from San Francisco. Through Oct. 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SIX,** 51 St. Marks Pl.: A sort of preëlection, post-Olympics motif is embraced by patriots Judy Rifka, Futura 2000, David Wojnarowicz, and Rich Colicchio in paintings and installations. Through Oct. 21. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **GREENWALD,** 181 Mott St.: William Fares, Mary Heilmann, and Lynton Wells are among thirty contemporary New York artists showing mostly paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Four sculptures by Mark di Suvero in a show of paintings and sculptures by nine artists. Through Nov. 3. . . . **PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN,** 2 W. 13th St.: "Art from *The New Yorker*"—cartoons and covers by about sixty contemporary artists. Through Oct. 26. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Louise Dahl-Wolfe—Fashion photographs seen originally in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, among other prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Trude Fleischmann—Portraits of Kokoschka, Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, and others by an eighty-nine-year-old photographer who was at the top of her profession in Vienna before coming here in the thirties. Through Nov. 15. (Pfeifer, in a new SoHo location at 568 Broadway.)

Horst / Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A retrospective that includes recent portraits of Paloma Picasso, Andy Warhol, Diana Vreeland, and others. / Twenty-five of his favorite prints. Through Nov. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Arnold Kramer—Informal portraits and landscape photographs. Through Oct. 27. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery, has an additional ten prints. (Opens at noon.)

Theodore Roszak—Photograms that coincided with and alluded to the Constructivist sculptures he did in the thirties. Through Nov. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joel Sternfeld—Recent photographs. Through Nov. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

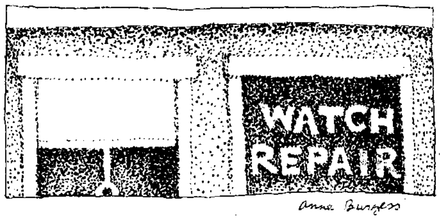
Weegee (1898-1968)—Prints by a New York photojournalist, including his distortions of famous people (Eddie Cantor with forty eyes), and the crowds at fires and in bars. Through Oct. 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **DYANSEN 57,** 11 E. 57th St.: Photographs of dancers in the American Ballet Theatre, taken during the past forty-four years, by Cecil Beaton, Francesco Scavullo, Martha Swope, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **HARDER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Photographs of water by gallery artists Sylvia Plachy, André Kertész, Grace Knowlton, William Clift, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Four emerging photographers—Elliot Schwartz, Gaylord Herron, Hideji Nagura, and Lorne Greenberg. Through Saturday, Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy will be shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Starts Friday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, ceremonial sculptures, musical instruments, weapons, and jewelry—carved in wood, stone, jade, ivory, and shell. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A pair of shows devoted to James McNeill Whistler—one a loan of etchings, the other newly acquired lithographs—can be seen in adjacent galleries on the second floor. Through Nov. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on the development of Western modernism. Among the works are Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Brancusi's "Madame L.R.," Klee's "Mask of Fear," and Robert Smithson's "Closed Mirror Square." Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of nearly forty sculptural environments that Horst Antes has devised for the severe, truncated figures that identify his paintings. Starts Friday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Will Insley: a show of documents, from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city that the artist-architect sees covering the area between the Rockies and the Mississippi River. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Through Nov. 25. A complementary show is at the CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection during the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Robert Kushner's paintings on paper are on view in the lobby gallery. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty-four pieces of ceramic tableware by industrial designer Eva Zeisel, in a retrospective spanning more than fifty years. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth to the nineteenth centuries, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers from the court and the temple. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the library's collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray" and a page of "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-

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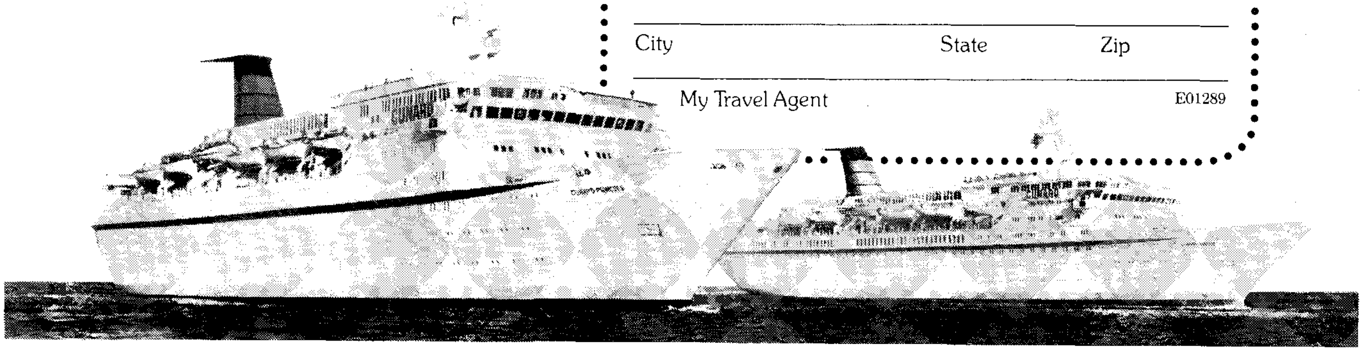

days, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career, including early works depicting heroic figures, the "Vietnam" series, and his more recent paintings of mercenaries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily *except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through* Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit that centers on the period in New York history when the city *became the national metropolis and, not* coincidentally, when the society was founded, a hundred and eighty years ago. City views, portraits of leaders of the time by Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull, artifacts, and manuscripts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs put together from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Jan. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Five artists showing various paintings and drawings that can be described as abstractions with references to architecture. Through Oct. 27.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Spider Webb (performance), Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Mineo Aayamaguchi (video-performance), Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Kendall Buster. Through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A group show of works in several mediums, all incorporating a text. Through Oct. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan* Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Morley Meredith; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 1:30: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz-Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Victor Braun; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: The company's première of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Edward Sooter, and Franz-Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Victor Braun; Neeme Järvi.

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New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7; Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7: The company's première of Sondheim's "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Rosalind Elias, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; conducted by Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Sheryl Woods, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Stanley Wexler; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 14, at 1: "Sweeney Todd," with Sheryl Woods, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Marsee, Rico Serbo, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Janis Eckhart, Richard Leech, and Frederick Burchinal; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Lamy, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Nancy Shade, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and Adib Fazah; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

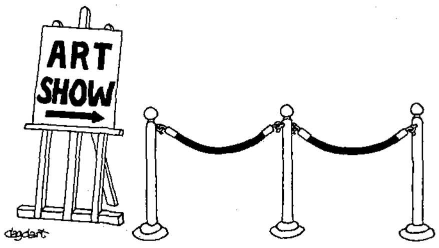
Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30.)

"Trio"—The New York première of a contemporary chamber opera by Noa Ain. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 17-19, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2 and 9.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting two new one-act comedic operas in concert form: Philip Carlsen's "Implications of Melissa," and Donald Grantham's "From the Diaries of Adam and Eve," based on the Mark Twain work. Both composers will be present. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Oct. 22, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212 Wednesday through Tuesday, Oct. 10-16.)

ORCHESTRA AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Myung-Whun Chung conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 8; Friday, Oct. 12, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 7:30: A Bartók-Chopin-Dvořák program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8; Friday, Oct. 19, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: A Mozart-Dvořák-Prokofieff program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin.



Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Margaret Marshall and Arleen Auger, sopranos; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 17: A Schoenberg–Richard Strauss program, with Celina Lindsley and Helga Pilarczyk, sopranos; William Johns, Jaroslav Kachel, and Richard Brunner, tenors; Julian Patrick and Oskar Hillebrandt, baritones; Andrew Foldi, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19: A Bach-Beethoven-Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20: A Mozart-Berg-Schumann program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Evenings at 8.)

Orpheus—With Gidon Kremer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Iona Brown conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—José Serebrier directing, with the Collegiate Chorale and the University of Miami Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Glinka's "A Life for the Tsar" in concert form, with Jiřina Markova, soprano; Ortrun Wenkel, mezzo-soprano; Chris Merritt, tenor; Martti Talvela, bass; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:30.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and Gary Steigerwalt, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, *92nd Street* Y. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

Rebecca La Brecque and the American Composers Orchestra—Larry Newland conducting a program that will feature Miss La Brecque as soloist in piano concertos by Roger Sessions, Daniel Brewbaker, and Joseph Maneri. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach" Festival—The first four in a series of five concerts honoring the tercentennial of the composer's birth. **central presbyterian church,** Park Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, Oct. 10: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in an all-J. S. Bach program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13: The Ensemble for Early Music performing a program of music by J. S. Bach and his sons. With Julianne Baird, soprano, and Kurt Owen Richards, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20: Richard Westenburg conducting the Musica Sacra chamber ensemble in a Handel-Bach program, with Raymond Gniewek, violin; Martin Berinbaum, trumpet; Judith Mendenhall, flute; and Ronald Roseman, oboe. . . . **alice tully hall.** Wednesday, Oct. 17: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Janice Dixon and Dawn Upshaw, sopranos; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and Kevin Deas and Bruce Kramer, basses. (Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

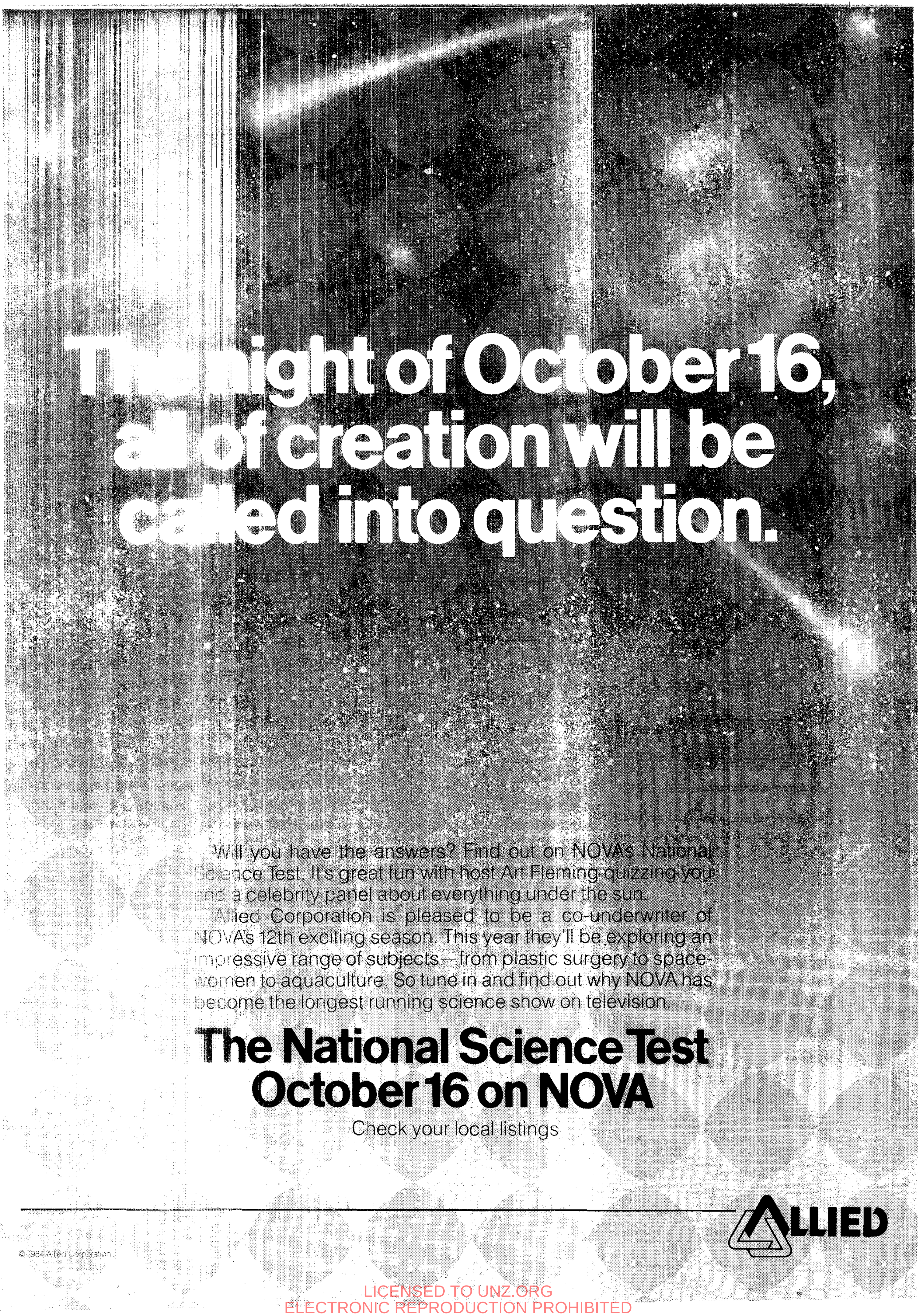
Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing an a-cappella program of early Renaissance music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of six all-Bach concerts celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Young Uck Kim and Peter Serkin—The first two in a series of five concerts presenting music by Mozart for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8, an all-sonata program. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Linda Kobler—Harpsichord, with Sharon Isbin,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classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Eugene Fodor—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Youri Egorov—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Roberta Rust—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

American String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Santiago Rodriguez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, with the Laurentian String Quartet and instrumental soloists. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Bobbie Glover—Tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 13, at 9.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Alice Artzt—Classical guitarist. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 3.)

New York Consort of Viols—With Louis Bagger, harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 4. For information about tickets, call 799-5877.)

Meliora Quartet—With the Cleveland Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Chamber music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Oct. 15, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Aleck Karis—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Daniel Heifetz—Violin, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Gary Steigerwalt—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, with Curtis Macomber, violin, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515, Friday, Saturday, or Monday between 9:30 and 5:30.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of music composed by women, with Carmen Pelton, soprano, and Edmund Niemann, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts, this one with members of the Harlem Children's Orchestra Chorus. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8. Composer Elliott Sharp will give a pre-concert talk at 7:45. For tickets, call 406-2915.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Presenting the first in a series of three programs, each of which will be performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Victoria Bond conducting an ensemble in a program of music by New York composers that includes one of her own works. With Judith Otten, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lyra—A program of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century music for two bass viols and a harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

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Anner Bylsma—Baroque cello and cello piccolo, in two programs of Bach suites. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 and 8.)

Muir String Quartet—With Raphael Hillyer, *viola, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice* Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

Winterfest Concerts—The first in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Trio di Milano—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects: Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 10-13, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 14, at 2 and 7: THE GAMES, a music-theatre piece written by Meredith Monk and Ping Chong, with music by Miss Monk. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 7: Remy Charlip and his company in the première of a full-length dance work, TEN MEN, with music by Stuart Dempster. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Operaworks—David C. Leighton conducting the last in a series of staged operas and other events. Wednesday, Oct. 10, and Saturday, Oct. 13: Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 11: "The Martyrdom of St. Magnus," by Peter Maxwell Davies. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12: Three staged musical works by George Crumb—"Ancient Voices of Children," "Voice of the Whale," and "Night of Four Moons"—plus a performance of Genet's play "The Maids." (Larry Richardson's Dance Gallery, 242 E. 14th St. 254-4881. Evenings at 8.)

The Jerome Kern Centenary Gala—A benefit program of his music, performed by Kaye Ballard, David Eisler, Allan Jones, Wanda Richert, Steve Ross, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Oct. 14, at 4.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition games: Atlanta vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Oct. 18, at 6. . . . ¶ Milwaukee vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 20, at 6.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 13: Army vs. Rutgers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 14: Manhattan vs. the University of Massachusetts at Boston, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Army vs. Pennsylvania, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Eastern Connecticut State, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Princeton, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Louisville, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 14: Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Oct. 14, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Oct. 13, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 20, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Oct. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 19, at 7:35.

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 12; the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Oct. 13; the Frizette, Sunday, Oct. 14; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Vosburgh, and the Kelso Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:30, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Ballantine's Scotch Classic, Saturday, Oct. 13; the Young America, Thursday, Oct. 18; and the Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 20.

ET ALIA

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of upper Fifth Avenue, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 13-14, starting in front of the Duke Mansion, Fifth Ave. and 78th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Upper Broadway: Clerics and Scholars," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 14, starting on the steps of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. *(Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)* Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American decorative prints. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Oct. 13, at 10:15: Chinese decorative works of art, as well as paintings and furniture. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 13. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Saturday, Oct. 13, at 10: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 13, at 2: American furniture, from the collection of Dr. C. Ray Franklin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 16, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 12.

Election Registration—Final registration for the Nov. 6 elections will be Saturday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 9.

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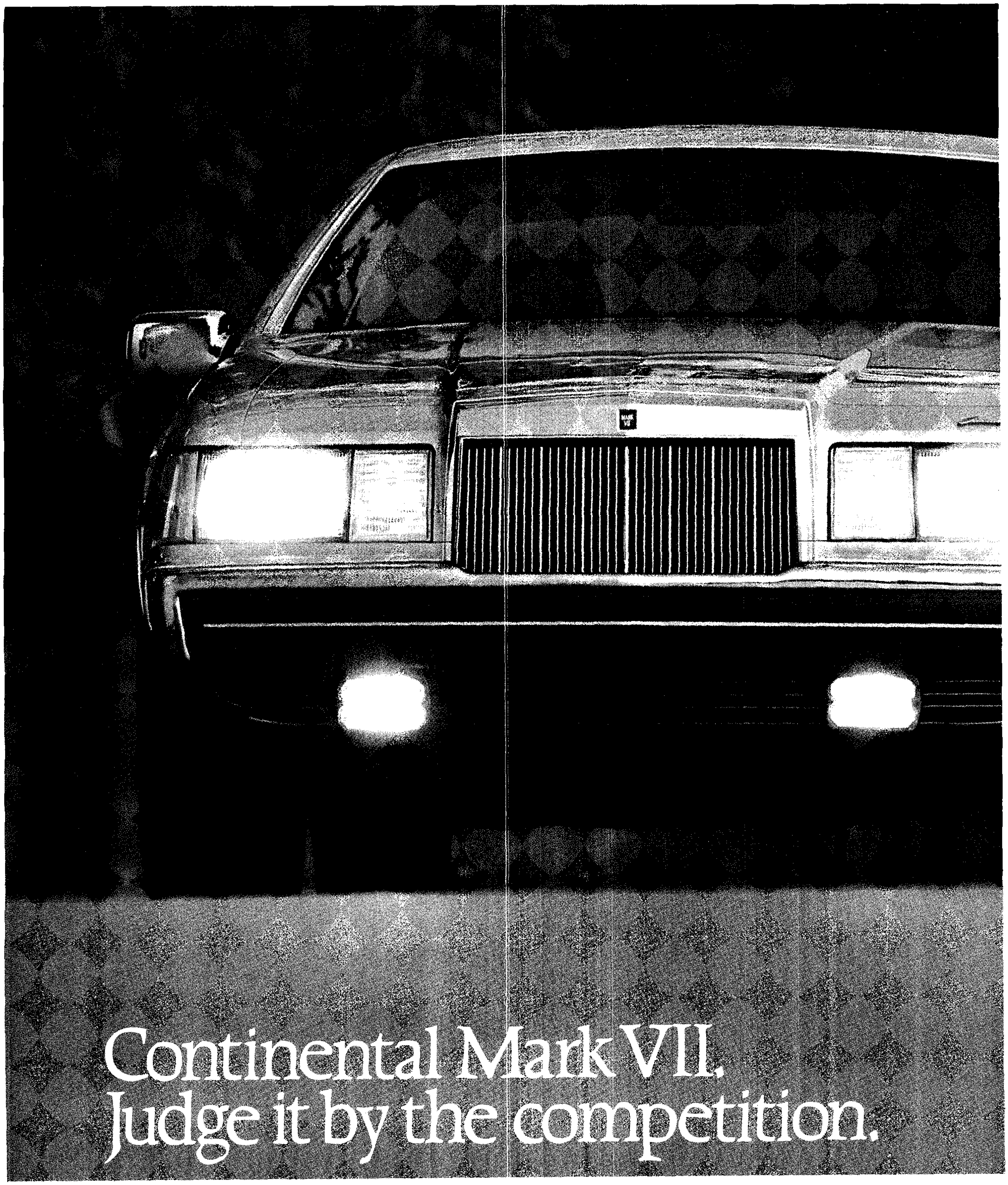

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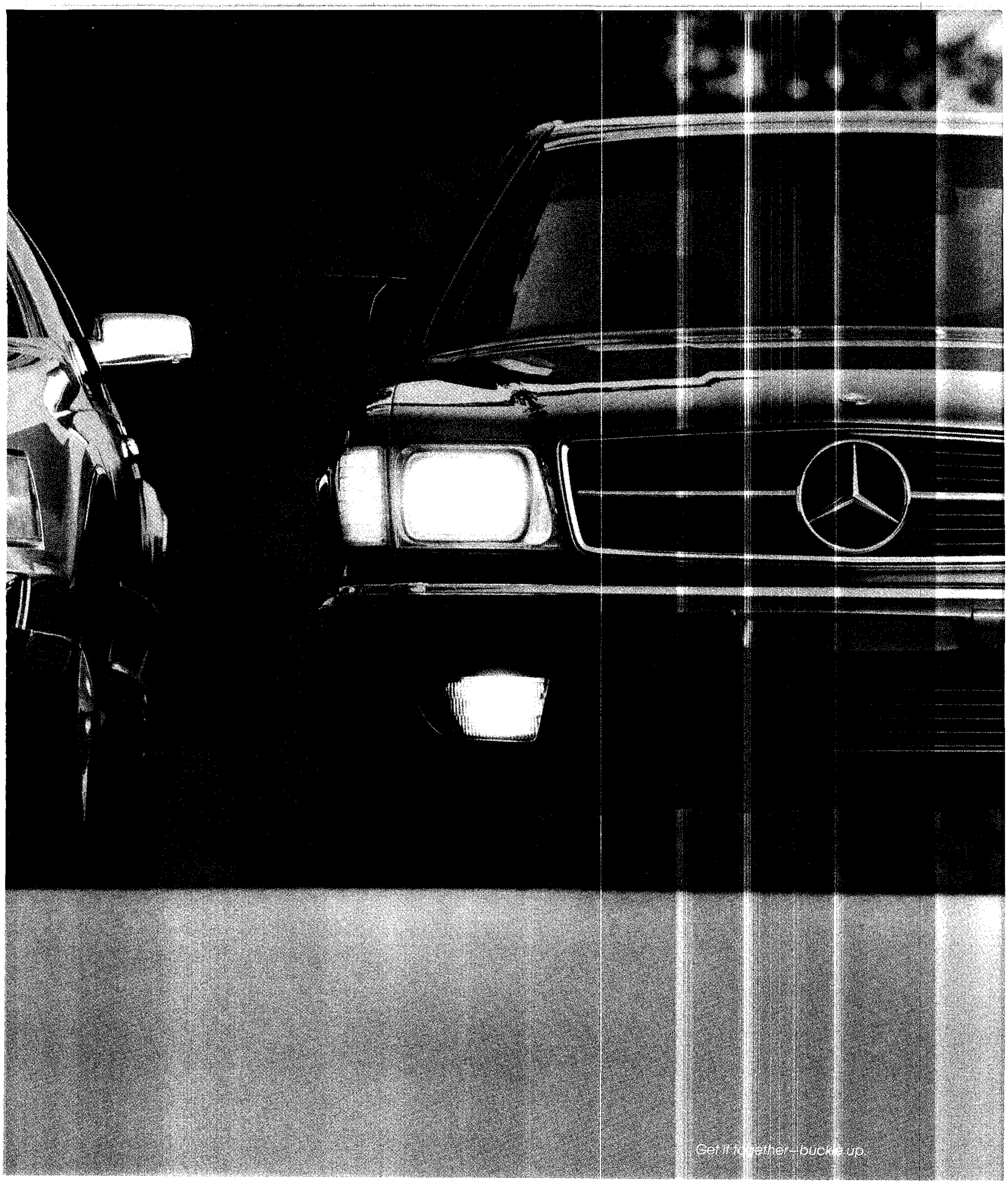

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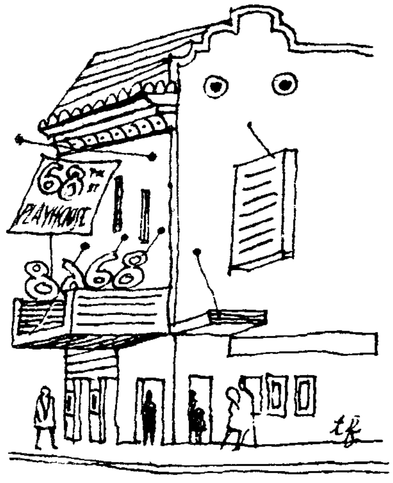

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 18: "Scarface" (1932 †).
From Oct. 19: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Oct. 10: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969; Emile de Antonio), "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Silber and Tete Vasconcellos), and "In the Name of Democracy" (Pamela Cohen and José Ponce), all documentaries.
Oct. 11: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "The Uprising" (1981; Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).
Oct. 12-18: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†) and "Trading Places" (†).
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. From Oct. 12: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Killing Heat" (Michael Raeburn), with Karen Black.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Places in the Heart" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Windy City" (Armyan Bernstein), with John Shea, Kate Capshaw, and Josh Mostel.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte. From Oct. 12: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd. Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd. Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "Savage Streets."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 16: "Far from Poland" (directed by Jill Godmilow). From Oct. 17: A program of eight recent Czech animated films.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver). From Oct. 12: "First Name: Carmen" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 11: A week-long program of documentaries, originally shown at the New York Film Festival, 1970-83.
From Oct. 12: A two-week program of documentary and short films on Central America and the Caribbean Islands.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The 4th Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 19: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "A Question of Silence" (Marleen Gorris; in Dutch). From Oct. 12: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 11: "Teachers." From Oct. 12: "Entre Nous" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 14: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
From Oct. 15: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 19: A program called "Independent Feature Film Project."
From the evening of Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "First Name: Carmen" (†). From Oct. 14: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (Francesco Rosi; in French), with Placido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Bigger Splash" (Jack Hazan), with David Hockney.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "Windy City" (Armyan Bernstein), with John Shea, Kate Capshaw, and Josh Mostel. From Oct. 12: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20 (tentative): "The Bostonians" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Oct. 12: "Tightrope" (†) and "Sudden Impact" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Savage Streets." From Oct. 12: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 11: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick. From Oct. 12: "Ninja

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Impulse" (directed by Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.
Theatre 2: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 11: "Night Shadows" (John Cardos), with Wings Hauser and Bo Hopkins. From Oct. 12: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 4: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 5: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 6: "Tightrope" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ghostbusters" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 4: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "Body Rock" (Marcelo Epstein), with Lorenzo Lamas and Vicki Frederick. (The theatre will be closed on Thursday, Oct. 11.) Oct. 16-18: Theatre closed. From Oct. 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Savage Streets."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 11: "Rashomon" (1951; directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
Oct. 12-18: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea.
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966; Russ Meyer).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 11: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
From Oct. 12: "Without Witness" (1984; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 11: "Angel" (1984; Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell; and "Staircase" (1969; Stanley Donen), with Richard Burton and Rex Harrison.
Oct. 12-13: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Oct. 14-16: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (1984; Hugh Hudson), with Christopher Lambert and Ralph Richardson; and "Iceman" (†).
Oct. 17-18: "La Cage aux Folles" (†); and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.
Oct. 19-20: "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 10: "Marie Antoinette" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, and John Barrymore; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1936; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and John Barrymore.

I.VanRynbach

Oct. 11-13: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.
Oct. 14-15: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow.
Oct. 16-17: "Electra Glide in Blue" (†); "In Cold Blood" (1967; Richard Brooks), with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson; and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (†).
Oct. 18-20: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and Frances Sternhagen.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 11: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Oct. 12-13: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Brainstorm" (1983; Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood, Louise Fletcher, and Cliff Robertson.
Oct. 14: "The L-Shaped Room" (1963; Bryan Forbes), with Leslie Caron and Tom Bell; "The Collector" (†); and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward.
Oct. 15-16: "Heavy Metal" (1981), an animated film; and "Flash Gordon" (†).
Oct. 17-18: "Racing with the Moon" (1984; Richard Benjamin), with Sean Penn, Elizabeth McGovern, and Nicolas Cage; and "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Oct. 19-20: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 10: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
Oct. 11: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Peter Kern.
Oct. 12-18: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Oct. 19-20: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Liquid Sky" (1983; Slava Tsukerman).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 10: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach.
Oct. 11: "Just Tell Me What You Want" (1980; Sidney Lumet), with Ali MacGraw and Alan King; and "The Anderson Tapes" (1971; Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon.
Oct. 12-13: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "Serpico" (1973; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino.
Oct. 14-15: "Two Girls on Broadway" (1940; Sylvan Simon), with Joan Blondell, Lana Turner, and George Murphy; and "You're My Everything" (1949; Walter Lang), with Dan Dailey, Anne Baxter, and Anne Revere.
Oct. 16-17: "The Loved One" (†) and "Where's Poppa?" (†).
Oct. 18-20: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Ed-

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registered design

The Pipe
Die Pfeife
La Pipe
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PORSCHE DESIGN

JERRY MAGNIN – Beverly Hills, CA; BY DESIGN – Los Angeles, San Francisco, CA; PERKINS SHEARER – Denver, Cherry Creek, CO ; SIMS LTD. – Minneapolis, MN; SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, New York, NY, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, CA, Dadeland, FL; MACY'S – New York, NY; BLOOMINGDALE'S – New York, NY; NEIMAN MARCUS – Dallas, Houston, TX; NORDSTROM – Northern CA; TINDER BOX – Columbus, OH, Woodland Hills, CA.

ward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "The Big Sleep" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 10: "Boat People" (1983; Ann Hui; in Chinese), with Lam; and "China Gate" (1957; Samuel Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, and Angie Dickinson.

Oct. 11: "Where Danger Lives" (1950; John Farrow), with Robert Mitchum, Faith Domergue, Claude Rains, and Maureen O'Sullivan; "The Big Steal" (1949; Donald Siegel), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Greer, and William Bendix; and "His Kind of Woman" (1951; John Farrow), with Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell, and Vincent Price.

Oct. 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Femmes Fatales" (1976; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Jean-Pierre Marielle, Jean Rochefort, Bernard Blier, and Brigitte Fossey.

Oct. 13: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Play It Again, *Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody* Allen.

Oct. 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 15: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Part 13 and the epilogue will be shown.

Oct. 16: "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "The Last Tycoon" (†).

Oct. 17: "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling; "Sex Kittens Go to College" (1960; Albert Zugsmith), with Mamie Van Doren and Tuesday Weld; and "The Beat Generation" (1959; Charles Haas), with Steve Cochran, Mamie Van Doren, Ray Danton, and Fay Spain.

Oct. 18: "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; "On Dangerous Ground" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953; Ida Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Frank *Lovejoy, and William Talman.*

Oct. 19: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Favorite Wife" (†).

Oct. 20: A program of Betty Boop and Popeye cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer; and a program of Felix the Cat cartoons by Otto Messmer.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 10: "The Country Girl" (1954; George Seaton), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Oct. 11: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams; and "How to Steal a Million" (1966; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole, Hugh Griffith, and Charles Boyer.

Oct. 12-13: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Paradine Case" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

Oct. 14: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers; and "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler.

Oct. 15: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French); and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

Oct. 16: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.

Oct. 17: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945; Henry Hathaway), with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll; and "13 Rue Madeleine" (†).

Oct. 18: "It's Love I'm After" (†) and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (†).

Oct. 19-20: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Oct. 11 at 2:30 and 6: "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story" (1965; directed by Richard Kaplan), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), *with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Ina* Claire. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: "Camille" (1936; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "Sounds from the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara, So Yamamura, and Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 5: "Repast" (1951; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara and Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Floating Clouds" (1955; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Masayuki Mori, and Mariko Okada. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Masayuki Mori, Reiko Dan, and Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30 and 6: "Electric Valley" (1983; Ross Spears), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Repast." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at *6: "Sounds from the Mountain." . . . ¶ Oct. 19* at 2:30: "Floating Clouds." . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Musei Tokugawa, Fumiko Honma, and Akira Ubukata. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chikako Hosokawa, Masako Tsutsumi, and Tatsuko Umezono. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A survey of American independent films, 1958-64. Oct. 10 at 11:30: "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963; Adolfas Mekas) and "The Queen of Sheba Meets the Atom Man" (1963; Ron Rice). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke) and "Catalog" (1961; John Whitney). . . . ¶ Oct. 11-13 at noon: "Dog Star Man: Part III" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Dog Star Man: Part IV" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Songs 1-7" (1964; Stan Brakhage), "Duo Concertantes" (1964; Larry Jordan), "Newsreel of Dreams (Part I)" (1964; Stan VanDerBeek), and "Fist Fight" (1964; Robert Breer). . . . ¶ Oct. 11-13 at 2: "Mass for the Dakota Sioux" (1964; Bruce Baillie) and "New York Eye and Ear Control (A Walking Woman Work)" (1964; Michael Snow). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 12:30, Oct. 16 at 1:30, and Oct. 17 at 11:30: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1949-63; Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 3:15, Oct. 16 at 4:30, and Oct. 17 at 2:15: "Echoes of Silence" (1964; Peter Goldman) and "The Brig" (1964; Jonas Mekas). Closed Mondays.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Oct. 10 at 6:15: "Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; Australia). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "Memoirs of Prison" (Nelson Pereira dos Santos; Brazil). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:15: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez; United States). . . . *¶ Oct. 11 at 9:30: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice* Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6:15: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8:30 and Oct. 13 at 11:30: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone; Italy). The full three-hour-and-forty-seven-minute version. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 4: "Two English Girls and the Continent" (1971; François Truffaut; France). The complete version. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 7: "A Nos Amours." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 9:30: "Blood Simple." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 14 at 8:30: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders; West Germany/France). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI—Making his début as a director, W. D. (Rick) Richter doesn't bring out the baroque lunacy of the material—a kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team"—but though the characters don't develop and the laughs don't build or come together, the film's uninflected deadpan tone is somehow likable. Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of the Team Banzai—seven dapper whiz-bang Renaissance men. For relaxation, Buckaroo and a few of the others have formed their own rock group, the Hong Kong Cavaliers, and it's at a Cavaliers' performance in a New Jersey night spot that the hypersensitive Buckaroo picks up the disturbed vibes of someone in the audience; that's how he meets the heroine, Penny Priddy (Ellen Barkin). Richter and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, don't seem to have an angle of vision on the interplanetary *fantasy world they present;* what they've got is an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. As Dr. Lizardo, the mad-genius villain (a comic-strip mixture of Eisenstein, Klaus Kinski, and a Wagnerian tenor), John Lithgow gives the movie the anchor it needs. White-faced, with bloodshot eyes, dark, greenish teeth, and a wild foreign accent, Lithgow's Dr. Lizardo can make you crazy with happiness. With Jeff Goldblum, Matt Clark as the Secretary of Defense, Carl Lumbly as the friendly alien who disguises himself as a Rastafarian, Christopher Lloyd, Vincent Schiavelli, Rosalind Cash, Ronald Lacey, and the platinum-blond Lewis Smith. The picture's visual style helps to compensate for the absence of directorial style; the production designer was J. Michael Riva. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Murray Hill, and D. W. Griffith.)

ALL OF ME—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden *since infancy and has never really had a life.* Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. The director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers. Reiner's weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations; the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robinson, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. With Jason Bernard, Madolyn Smith, and Dana Elcar. (9/17/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Loews State.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (The 1978 Michael Winner remake, starring Robert Mitchum, is easily forgotten.) (Regency; Oct. 18-20.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Oct. 20, tentative.)

The Bride Came C.O.D. (1941)—Bette Davis, taking time off from her big dramatic roles, as an eloping heiress in a screwball farce, with James Cagney opposite her. The heiress is about to marry an obnoxious bandleader (Jack Carson) when her father arranges with a pilot (Cagney) to kidnap her and bring her home. The plane makes an emergency landing in Death Valley, and Davis and Cagney battle each other with wisecracks, and her rump hits a bed of cactus. The material is very tired, and the production is so unpretentious it suggests financial embarrassment, but Davis shrieks her lines happily, and Cagney sticks out his ample gut and holds his ground. Both of them mug good-naturedly, and it's pleasantly fast. Directed by William Keighley, from a screenplay by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein, based on a story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman. With Stuart Erwin, George Tobias, Eugene Pallette, Harry Davenport, William Frawley, Chick Chandler, and Edward Brophy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Cinema Village; Oct. 17-18.)

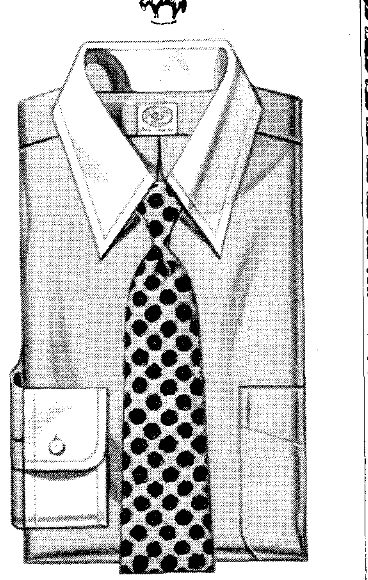
The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp is the young London bank clerk who collects butterflies; when he wins a fortune in a sports pool he stalks an iridescent butterfly of a girl (Samantha Eggar), captures her, and keeps her locked up in a cellar. Stanley Mann's banal script does no great service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome though too dignified movie—it doesn't have enough psychological weight to support the rich, classical style. We never really feel our way into the collector's scary obsession; Stamp works at his role (he suggests a young Charles Laughton), but it seems a shallow, literary device. With Mona Washbourne and Maurice Dallimore. Music by Maurice Jarre; made in the U.S. and England, with cinematography by Robert L. Surtees and Robert Krasker. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 14.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Lange isn't playing a character—she's playing a set of virtues that she associates with her idea of an "ordinary" luminous Midwestern woman, a contemporary Ma Joad. When the Farmers Home Administration moves to foreclose on the hundred-and-eighty-acre farm that has been in her family for over a hundred years, and her husband (Sam Shepard) and her father (Wilford Brimley) fall apart, she's firm in her resolve and she holds on to the land. Working from a script by William D. Witliff, the director, Richard Pearce, gives us standard hokey melodrama, but he doles it out as if it were full of integrity. "Country" isn't a serious treatment of its subject. It's a morally uplifting treatment of its subject: every frame is planned to be a work of American art. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Levi L. Knebel, who gives a fresh, affecting performance as Lange and Shepard's teen-age son. (10/1/84) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting Oct. 19.)

Electra Glide in Blue (1973)—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 16-17.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 12.)

First Name: Carmen—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the



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face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. The basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (9/17/84) (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting Oct. 12.)

Flash Gordon (1980)—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jumpsuit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. There's a wonderful fairy-tale form of Russian roulette, when Flash and Timothy Dalton (as the dashing Prince Barin) take turns putting a hand into the crevices of a gnarled tree trunk, risking the fatal bite of the resident monster. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; music by the rock group Queen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 15-16.)

The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk) because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 12.)

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Iceman—John Lone is awesome in the way he stirs our empathy with the hero—the prehistoric man who has been asleep inside glacial ice for forty thousand years. The Iceman is thawed out in a sequence that is comparable in creepiness and fascination to the famous laboratory scene in James Whale's 1931 "Frankenstein," in which the monster comes to life. But the tone here is altogether different: the water dripping from the icy casket suggests weeping. Uncouth as this Neanderthal may look, he has a full range of feeling in his eyes. He's unmistakably human, and he's confused about where he is; he's dislocated in history—he thinks he has been enchanted and that he's being punished. It's a strange, elating movie with the Iceman at its emotional center; his mystical fervor takes hold. The director, Fred Schepisi, is working with a weak script, yet he and his two longtime collaborators, the composer Bruce Smeaton and the cinematographer Ian Baker, achieve that special and overwhelming fusion of the arts which great visual moviemaking can give us. With Timothy Hutton, Lindsay Crouse, Josef Sommer, and David Strathairn. Written by Chip Proser and John Drimmer, from Drimmer's story. (4/30/84) (Cinema Village; Oct. 14-16.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 12-18.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), the valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and the silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script (from a story written for the screen by Maurice Hanline) is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. It begins with a burlesque of the tomb scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeds like a somewhat deranged "Taming of the Shrew." With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 18.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as the artist-businessman Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. De Niro gives an authentic interpretation of a New York-Jewish Hollywood intellectual giant of the thirties, but he might be acting under a blanket. He stands around waiting while Ingrid Boulting, who plays Kathleen, loiters over inane remarks. (Of all Fitzgerald's implausible heroines, Kathleen—the runaway mistress of a European king—is the most vaporous.) Probably the first mistake was to approach the book cap in hand, and the next was to hire Pinter; the film needed a writer who would fill in what's missing—Pinter's art is the art of taking away. With Jack Nicholson, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, Theresa Russell, Dana Andrews, and Tony Curtis—the only one who shows any vitality. (Thalia; Oct. 16.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing Lord Jim. Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Embassy.)

The Loved One (1965)—In 1947, Evelyn Waugh went to Hollywood to clear up censorial objections to the script for his "Brideshead Revisited;" after seven weeks he simply withdrew the book and went back to England. Out of his experiences he wrote the essay "Death in Hollywood" on Forest Lawn Memorial Park and, in 1948, "The Loved One," a short satirical novel about one of the last outposts of empire—the British colony in the movie business and its renegade poet who goes to work in a cemetery for pets. Bought for the movies, the novel became a Hollywood legend through the efforts of various writers (including Luis Buñuel and Elaine May) to get an acceptable film script out of material that was considered too naughty and macabre for the screen. By the time Tony Richardson was signed to direct the film, from Christopher Isherwood's script, movies had

changed so much that Terry Southern was brought in to juice the material up. (Waugh tried but was unable to withdraw "The Loved One.") From the look of the film, Richardson shot every plausible idea that came to him, and then, as the footage had no flow, no development, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to use overlapping sound to plug up the holes. But it's funny anyway. Although the picture has lost its center (the poet—played by Robert Morse—has become as quirky and crazy as everybody else), some of the fragments are good and jagged. This botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton—who might seem the world's most unlikely married couple—are quite amazing together; Rod Steiger is an embalmer; Ayllene Gibbons is his bedridden fat mother (who has orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials); Jonathan Winters is a charlatan; and Liberace is a casket salesman. Also with James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. ("Brideshead Revisited" was, of course, finally turned into an eleven-part TV series in England, in 1981.) (Regency; Oct. 16-17.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang, who creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou; cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1908 (and again in 1911). This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of the marriage, and, like a smart kitty, purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. Written by Bella and Samuel Spewack, with Leo McCarey, who was also the producer. (Thalia; Oct. 19.)

Places in the Heart—With Sally Field, Lindsay Crouse, and Ed Harris; directed by Robert Benton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this pic-

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ture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Oct. 18.)

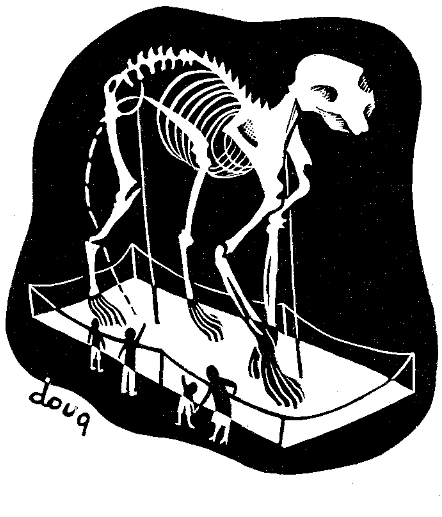
Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 12.)

Swann in Love—Of all the imaginable material for the screen, Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms—the meaning is in his rhythms—and neither the director (Volker Schlöndorff) nor the scriptwriters (Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière, Marie-Hélène Estienne) seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration; it's easy to forget you've seen these stiff arrangements of people in ornate, cheerlessly lighted rooms that every instinct tells you they never lived in. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is, at least, amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Also with Fanny Ardant, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jacques Boudet. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Ideology on horseback. The writer-director Abraham Polonsky has taken a Western story about an Indian, Willie (Robert Blake), who, in 1909, kills another Indian, the father of his girl (Katharine Ross), and grafted onto it enough schematic Marxism and Freudianism and New Left guerrilla existentialism and late-sixties American self-hatred so that every damned line of dialogue becomes "meaningful." There isn't a character who doesn't make points and represent various political forces, and the sheriff (Robert Redford) is named Coop so that his actions will symbolize the ultimate cowardice and failure of the Gary Cooper hero figures. The woman doctor (Susan Clark) who is superintendent of the reservation is a patronizing-to-Indians liberal—the ultimate villainess. Ashamed of her sexuality (like all liberals), she is given such lines as—to Redford—"I use you the way you use me." (Most women in the audience will probably think, Lucky you.) The picture is solemnly measured, and its color is desaturated for barren, dusty landscapes. It says that since a black man (the Indian pretense isn't kept up for long) can't trust any white man and there can be no reconciliation of the races, he should try to bring everything down. That is the only way he can make the whites know he was here. A strange notion, because there wouldn't be anybody around to remember him. This picture isn't likely to be very satisfying except to black kamikazes and white masochists. With Barry Sullivan, John Vernon, and Charles McGraw. Cinematography by Conrad Hall; based on the novel "Willie Boy," by Harry Lawton. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 16-17.)

13 Rue Madeleine (1946)—The producer Louis de Rochemont, known for his work on the "March of Time" series, had a popular success in 1945 with "The House on 92nd Street," an anti-Nazi spy picture based on an actual case and shot in New York locations in a semi-documentary style. Working with the same director (Henry Hathaway) and the same cinematographer (Norbert Brodine), de Rochemont attempted another anti-Nazi spy picture in the same pseudo-realistic format, but this time the script (by John Monks, Jr., and Sy Bartlett) was listless and hokey, and the film had no tension. Even its star, James Cagney, whips through his scenes as if he knew that all he could hope for was to pick up the pace. Cast as the noble American, he has just one flashy moment: there's a shot of him laughing triumphantly at his Nazi torturers as the Allies blow them all to bits. With Walter Abel (it's true his lines are righteous and earnest, but even so his readings are inexcusably bland), Annabella, Richard Conte, Frank Latimore, Sam Jaffe, Melville Cooper, Blanche Yurka, Alexander Kirkland, Karl Malden, and a "March of Time" narrator. The title refers to the Gestapo headquarters in Le Havre. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)



Tightrope—Clint Eastwood is Homicide Inspector Wes Block, of the New Orleans Police Department, who is investigating a series of murders: young prostitutes are being tortured, raped, and strangled. The gimmick is that Wes is struggling with dark, sexist impulses, and that the killer is his doppelgänger and carries out his sadistic fantasies. The writer-director Richard Tuggle keeps whomping us on the skull with good-evil symbolism, but the movie has no more depth than the usual exploitation film in which pretty girls are knocked off. (Their naked corpses are photographed more tenderly than their live bodies.) And the movie has a queasy (unexplored) aspect: Eastwood's own twelve-year-old daughter, Alison, who looks like him and acts like him, plays Wes's daughter, Amanda, whom the doppelgänger means to rape. There's no progression in the plot—it's just one body after another—and the picture just grinds along. Eastwood seems to want to be fiery, but he doesn't have it in him—there's no vigor or puritan grandeur in Wes Block's character. And there's nothing in the psycho doppelgänger (played by Marco St. John)—he's just a bogeyman. The movie is like a sombre, pedestrian "Halloween." With Geneviève Bujold, Janet MacLachlan, and Jamie Rose. (10/1/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 12.)

Trading Places (1983)—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 12-18.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—Two New York brothers (George Segal and Ron Leibman) who have promised their dying father they won't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged are stuck with a demanding senile psychopath. Segal, the unmarried son who lives with her, is in an agony of sexual frustration and walks in a stooped position under his Oedipal load. This Freudian farce was adapted by Robert Klane from his own novel and directed by Carl Reiner. It's full of hip energy and talent, and it's intermittently very funny, though it goes any which way for a gag. The skits tend to fall apart for want of aim, and the unlimited, omnidestructive satirical humor doesn't leave us anything to hold on to—there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off. The high point is perhaps the quietest moment: when Segal, in a near trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to the charmingly comic ingénue, Trish Van Devere. With Vincent Gardenia, Paul Sorvino, Rae Allen, Garrett Morris, Rob Reiner, and Barnard Hughes. (Regency; Oct. 16-17.)

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NEATLY lettered sign observed in a Chicago window facing the "L": "Great Poet on Strike. Not One Word."

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SITTING at a counter in the coffee shop near our office in the late afternoon and looking out the big front window at the people as they head home—in a hurry, it seems, to shed the day—one gets a very brief view of the pedestrians: they make an abrupt entrance, cross the short stage, and exit immediately, leaving only a splash of impression (age; urgency; shape; exhaustion; a dress of a certain color; intense conversation with somebody; a package being carried) before they depart. Presently, one notices that some of these pedestrians—the ones crossing from left to right—are reflected for an instant in a tall mirror set in the wall of the coffee shop to the right of the window. In this mirror, they have reversed themselves and are striding in the opposite direction, as if to start over and try the day again. Then they meet themselves going the other way and vanish simultaneously into the future and into the past.

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Log

A FRIEND of ours from New England, usually a man of few words, ventured into town last month to watch the Mayor's Cup schooner race in New York Harbor, and afterward he dropped off the following pages from his log:

Saturday A.M.: Sky overcast. Wind northwest 10-15 knots. Seas 1-3 feet. Ferries, tugs, tankers, container ships: traffic on East River, Hudson River, Upper New York Bay only slightly less congested than Boston's Southeast Expressway at rush hour. Shortly after the start of the race, I saw the 105-foot schooner Harvey Gamage cut off—almost forced onto the Manhattan shore—by a barge making a sharp left turn onto the East River. Later, while some of the leading boats were driving for the finish, the Veracruz I, a ten-thousand-ton Panamanian cruise ship, came steaming down the Hudson in the other direction and pushed right across the line. (Not strictly relevant perhaps, but still worth noting: Two days later, in Norfolk, Virginia, the Veracruz I rolled over and swamped while in drydock. No accounting for whims of the sea.)

This was the eighteenth running of the Mayor's Cup race, an annual event commemorating the days when pilot schooners used to race each other to be the first to meet vessels approaching New York Harbor and offer guide service. (Not unlike the way, come to think of it, that present-day tow trucks sometimes tear along New York highways in search of disabled motor vehicles.) Sadly, the schooner rig is not much in fashion anymore—not even among sailors, I mean. To my eyes, though, the schooner, with its paired masts, symmetrical sails, graceful bowsprit, strong, sweeping lines, is by far the prettiest thing afloat. No finer boat to sail, either. Thirteen schooners turned out for the race this year, and the sight of all of them running before the northwest breeze wing-and-wing (foresail and mainsail billowing out on opposite sides of the hull) and with topsails fanned out aloft was more than enough to lift the damp, drizzly mood of anyone's soul, as Melville (born in New York but did his best work in Massachusetts) might say. Most of the schooners entered were private yachts, and a good half-dozen, built in the twenties and thirties, bore unmistakable touches of the great Boston naval architect John Alden: lovely full curves, powerful but balanced sail plans. There were also a couple of dude ships, which is to say schooners that earn their keep by hauling tourists.

For the record, the first schooner to finish was Voyager—a John Alden design, naturally. She was across the starting line even before the smoke from the starter's cannon had cleared, and then, flying what appeared to be all the canvas on board, led over the entire course, from the bottom of Manhattan out past the Statue of Liberty (or Scaffold of Liberty, she should be called, now that repairs are under way) and under the Verrazano Bridge and back. The second and third finishers—Malabar X and Half Moon—were also Alden-designed, and when the handicaps were figured in, it turned out that, on corrected time, Half Moon had actually beaten the entire fleet. But I won't go into technicalities; suffice it to say that the boats were all as good-looking as they were fast. Pioneer—built in 1885 and something of a sentimental favorite, I gathered, since she's owned by the South Street Seaport Museum and crewed largely by volunteers—was fourth at the halfway point, rounded the mark neatly, but then, for some reason, began to sag off the wind, and fell farther and farther back. Last I heard, while the leaders were finishing she was still over by New Jersey somewhere. As for

Harvey Gamage, after the aforementioned shaky start she wandered off onto the Staten Island side of the course (wrong place to be, I was told by a local: strong incoming tide, too much shipping traffic) and eventually withdrew. One of those days.

Also for the record, the schooner I admired most of all was Russell Grinnell, a sharpie so light and narrow that it took a crew of a dozen or so all hiking out like mad simply to hold her down. The spectator fleet included Aphrodite, a rakish, round-tailed mahogany motor yacht; the newly refitted ferry Martha's Vineyard (a welcome sight indeed—hadn't laid eyes on her since 1960, when, rusty and flaking, she retired after thirty-seven years of service on the New Bedford-to-Martha's Vineyard run); and the sloop Clearwater, working replica of a nineteenth-century Hudson River packet, on which I sailed as a guest. Clearwater's skipper, twenty-seven-year-old Peg Brandon—Massachusetts native!—proved to be the ideal pilot for these waters: she combined the navigational skills of Nathaniel Bowditch with the nerves of a New York City cabby.

Saturday P.M.: Clouds beginning to lift, sun peeping out. Leaning against Clearwater's rail, I took a small tot of rum to celebrate a bracing outing off the coast of the Big Apple. Saw herring gulls, laughing gulls, tern; watched a flock of Canada geese beating toward the Jersey shore. Flotsam observed: inner tube, plank, paper cup, tree branch, large sheet of yellow plastic—shower curtain, possibly.

Êtes-Vous Prêt?

AFTER a slow spin through the New York Prêt Show, the international women's-ready-to-wear expo at the New York Coliseum, we came to the conclusion that in the spring of '85 *everything* will be in and there will be more of it than ever. In a hive of booths stretching out and up like a duplex Casbah we saw garments and accessories from thirty-seven countries and, according to the show's press releases, representing nine hundred and fifty-six designers. We saw models walking through the aisles holding up cards with the names of the designers and their booth numbers, like limousine drivers at the airport—only the models were mostly dressed to the nines and accessorized to the elevens. (A few were dressed to the twos and threes.) We learned that orange may emerge as the hot color of next spring; that costume jewelry is getting fairly expensive; that the licensing of fashions is a new wave in the ready-to-wear market (a company called Mindy & Friends is negotiating an exclusive on Sony Walkman fashions: jackets with specially designed pockets); that "headpieces" and "neck throws" have replaced hats and scarves; and that something called "wearable art" is making headway in the boutiques. We found several things we liked.

Our favorite encounter: A tall and elegant-looking black model, representing Pellicceria Quagliani, of Italy, was parading up and down a central aisle wearing a bulky fur coat in a mousy-brown color with a multipanelled design. When she noticed us, she marched right up, looked us in the eye, and said "Russian skunk." She then thrust a business card in our hand and disappeared.

Our favorite encounter *not* involving us: Two buyers were fingering silk blouses from France with intense absent-mindedness. "Brenda, listen," one said to the other. They walked past a small crowd that had gathered for a brief runway show of racy dresses by Chofflet, and found a quiet spot in front of a booth featuring white angora sweaters with cute pastel appliqués. "Brenda, it's not that I don't respect him just because he has a store in Detroit; it's not that I don't respect him because he's an impulsive buyer. It's just that he doesn't know how to merchandise, he doesn't know how to sell—he's not a *winner*." Brenda acknowledged her statement with a directionless nod.

Our favorite business card: "Judith Fine/Where Fantasy Becomes Reality/Northampton, Massachusetts."

Our favorite answer to the question "What is wearable art?": "The piece is so beautiful you could frame it," said Laura Libman, of Laura Libman's Wearable Art.

Our second-favorite business card: "Lula/Where Fashion Is Fine Wearable Art/Flushing, N.Y."

Our debt to the press: We learned that lingerie is a hot new trend in magazine publishing, and that you can get Hungarian and Polish fashion magazines, by subscription only.

Most left-field entry: Brandt & Company, of Finland, featured men's jackets made of moose leather. "Scandinavian moose is the best for clothing," Rauno Aromäki told us. "Canadian and U.S. moose hide stretches too easily." Finland is overpopulated by moose, we learned, and there are nearly two thousand traffic accidents a year caused by renegade moose. "We have moose running on the street in the middle of Helsinki," he said. "That is a curiosity even for us."

Most florid description of a fashion line: Dorotennis, the French active-leisure division of Dorothée Bis, used a poem by its vice-president of sales, Jeanne Kash, that is called "The 80s Lifestyle" and goes:

A Midtown tennis court.
Windsurfing, jet skiing.
Park picnics,
Sundeck cocktails.

The three-mile jog.
Cal, aerobics.
Saturday's barbecue,
Sunday's brunch.

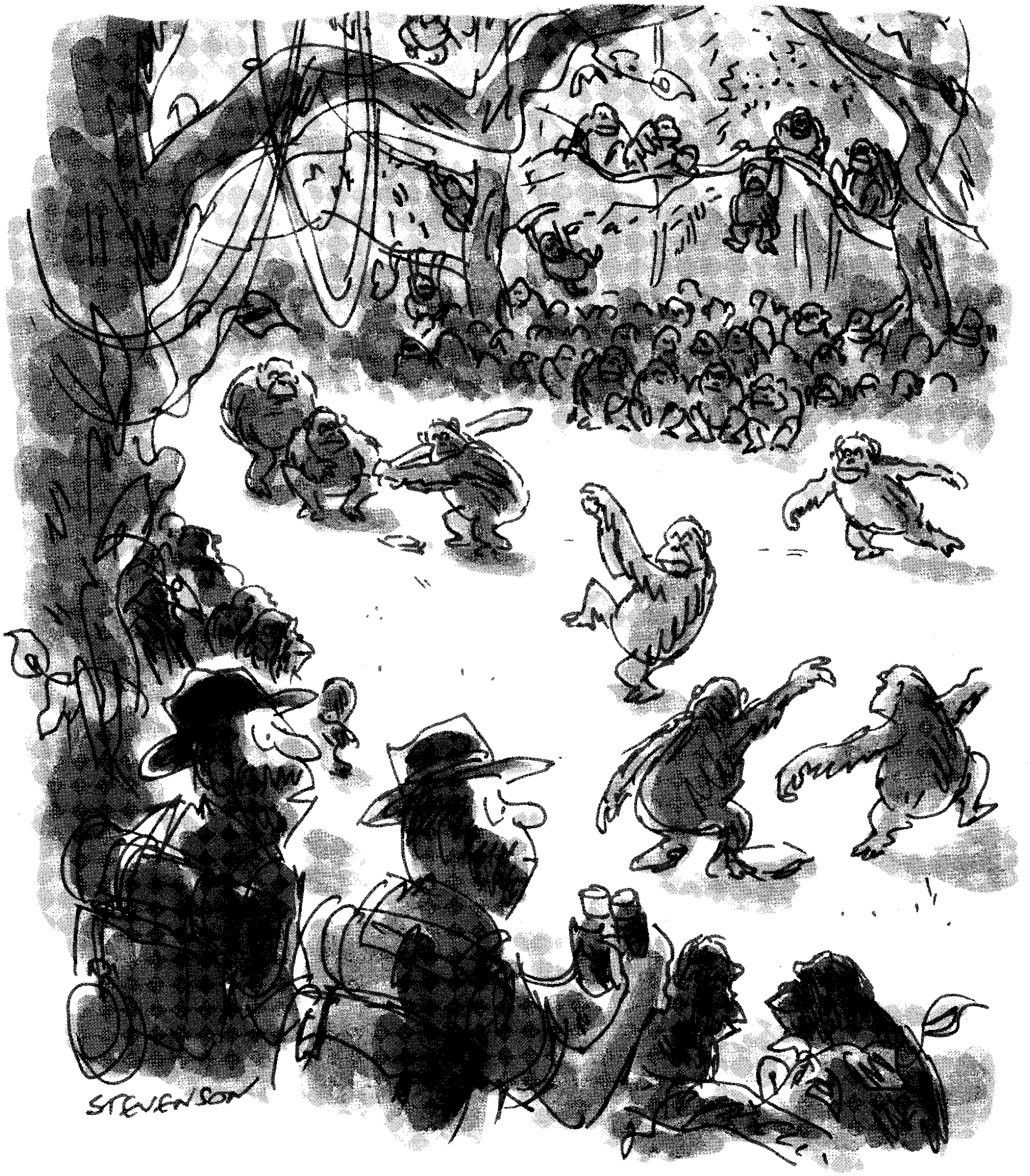
The bright sun, cool water,
blue skies to erase the
fluorescent bulbs, conferences,
phone calls.

Most succinct description: A woman named Carolena Wassermann, of Carolena Productions, who makes fur belts and neck throws out of scraps, said, "I believe in basics."

A philosophical moment: Freda Lisnow, wearing a soft gray jumpsuit by Jeane Pascarella, of Paris, said, "I've been working in the fashion business for a long time, and it's really too much. I think I'm going to let my hair grow long on one side and move to Bali soon."

Forty

IT'S as instructive now to watch John Huston, the indefatigable, one-of-a-kind movie director, whose first movie, "The Maltese Falcon," starring Humphrey Bogart, came out in 1941, and whose thirty-ninth movie, "Under the Volcano," starring Albert Finney, came out earlier this year, as it was when we began the practice, about three and a half decades ago, and we're delighted to report that Mr. Huston started making his fortieth movie, "Prizzi's Honor," star-



"What's even more astonishing is it coincides exactly with the World Series."

• •

ring Jack Nicholson, in this city last week. So there we were again, watching Mr. Huston, who has now turned seventy-eight and is working as hard as ever. And we mean *working.*

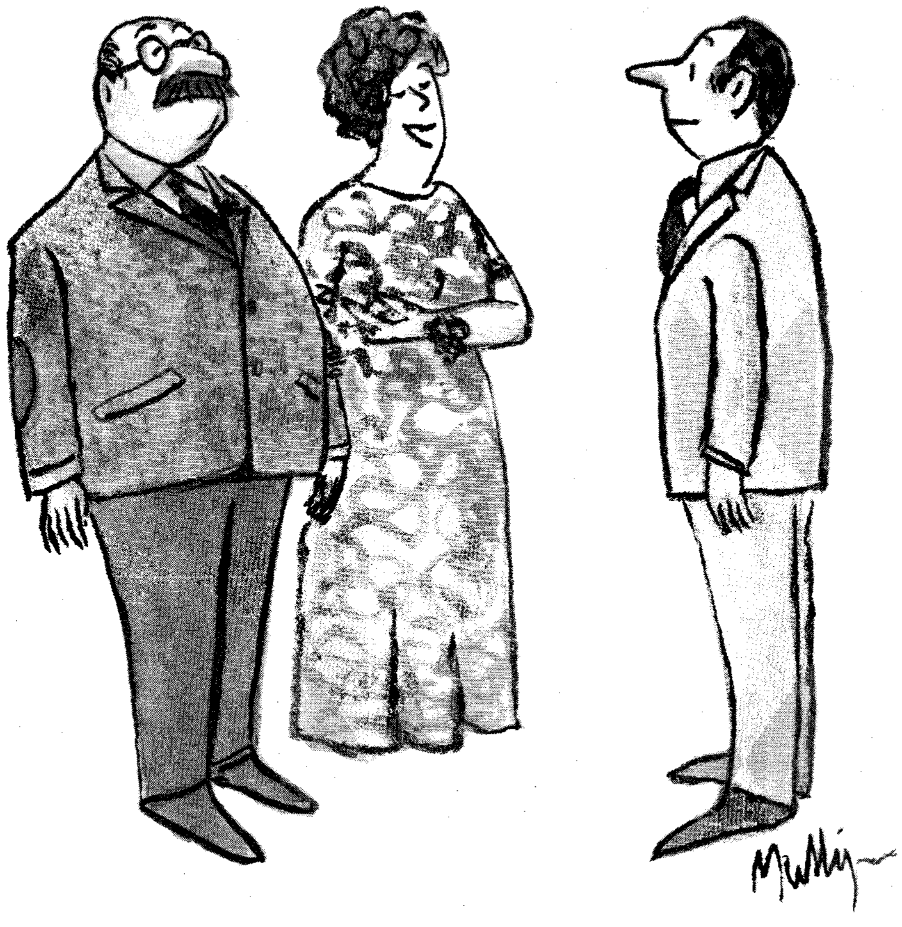
While part of "Prizzi's Honor," based on a novel by Richard Condon, with a screenplay by Condon and Janet Roach, takes place in Los Angeles or Las Vegas, most of it is located in Brooklyn, at some indeterminate post-Second World War time but in particular places of the borough inhabited and frequented by families of Sicilian origin whose way of life, taken for granted by one and all of them, is held together within an amoral structure generally referred to as the Mafia. About two weeks before shooting on the movie began, Mr. Huston arrived here, by way of Beverly Hills, from his home, in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico: silver-haired, with a white mustache and matching beard, wearing his trademark short-sleeved cotton safari suit, and walking with his old-time expectant swagger, as though each step—in this case, into his midtown hotel—were taking him to some unknown high adventure. He divulged to us that he is partial to Sicilian food, preferably in certain small restaurants in Brooklyn, and otherwise showed the usual signs of immersing himself in the life of characters he is planning to put on film. He gave us a copy of the "Prizzi's Honor" script. To emphasize its irony, it is prefaced, like the novel, with a short quotation from the chorus in "Antigone":

> But dreadful is the mysterious power of fate; there is no deliverance from it by wealth or by war, by fenced city; by dark, sea-beaten ships.

We asked Mr. Huston whether he cared to tell us what his point of view would be on the "Prizzi's Honor" story, whose characters will clearly take inexorable places alongside the classic celluloid no-goods addicted to knives, guns, stealing, and such.

"Why, of course," Mr. Huston said, with an emphatic graciousness. "I'm going to make it as though it were gospel *truth*." And he gave his well-known deep, extended laugh.

Mr. Huston told us he had already spent many hours working on the script for "Prizzi's Honor" with the writers; had spent many additional hours discussing production details with John Foreman, the movie's producer, with whom he had made three movies in the past ("The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean," "The Mackintosh Man," and "The Man Who Would Be King"); had spent many other hours conferring with lawyers, agents, and various executives at the offices of ABC Motion Pictures, which was putting up the money (fifteen million dollars) to make "Prizzi's Honor;" had engaged the services of some assistants, including Monique Blanke, the twenty-six-year-old daughter of the late Henry Blanke, who produced two of Mr. Huston's earliest movies, "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," for the latter of which Mr. Huston won a "Best Director" Oscar and a "Best-Written Screenplay" Oscar and his father, Walter Huston, won a "Best Supporting Actor" Oscar; had auditioned a number of actors for roles in "Prizzi's Honor;" had driven several hundred miles in the Los Angeles area to find suitable locations for filming; had driven around several hundred blocks in the area searching for the kind of hotel a Mafia big shot might want to stay in, and had settled on Le Bel Age, a new hotel off Sunset Boulevard; and had cast the three leading actors—Jack Nicholson as the *sotto capo* of the Prizzi Family, and the object of the affections (of one kind and another) of two women, the other leading characters, to be played by Kathleen Turner and Mr. Huston's daughter Anjelica. Mr. Huston spent his first few days here driving several hundred more miles, searching out appropriate locations, mostly in Brooklyn, and finding: Prospect Hall; a Y.W.C.A.; the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity, on Montague Street, in Brooklyn Heights; a house at 3 Pierrepont Street, suitable as a set for the home of the eighty-four-year-old *capo di tutti capi*, Don Corrado by name; a couple of Brooklyn Heights restaurants; the Williamsburgh Savings Bank Tower; the Promenade in Brooklyn Heights; a precinct house; subway platforms; several bridges; and, in Queens and Staten Island, country roads, highways, and farmhouses to serve as "safe houses," or hideouts. We figured Mr. Huston's working stretches to be roughly sixteen hours a day.



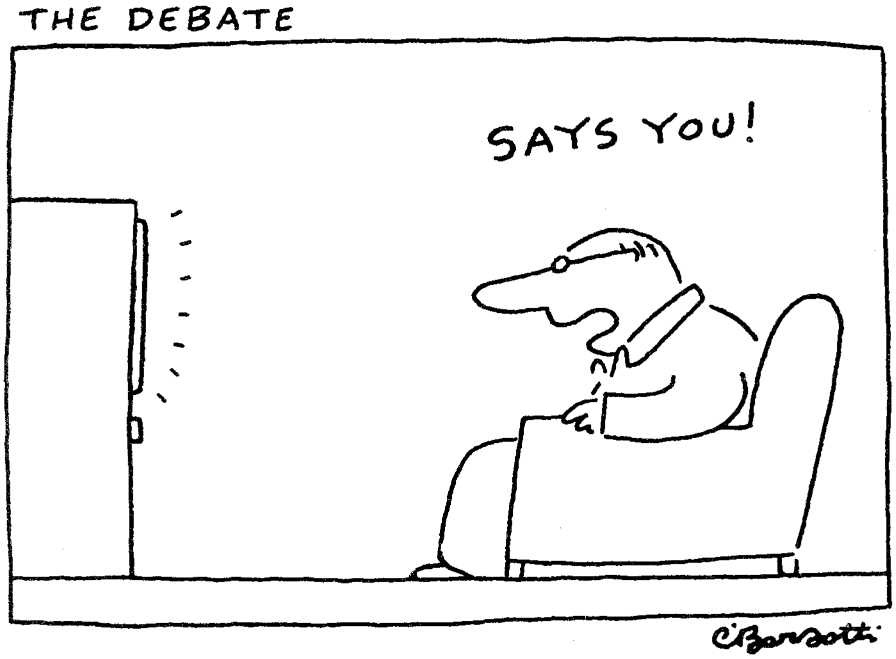
"The Professor is one of life's little secrets."

WE joined Mr. Huston on the occasion of his first production meeting with the staff and crew of the new movie. The time was 9:30 A.M., and the place was a West Thirty-fifth Street loft with newly painted cream-colored floors and white walls, and yellow-and-green trim on doors and pipes, which was minimally furnished with desks, telephones, chairs, and tables. Present were Mr. Foreman, Mr. Huston, Miss Blanke, and about three dozen others, including Andrzej Bartkowiak, the Director of Photography ("Terms of Endearment"); Meta Wilde, the Script Supervisor (she had worked as Script Supervisor with him on "The Maltese Falcon"); Rudi Fehr, the Editor (he edited "Key Largo" for Mr. Huston thirty-seven years ago); and various production people with titles like Production Coördinator, Unit Production Manager, First Assistant Director, Production Designer, Locations Supervisor, Camera Operator, Costume Designer, Set Decorator, Property Master, Sound Mixer, Hair Stylist, Casting Principals, Casting Extras, and Dialect Coach. The last of these was Julie Bovasso, a sturdy-looking, no-nonsense woman with fiery eyes and the rhythms and accents of true-blue Italian Brooklyn.

"We're looking for a sound," Mr. Huston explained to the gathering, in his unmistakable, unaltered, resonant Hustonian-American accent. "And Julie will give it to all of you." He laughed, and proceeded to sit attentively through a complete reading aloud of the script by Benjy Rosenberg, the First Assistant Director—a young man with thick black curly hair and a heavy black beard. The reading was interspersed with questions, comments, explanations, and a lot of note-taking, in the course of which Mr. Huston spoke quietly and firmly, encouraging the others to ask questions. He pointed out the need to attend to hundreds of details. They should introduce all the main characters in the interior of the church in the first scene, a wedding. They should get someone who's an expert on the Sicilian Catholic ceremony. The wedding-reception scene should not have a banquet—just champagne and desserts. Some shots for one scene would be filmed in Brooklyn; other parts of the same scene would be filmed at Le Bel Age. One side of a phone conversation would be shown; the other side would be recorded. A shot of a plane coming into Los Angeles would be a stock shot. Both sides of a telephone conversation between Jack Nicholson and the actor playing his father would be shown. The scene of Jack Nicholson's marriage to Kathleen Turner in Tijuana, Mexico, would require a bit player for the justice of the peace. For the scene in which a woman yells "Fire!" they would need a stunt woman to do the yelling, what with real flames and all behind her. The meeting ended around noon.

Skipping lunch, Mr. Huston asked to see William Hickey, a character actor in his fifties being considered for the part of the eighty-four-year-old Don Corrado. Mr. Hickey, costumed in a loose-fitting black suit, his cheeks made up to look sunken, and with dark circles under his eyes, his teeth yellow, his eyes tiny and steely, walked in, looking very mean. Mr. Huston studied him with pleasure, laughed, and asked to have the Don's suit made even larger. Mr. Huston devoted the balance of the afternoon to listening to a couple of dozen actors read for three other parts. He looked mesmerized by the readings of those he later decided he wanted: Lee Richardson, John Randolph, and Michael Lombard. He conferred with Julie Bovasso about how to work with them on the accents. Mr. Huston returned to his hotel about seven and worked until midnight on changes in the script.

Over the next two days, Mr. Huston did additional casting; made screen tests of William Hickey and others; went to Technicolor, Inc., on West Forty-fourth Street, to view the tests; went to Costume Arts, on West Thirty-fifth Street, and chose costumes for his leading actors (a loud sports jacket for Jack Nicholson, a pink satin "seduction" outfit for Anjelica Huston, a chic lavender blouse for Kathleen Turner); introduced the principals to each other; and conferred with Julie Bovasso on how things were going with the Sicilian-Brooklyn accents. Then he spent most of the next few days at readings and rehearsals with all the actors together. He made several more trips to Costume Arts. He tried to eat often in one or another small Sicilian restaurant on some hidden street in Brooklyn.



ON the first day of shooting, Mr. Huston left his hotel at 7:30 A.M. Half an hour later, he arrived at the Church of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity. Parked in the area were several trucks (Electrical, Camera, Props, etc.), several trailers (Wardrobe, Makeup, Hairdressing, Dressing Rooms, etc.), and private trailers for the stars and for Mr. Huston. Inside the church, for the first shot, listed on the shooting schedule as "INT.—DAY: CHURCH," dozens of extras dressed as bridesmaids, ushers, relatives, celebrity guests, and cops were standing around, as though awaiting the bride, or were seated in the pews. The production staff and crew were running around attending to details. The altar had been converted, under the supervision of a consultant, from Episcopal to Catholic. The stained-glass windows were expertly lighted from behind. The camera, a Panavision Panaflex, was mounted on a dinosaur-size Louma crane, which stood on a dolly running the length of the church aisle. The camera would be operated by a remote-control unit, with video monitor attached, behind the dolly. A director's traditional canvas chair, with "JOHN HUSTON" stencilled in large letters on the back, had been placed before the remote-control unit. Mr. Huston sat down in his chair. The Director of Photography, Mr. Bartkowiak—a handsome young man with long hair—came over. Speaking very softly, Mr. Huston said he wanted to do some tricks. "We'll do lap dissolves," he almost whispered, conspiratorially. "While pulling back from the shot of the big stained-glass window, we'll dissolve to closeups of the main characters." The younger man nodded appreciatively, his eyes literally gleaming in anticipation. After another hour or so of preparations, everything was just about ready for the first shot. Most of the people inside the church were beginning to look frazzled. Not Mr. Huston. Looking quietly joyous, he started shooting "INT.—DAY: CHURCH," in which all his main characters would be introduced.

FARID AND FARIDA

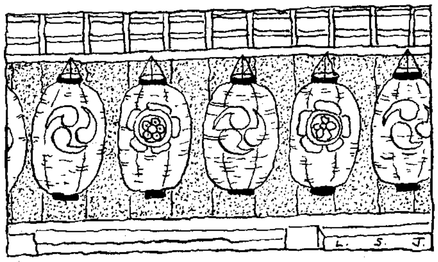
Farid couldn't believe what he heard about Farida. She was his wife, and he would have thought that no one had known her more deeply, in every way, than he had. But now, they said, she was a holy woman sitting under a tree in some holy place in the Himalayas, and people came from all over India to take blessings and good vibrations from her. Ludicrous, he thought. She might fool all the world, but she couldn't fool him. Or could she? He hadn't seen her for twenty years.

He still lived in London, in the flat they had rented long ago when they had first come to England as newlyweds. It was just one room, badly partitioned into two, with a makeshift kitchen and bathroom wedged in between, but the address was good, behind Harrods, so Farid hung on. The place was falling into decay. The landlord had been trying to get him out for years and refused to make any repairs. Farid couldn't afford to go anywhere else. He had not got on and now never would, and no longer cared. He was in his fifties and slovenly, fat from drinking too much.

In his youth, in India, he had been exquisite, and so had Farida—both of them small-boned, elegant, quick in mind and body. Much had been expected of them, and they were confident of living up to these expectations. Their families were not rich but were very old; the overgrown gardens of their decaying mansions in Delhi abutted on each other, and from their earliest childhood Farid and Farida had gone back and forth through a gap in the boundary wall. They grew up and of course fell in love; now they met not only among the flowering jasmine bushes of their own gardens but also at the university, with its stone-flagged corridors and courtyards. They graduated, they married, they went to live in London. They felt they needed a wider horizon for their talent, which lay mainly in their own personalities—in their intense Indianness, which at that time was regarded, in the self-deprecating countries of the West, as synonymous with every kind of natural and spiritual superiority.

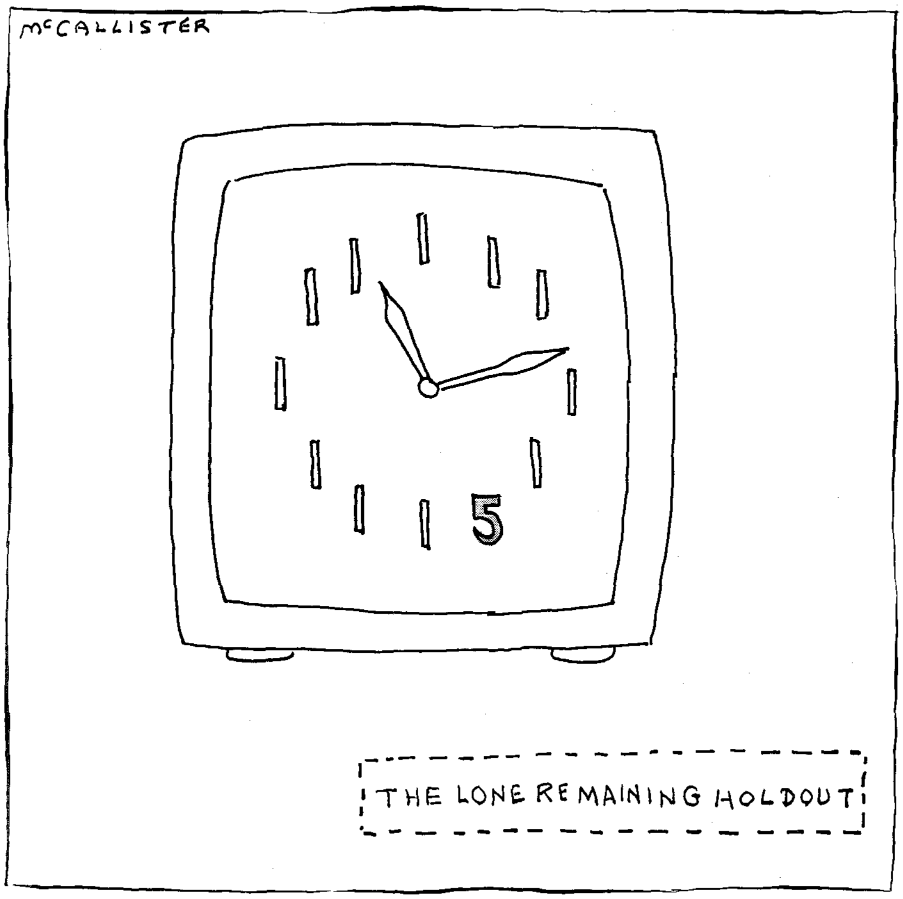
Using their charm and their contacts, Farid and Farida had attempted to set up a business importing hand-loomed Indian textiles. It failed to prosper, and they became impresarios for visiting Indian musicians and dancers, and when these turned out to be unreliable and ungrateful they tried, in succession, ready-made Indian garments, hand-crafted Indian jewelry, Indian lampshades, Indian bedcovers, and Indian table linen—all those indigenous handicrafts by which others of their countrymen, far less gifted than Farid and Farida, made their fortunes in London, Paris, and New York. Ten years passed, then fifteen. They were still living in the temporary flat they had rented, and the landlord began trying to get them out. Farid was drinking. Farida stayed out late and went away for weekends; their erotic quarrels had turned into bitter fights. They had no money, they hated each other. One night, she packed up and returned to India. He stayed on, drank on—and survived, but only just.

After he heard that she had become a holy woman, he kept muttering "We'll see about that." He didn't know what he meant; he was a person impelled by instinct rather than thought. This impelled him one day to go to Sunil's elegant offices, where he had to wait in the outer reception area before finally being admitted, as a special favor to an old friend. Sunil sat behind his desk and looked at the watch on his hairy wrist and said, "Ten minutes, Farid." Although he was without charm or contacts or aesthetic sensibility, Sunil had become rich from the very hand looms and handicrafts that had broken Farid's back and spirit. When they had all been students together in Delhi, Farid and Farida had laughed at Sunil, who was ridiculously in love with Farida. At that time, when Farid was slim and beautiful, Sunil was fat and ungainly. He hadn't changed, but now he had the best tailors and shirtmakers to help him, and he exuded confidence and eau de cologne. Farid still addressed him in the condescending tone that he and Farida had always used toward him. Sunil was too busy to notice. He got rid of Farid within the scheduled ten minutes, though not without handing over the check to cover the air fare to India and expenses. Sunil had also heard about Farida, but he didn't laugh at the news. As was his habit, he would wait and see.



When Farid found her, Farida really was sitting under a tree. She was in a pure white sari, and she looked the way she always did: supremely elegant. Trust her, Farid thought bitterly. Apart from her astonishing situation, she really was the same Farida—God knew how she did it. She was now in her fifties, but sitting there in the lotus position she looked as slim, lithe, and upright as ever. Her hair—dyed, no doubt—was black; her skin was clear and shone with a radiance that could only be the result of the best cosmetics, applied, he knew, with consummate skill. She was surrounded by four or five handmaidens, as exquisitely draped in orange as she was in white, and pilgrims came and went, touching her feet in reverence. She sat on the deerskin traditional to holy people, and someone stood behind her waving a fly whisk. If a fly happened to land on her, Farida waited for it to be flicked off. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she fingered a string of prayer beads in the same way, it occurred to Farid, that she had once fingered her pieces of jewelry, before they were sold off, one by one, to cover expenses in London.

Farid regarded the scene from a distance. The tree—a huge banyan—spread its foliage over Farida and her handmaidens, but the people lining up to see her had to stand outside in the sun until it was their turn to be admitted into the shade of the tree. Farid watched her as she dealt with the pilgrims. To some she spoke at length, while others she only lightly touched as they bowed down to her; a few favored ones were handed some holy talisman by a handmaiden. But everyone appeared to come away fully satisfied, for Farida radiated blessing. Farid couldn't help admiring her; he had often told her that she would have made a first-rate actress. At last he approached the tree and lined up with the other pilgrims. When it was his turn to be led up to her, he didn't bow, like the others, but stood and looked down on her, one hand on his hip. She looked up at him and met his cynical smile with an ambiguous one of her own. She made it seem as if she had been expecting him, even after twenty years. They kept on looking at each other, and he felt the challenge that had always lain between them.



THE LONE REMAINING HOLDOUT

She looked away first, turning around to a handmaiden to murmur some command. Straightaway, he was led off and installed in a whitewashed little cell in one of a chain of plain brick structures that rambled all over the mountainside. These constituted an ashram, and of course the accommodations were of the simplest, but everything was clean, pleasant, and orderly. He decided to stay on, at least for a while. There was little expense to him, he discovered—in fact, none at all—which was just as well, because Sunil's money wasn't going to last forever. He couldn't say he was uncomfortable. Within a day or two, he realized that he was being treated as an honored guest. Regular meals were brought to him on a tray, and there was always someone hovering around to see if he needed anything; someone even brought him his cigarettes from the bazaar. He decided to treat the whole thing as a holiday—a well-deserved one, at that, for God knew he'd had a pretty rough struggle to keep himself going, while Farida apparently had experienced no difficulty landing on her feet. She was his wife, after all, and if good fortune had come her way it was no more than right that he should have some modest share of it.

The days passed as evenly for him as they did for everyone else. The place had its own rhythm. It was a traditional sacred spot—almost as sacred as Banaras—and there were other holy people like Farida living there. They were Hindus and she was a Muslim, but that didn't matter. Allah and Ishwar were equal here, and no one questioned which one of them was responsible for the mountain peaks rising against the immaculate sky, or the sun that set in orange glory on one side and rose in pink effulgence on the other. Cymbals and temple bells rang out at regular intervals, and everyone hurried smiling to a variety of little white shrines and temples adorned with flags and garlands. Not Farid, of course—he didn't go in for anything like that. Instead, he took little walks in the mornings and the late afternoons, climbing up a green path till he got tired and began panting, which was quite soon. At night, he slept on a string cot in his whitewashed cell. They had given him an old electric table fan, which kept him moderately cool, though he could have wished it made less clatter. When he got tired of the vegetarian meals they brought him, he wandered down into the little bazaar at the foot of the hill and ate a meat curry at one of the stalls there and had some worldly conversation with the shopkeepers and customers. Once, he went into the town cinema, together with the other town loafers, and saw one of those long, loud Hindi films, which he enjoyed more than a sophisticated person like himself should have. Once a day, he visited Farida under her tree. When she asked him whether everything was to his satisfaction, he replied with a shrug that suggested he neither asked for nor got much. Altogether, he conveyed the impression that he was doing her a favor by being there at all.

He was waiting for a showdown with her. He expected it. They had always had showdowns—explosions ignited by the fuel of their fiery temperaments. In their youth these upheavals had ended in excited lovemaking, but later, during the years in London, the showdowns had become a release from the tensions not of love but of failure and frustration. They lived in misery. Their flat was horribly cramped and always smelled of cabbage and mutton from their English neighbors' cooking. (They themselves had given up on cooking and only opened cans and frozen packets.) The flat also held the odors of Farida's scents and lotions and of the dregs of Farid's drinks.

It was no wonder that, in their last years together, Farida had gone away as often as possible. She told him she went to follow up useful contacts—though these were vague by now, for they no longer had definite plans but just lived on in the hope of something turning up. It was when she came back from one of these expeditions that they had had their final quarrel. He had been alone in the flat all weekend, drinking. His eyes hurt, his head felt huge, and now he lay on the bed watching her brush her hair in front of the mirror. He could see her smiling to herself in a secret, sensuous way. He began to taunt her, asking her questions about where she had spent the weekend and taking pleasure in trapping her in discrepancies. Actually, she wasn't very careful about her excuses anymore and presented them to him with a take-it-or-leave-it indifference. But that day he persisted and she became angry, which was what he had wanted, for why should she be smiling that way when he was feeling so rotten?

In the past, in their years of happiness, he had known just how to wind her up so that she flashed and blazed in a pleasurable way. Later, he began to miss his mark, and that was what happened that day. Before he knew where he was, with his sick eyes and head, she had jumped up from the mirror, crashed her hairbrush against the wall behind him, and stood above him in an attitude of menace. He squinted up at her, mocking and malevolent. Her silk robe, cut down from a sari, swung wide open, and her full breasts, unconfined by a brassiere, were before him. Her breasts had always been an exciting contrast to her small waist and slender arms, though not to her hips, which also burgeoned. He reached up his hand to squeeze one breast, and sneeringly said that these fruits must be damaged by being handled too often on too many weekends. All at once she was on top of him. She sat astride his chest and seized his hair and banged his head up and down. Even without a hangover, there would have been no way he could defend himself against her. At that moment, she was as irresistible, as inexorable, as the goddess Kali, who, with bared and dripping fangs, rides her victims to destruction.

Writer Interrupted

THE next moment—well, it came twenty years later, but he had no intervening image—there she was, holy under a tree. It was only natural that on his daily visits he should continue to look at her with the same cynical, not-to-be-fooled expression—with his legs apart and his hands on his hips, in a most unreverential posture. She didn't seem to mind. The eyes she raised to him were absolutely clear, inviting him to read what he would in them. Meanwhile, her other visitors, the pilgrims, came and went, touching her feet and taking her blessings. As they drew near their faces became radiant, and they appeared to retain this glow as they departed. Farida's handmaidens glided about, and now and then one of them sang a song of spiritual love while another accompanied her, plucking a slow, droning sound out of a lutelike instrument. If Farida felt the song was too low-spirited—and her handmaidens, so gentle and good, did have a tendency to be that way—then she herself would chime in, giving more of a swing and lift to it, and snapping her fingers, as if to say "Come on, let's get going!" Then everybody responded; voices rose, the drone hastened and took on melody, gentle smiles shook off melancholy, and at the end, when the women had finished in unison on their top notes, Farida said, "*That's* better," so that everyone laughed out loud, and this sound mingled with the last joyful notes still vibrating in the air.

At home, in her youth and heyday, Farida had always had this ability to make a party go. When things got too slow for her, she would turn up the record-player or replace the L.P. on it with a faster one to dance to. If her partner couldn't keep up with her, she would discard him and try another and another, and if none of them came up to the mark—"What a bunch of dummies!"—she simply danced by herself, with her slippers kicked off and her hair and gossamer veil flying, while everyone stood around her and applauded. In London, too, at the beginning of their life there, she and Farid had given terrific parties, cramming the flat with more people than it could hold, so that the guests spilled into the kitchen, where Farida was boldly throwing spices together. She was always experimenting with curries she remembered from her grandmother's cuisine, and these usually turned out extremely well, filling the flat with their rich aromas. Everyone sat on the floor, eating with their fingers Indian style, while Farida picked her way among her friends, putting more delicious things on their already overflowing plates while Farid refilled their glasses, and both of them—Farid and Farida—talked in their high, excited voices, which could always be heard above the hubbub of their guests.

At that time it had been easy for them to enjoy themselves and make everyone else happy, too. It was all done with no more effort than the way Farida made herself look beautiful; he never saw her do more than glance over her shoulder into the mirror, twisting her hair quickly into a coil on top of her head, or else deciding to leave it loose down her back, with a rose stuck in it. Later, however, this changed. It irritated him to watch the painstaking way she got herself ready to go to other people's parties—by then, they themselves could no longer afford to give them—painting larger lips and darker eyelids over her own; she had begun to wear curlers at night, and she got up with them in the morning, looking cross and ugly. And, just as she had to take pains over her appearance, she had to work harder to be successful at these parties. Now when she cried

"Come on, let's get going!" no one seemed to hear her or pay attention. Her voice became shrill, her laugh harsher and louder. When she had decided who was worth her attention at a party, she would hang on to his arm with her skinny hands. Often it was Sunil on whom she concentrated at parties. He was getting to be the richest and most successful of their circle. Once, he had mooned after Farida in a dogged, hopeless way, but now he liked plump Scandinavian blondes, who sometimes perched on his lap. Farida, ignoring them, would bring some tidbit for him from the buffet table and dangle it above him until he opened his mouth to receive it; she cried "Good boy!" and clapped her hands, while he chewed with indifferent relish. It sickened Farid to watch this, and perhaps it sickened Farida, too, because when they got home she was in a rotten mood and turned her back on him and went to sleep as if she never wanted to get up again.

Somehow she did get up, every morning, and although all their projects failed, one after the other, she was always starting new ones. Elegantly dressed, meticulously made up, her jaw somewhat set, she went out each day in pursuit of some business she had just thought up that was certain to pull them out of their predicament. When they had been in London for about ten years (she was getting along into her thirties by this time), she decided to organize a line of Indian cocktail delicacies—samosas, pakoras, kebabs—to be sold in the delicatessen departments of leading London stores. She dealt with the very fanciest places, and only with their top directors; it was taken for granted that no secretary or any other underling could stand in her way when she presented herself, without an appointment but emanating an almost royal authority, and quickly sailed right into the innermost sanctum of these offices. And when she came out again she was invariably escorted by the director himself, smiling and flattered by her direct approach to him. She gave the impression that she was conducting the affairs of her own exclusive catering firm—which was true, in a way. What the directors did not realize was that she made all the delicacies herself, working alone in the makeshift kitchen of their flat, while Farid lay in bed and complained about the smell of her deep-fat frying.

"As it turned out, my battery of lawyers was no match for their battery of eyewitnesses."

She had bought a wholesale supply of cardboard boxes, which stood piled in their living room. She packed them with delicacies she had fried, and spent the rest of the day delivering them to the stores, going from one to the other in a taxi. By the third week of this, she was exhausted from her hours of cooking, from her slow and expensive delivery rounds, and from the complaints that were beginning to come in. Also, it was becoming evident that the cost of the ingredients, the packaging, and the taxi were destroying the profit she had expected, and one night when Farid again complained about the smell she marched into the bedroom with a pan of hot oil and threatened to pour it on him. He locked himself in the bathroom, and when at last he emerged he found her sitting on the floor with the deep-fry pan beside her. Her knees were hunched up and her head was laid on them; her hair was half uncoiled, and she was wearing an old cotton sari spattered with grease. He grew angry at the sight of her. "What are you—a cook or something?" he shouted, and when she didn't answer or stir he worked himself up further. "No one asked you to do this kind of work. Tcha—what would your parents say, what would my parents say, if they knew?"

Still with her head on her knees, she murmured, "Then what are we going to do?"

"We'll find something," he said, her defeat making him strong. "We don't have to put up with this nonsense. Get rid of all that filthy stuff." He seized her pan and carried it into the bathroom and emptied it into the toilet. When she heard the firm way in which he flushed it away, she raised her head and wiped her eyes with the end of her sari and felt better.

But then it was his responsibility to raise some money to keep them going, and the only way he knew was to borrow from Sunil, as he had done so often over the years. Sunil received him in his Mayfair flat, and Farid looked severely around the place, which was sumptuously furnished with everything that money and bad taste could buy. "What's *that* picture?" he said. "Is it new? Oh, my God."

"Listen, Farid, it's from a very ritzy gallery in Brook Street," Sunil said calmly. "It cost me a packet, I can tell you."

"A fool and his money are soon parted. Except of course when it comes to his friends—then it's a different story."

"When have I ever said no?" Sunil said in dull resignation.

It was true, he didn't often turn down his old friends, but that did not improve Farid's feelings toward him.

Matters grew worse as the years passed and Sunil went up and Farid down. Farida began to go away for weekends. Farid suspected that she went to meet Sunil, but when he accused her of this she just laughed. What made him think that she would go to Sunil for anything but money, she said. And what made him think that Sunil had any time left for her, now that Sunil was what he was and she was—well, she said with a shrug, anyone could see what she was now. Farid stared at her. She was getting into her upper thirties—they had been struggling along in London for a good fifteen years—and she had grown very thin. Her face, under her lacquered hair, was heavily made up. But beneath it all she was still Farida—just as, he realized, beneath all his bad feeling, and all his anger against her, there remained still the heart, the flower, of love. He kissed her hand and then her wrist, and then the soft skin of her inner arm.

She took advantage of his good mood to murmur that they would have to sell some more jewelry. "I need the money," she urged. "For a new business—no, no, this one's going to make it for sure, you'll see. It's in taxis for tourists."

"What's left to sell?" he asked.

She got out her jewel box, which was empty except for the one piece they had agreed never to sell. This was a single large and lustrous pearl in a gold setting. It was said to have been given by the last of the Mogul emperors to Farida's great-great-great-grandfather, who had been a noble at his court, and it had always been coveted by Sunil, whose own great-great-great-grandfather had been a money-lender's clerk at the same court. Farida had worn the pearl on her forehead at her wedding, but that time only the bridegroom, Farid, had seen it, for only he was allowed to look under her veil. It was years later, in London, when Sunil caught his first sight of it. This was at a reception he was giving for an American buyer of table linen, to which Farida had come all dressed up. She was trying to start a business in batik table mats with matching napkins, and so was out to make an impression. Sunil had eyed the ornament, which was on a chain around her neck. When he tried to touch it, she put her hand over it and said, "Not for sale."

"Let me know when it is," he said in his phlegmatic voice, which he made even more phlegmatic when he was eager to acquire something at a bargain price.

Farid never knew at what price Sunil finally did acquire this ornament—the money soon vanished anyway in the tourist taxi business. He often wondered what Sunil had done with it. Had he sold it? Kept it? Hung it around the neck of a girl? Sometimes he asked him, but Sunil never let on. Actually, Farid was almost sure that Sunil had locked it away in the deepest and most secret of all his safe-deposit vaults, for Sunil—one had to admit it—recognized a thing of value when he saw it. It was greed, of course, but Farid knew that when it was a question of making money Sunil's greed could be as subtle and unerring as anyone else's taste and wisdom.

THE COOLING TOWER

By night a laddered diagram
seen from the windows of a
bedroom town—ray flowers of dread
ascending and descending—
identifies the cooling tower,
insomniac vision

revealed by day as a grayed
obese archangel, its twiddled
dirk of ash and rhinestone
a metronomic rerun of some
half-obliterated last
nightmare of Eden

in the West: O Abendland, O
astral monochrome, steam-plume
whose throttled howl deploys
above the cooling tower
a pillared, effortless
volume of milkweed.

The air is windless. Harmless
outside the moated continent of
power, the tabernacled rods'
implosive marrow, an aureole
of bright particulars let fall
falls unregarded,

such an excess as to be all but
sorrowless: the sumac's roadside
flares, used-car lots bannered as
for a gala, street maples' tattered
circus-tent extravaganza
sifting unnumbered

relics, emblems of the everywhere
expendable: O Abendland, astral
insomniac, prophetic hulk of the
unuttered—by whom, should your
hot hour arrive, will all the dreams
of Adam be remembered?

—AMY CLAMPITT

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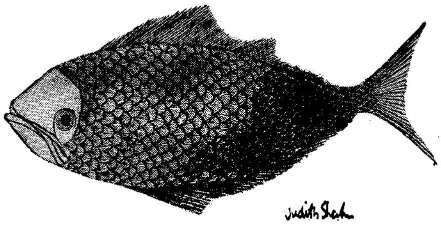
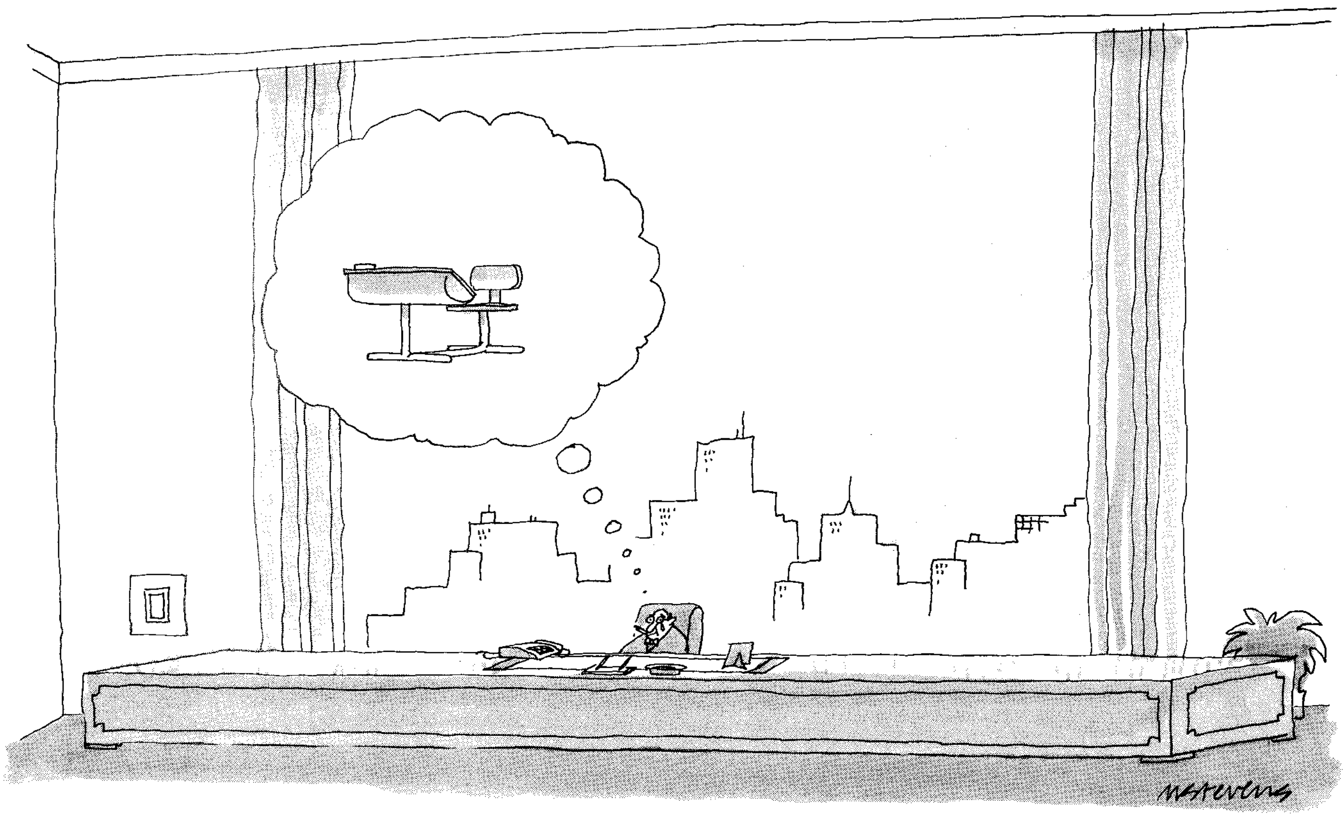


AFTER several weeks at the holy place, during which he faced her every day, Farid had still not arrived at the expected showdown with Farida. He was even beginning to forget about it and to enjoy his visits to her for their own sake. They became the high point of his day. At first he had stood in line with all the other pilgrims waiting for their turn, but then he noticed that there was a time, just after the midday meal, when no one else was there and even the handmaidens had lain themselves to sleep. Although Farid enjoyed a siesta as much as anyone, one day he spruced himself up a bit, making the most of the strands of hair that lay across the top of his head and smoothing his bush shirt over his stomach. He looked down at the stomach and decided he had seen worse on men his age. Then he hurried—yes, hurried—across the empty compound that separated his quarters from her tree. The sun beat down on him from a fierce white sky, the paving stones burned underfoot, and a hot glare as tangible as glass permeated the air, but Farid hardly noticed. Once he reached his destination, the air felt absolutely different. The shade spread by the tree was as wide and cool as the interior of a shuttered house. The handmaidens lay asleep off to one side of the thick tree trunk, on the other Farida sat reading



some ancient text. She was wearing big spectacles to read with but took them off quickly when he arrived. They had begun to have little conversations now.

"Look at you, how hot you are," she said now, watching him wipe the perspiration from his face and neck.

"Naturally, a person gets hot," he answered irritably. "Not everyone has the opportunity to sit under a tree all day."

"At least you should wear a hat."

"You know I never wear a hat," he said still impatiently, though he didn't feel that way at all. It was cool and peaceful under her roof of foliage.

The next day, he set out to find a hat in the little bazaar at the foot of the mountain. He was a well-known figure there by now—he always made friends quickly—and his quest for a solar hat made the shopkeepers smile. They said that only English-style sahibs like himself needed to protect their brains from the good Indian sun. It was not until he came to the end of the row of narrow booths that he discovered what he was looking for among a stock of cotton undervests, bottles of hair oil, and oleographs of gods and saints. As he put on the hat and looked at himself in a little metal mirror, his attention was caught by one of the highly colored pictures—a portrait of a saint that featured its subject against a traditional background of shrines, forests, rivers, and mountain caves. Farid would not have noticed this one except that it bore some resemblance to Farida. He looked closer and then realized that the woman in the picture actually *was* Farida. He stared at her, and it seemed to him that out of her painted background she stared back at him in the same way she did every day under the tree.

Suddenly he remembered that it was past the hour of his usual visit to her. He paid for his purchase and hurried back through the bazaar and up the path toward her tree. He didn't even notice the stiff climb, which usually made him pant and stop several times. But when he came within sight of the tree he slowed down. He was approaching from the bazaar instead of from the ashram, and so it happened that he caught sight of Farida half rising from her place to peer anxiously toward his usual path. He tiptoed up from behind her. "Were you expecting someone, Madam?" he said suddenly, and when she turned around he swept off his new hat and made a deep bow, at the same time tilting up his face to look into hers. Although she tried to hide her feelings with a frown, he knew he had caught her out, and that was as satisfying as the showdown he had been hoping for.

FOR the next few weeks, Farid felt peculiarly lighthearted and happy. With his solar hat, bush shirt, and an alpenstock he had acquired, he looked every inch a Westernized Oriental Gentleman, but he didn't feel that way. It seemed to him that he had shaken off that part of his life and was now as much at home with his surroundings as Farida, that he was at one with the little ashram, and with the other pilgrims, the shrines, the trees, the mountain paths, the water springs. He climbed up and down the hillside—a bit out of breath because of his smoking and because of not being very slim (as he politely put it to himself) but nevertheless feeling nimble and agile and certain that he could go up as high as he wanted. He never did climb very high but found a small incline a little way up the mountain that flattened out almost into an overlook. He liked to stand there and lean on his alpenstock, surveying the scene and feeling himself part of it. His visits with Farida in the afternoon became longer and more intimate. He sat beside her on the deerskin, and they talked like two people who have always been close to each other. They caught up on the last twenty years—or, rather, he caught up with her; there was nothing he needed to tell her about his years in London. She told him how, after that last scene with him, she had borrowed the fare from Sunil and gone straight back to her parents' house in Delhi.

"The moment I got there," she said, "it was as if I'd never been away, never got married, never been to London, never been broke. I did what everyone else did, all the sisters and cousins—went to the club in the evening, played tennis, played bridge, sat on committees to help the poor. Oh, you know your family's old house next door that was sold? They'd pulled it down and built a block of flats on it. It was sad. Well, everything was sad. Papa got sick and then he died, and just six weeks later Mama died, too. Yes, you know about that. We had to start dividing everything—the furniture and carpets and silver and Mama's jewelry—and there were such quarrels, you can't imagine. How can such things happen between brothers and sisters! One day, Roxy and I got into this really awful fight about Mama's diamond necklace. You remember how fat my sister Roxy always was? Well, she's ten times fatter now—*huge*—with a huge face all painted with lipstick and mascara. And when we were tugging at the necklace—she at one end, me at the other, and both of us screaming—I looked into this face of hers and suddenly I thought, My God, that's me, I'm looking in a mirror. And at the same moment I won the battle and had the necklace in my hand, only now I couldn't bear even to hold it. I flung it away from me as far as I could, and then I rushed out of the room and out of the house and got into Papa's old Fiat and drove without stopping—all the way up to Kasauli, you know, to the summer house there. No one had been there for ages, because of the lawsuit about it between Papa and his nephews. Everything inside had been taken away, completely stripped, and in what used to be the dining room there was a dead squirrel, with water dripping on it from a burst pipe. I got back in the Fiat and drove farther up, as far up as I could go, till I got to the first snow. It was completely silent there and completely bare; there were no birds and nothing growing, nothing at all. The snow sparkled white and the sky sparkled icy blue. The air was so sharp that it was like being inside a crystal. I found a cave in the side of the mountain, and it had icicles festooned around its entrance, as if someone had hung up decorations to welcome me. So I went in."

That was as far as Farida got in telling her story to Farid. There was a silence, and when he asked, "And then?" she said, "And then I came here." He never could find the connecting link between the entrance to the cave and this tree where she sat as a saint, with people lining up to see her. Whenever he pressed her for more information, she blushed and glanced down and smiled; she looked exactly the way she had when they were passing from childhood into adolescence and were awakening into new secrets that made him tremble with boldness and her with shyness and shame.

ONE day, Sunil turned up on the mountain. He came in an air-conditioned limousine driven by a chauffeur. Sunil was wearing a suit of the lightest tropical weight, but this did not prevent him from sweating most disagreeably. Farid felt at a tremendous advantage over him—a feeling that grew as the days passed and Sunil stayed on. For one thing, Sunil never had a private audience with Farida but had to line up with the other pilgrims. Also, the living conditions were not at all what he was used to; instead of occupying a suite in some five-star hotel, he was forced to sleep on a string cot placed beside Farid's in the whitewashed cell. He could not get used to the plain meals prepared in the ashram kitchens, and when Farid took him to one of the eating stalls in the bazaar he got sick from the kebabs served there. At night he sweated and groaned and suffered tortures from the mosquitoes whining around him, though they never seemed to bother Farid. His air-conditioned limousine stood waiting to take him back down, and the chauffeur grumbled and had to be bribed to stay, but Sunil did not leave. It was almost the way it used to be when they were children and Sunil came to Farida's birthday parties and stuck on stubbornly even though the other children pricked his balloons and hid his shoes and ate up his chocolate cake.

Of course, it was all for a purpose, a plan, and one night when he couldn't sleep because of the mosquitoes he woke up Farid and broached it to him.

"She's wasted up here," he said.

Farid sat up. "What's on your mind?" he said.

"It's ridiculous," Sunil grumbled. "Instead of sitting under that tree of hers, she could be making a fortune in London. Not to speak of New York."

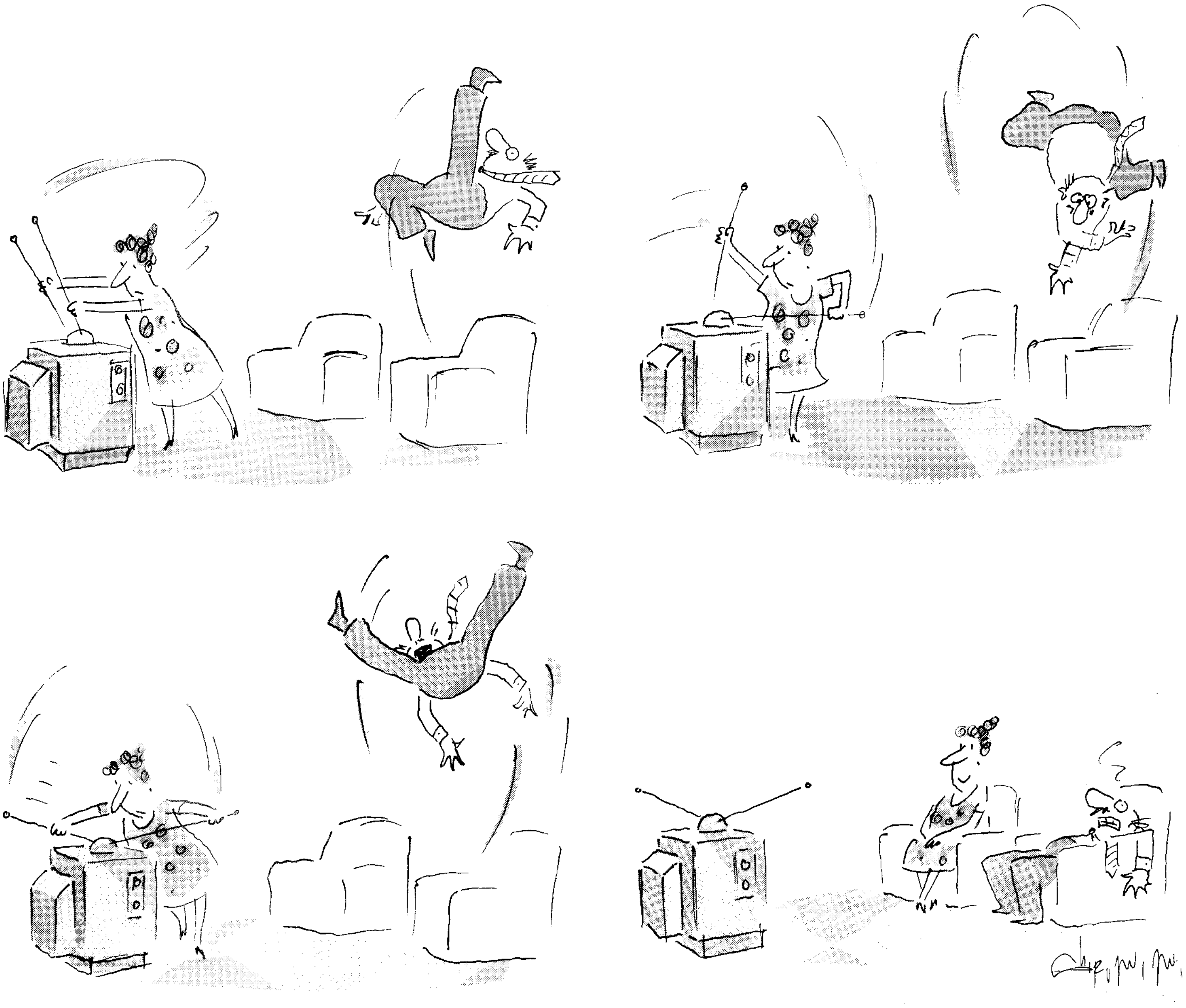
"You must be crazy," Farid said in a shaky voice.

"*You're* crazy," Sunil said. "You and she both. But it's always the same story with you two. You have absolutely no business sense."

"Business!" Farid shouted. "What's she got to do with business! She's beyond all that now."

"All right, call it something else, then. Call it whatever you like. But I'm telling you, she'll go over big. They've never seen anything like her before. There's money in what she does—*money*," he repeated, irritably rubbing his thumb and middle finger together to make his meaning clear.

Sunil settled in. Each day, his car could be seen driving up and down the mountain roads, with Sunil sitting in the back, phlegmatic but confident, picking his teeth. He was setting up everything for Farida's first public appearances in London; it meant getting a whole organization going, but of



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course that was the sort of thing he excelled at. He had made an arrangement with the post office in the bazaar to get his international calls through several times a day, and soon a contingent of publicity people arrived—very incongruous Englishmen in Daks slacks and Hush Puppies shoes who moved in on the group under the tree. They shot photographs, made sketches, took the measurements of Farida and the handmaidens, and called everyone "darling" and "angel" in cold, indifferent voices. They did their job and went away. But Sunil stayed on.

Farid sneered at all this, but he was frightened. He knew that Sunil was stupid, but he also knew that the man was capable of pushing and lumbering ahead like an army tank unencumbered by human intelligence. The worst of it was that he seemed to have sold his idea to Farida herself. She was fully persuaded that it was time for a wider, more international audience to be given the benefit of her spirituality, and that Sunil was the man to arrange it. One day when Farid arrived for his own session with her, he found Sunil there before him, sitting on the edge of her deerskin as though he had every right to be there. From then on, he was there every afternoon, and Farid's blissful tête-à-têtes with Farida were finished. Now the handmaidens no longer slept quietly on the other side of the tree but tripped up and down, primping and preening, studiedly graceful. Farida was different, too. She didn't lose the serenity that was now an integral part of her personality, like a shawl worn by a mature and beautiful woman, but she had that small half smile of satisfaction she had always worn when things were going well for her. It made Farid want to slap her. Doesn't she see, he thought. Doesn't she know? His anger turned on Sunil, who took no notice of it at all.

Farid stopped going to the tree in the afternoons, and instead began to nap on the cot in his cell. No one seemed to miss him; no message came from Farida to ask where he was. He slept as much as he could. It was the same thing that had happened to him in London, when he didn't want to get up anymore, and day turned into night for him, except that now he was dulled only by despair. He didn't drink here; he didn't need to. Now he took walks by moonlight, as he used to walk in the daytime. He climbed up to the same incline as before, from where he could look down on Farida's tree and the bazaar on one side and a steep slope descending into a ravine on another. He wished it would never be day again.

One night, he went to Farida's tree, descending very carefully, so that no stone might clatter down and make a noise. Everyone was sleeping—Farida on one side of the tree, on her deerskin, the handmaidens on the other, on moss. The tree shaded them from the moon except for some silver streaks that spilled through the foliage and covered them as if with a veil of finely patterned lace. Farid stood looking down at Farida. It seemed a pity to wake her, and when he did she wasn't at all pleased. "Is this a time to come visiting?" she said irritably.

"Then when should I come?" Farid said. "With that slob sitting here all afternoon."

She continued to lie there under her veil of moonlight. Her eyes were open and looking at him. It wasn't so different from when she used to wake up at night in the other half of their double bed in London and regard him silently and speculatively in the dark. "Move over," he said suddenly now. Didn't he have the right? Wasn't he still her husband? She didn't argue but made room for him, so that he could nestle beside her. She no longer used the scent, Jolie Madame, she had in London but smelled of something else. Maybe it wasn't a scent at all but only a fragrance rising from within her. It was somehow strengthened and given body by the racy smell of the deerskin.

"Let's go away," he whispered to her.

"We *are* going away," she pointed out. "We're going to London. I'm booked in the Albert Hall in October."

"Not like that. Not with all these people. Just you and me." Chastely he kissed her cool neck.

"Where were you thinking of going?" she murmured.

"Away. Up there," he said, gesturing toward a mountain peak glimmering with moon and snow.

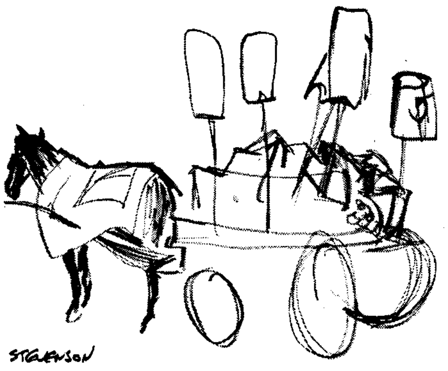
"There's nothing up there."

"Yes there is. You said so. You've been there. You said there's a cave."

"Oh, my goodness," she said. "That old story. You'd better go to bed and get some sleep. You're dreaming with your eyes open."

His reply was to move closer to her; he put his arm across her. After a long silence, during which both of them lay quite still, she said, "I don't want to go up. I want to go down—go back. This time, it'll work out. You'll see."

How often he had heard that from her—each time she had started some new scheme. She seemed to remember this herself, for she went on. "Sunil will help us," she said. "He'll look after all that—you know, the business side you and I could never manage."



"Sunil!" he said scornfully. "All he knows is buying and selling."

"No one can live without buying and selling," she said.

He was shocked. He sat up and stared at her in the moonlight. She looked back at him defiantly; and again he was reminded of how it had been between them all the years in London. Was she still the same? Hadn't she changed after all?

She knew at once what he was thinking, of course. "It's you who haven't changed!" she cried. "You still think you can lie around with your mouth open, waiting for sweets to drop in. Well, that's not my style at all, and this time you're not going to drag me down with you."

"But I told you, I don't want to go down," he said. "I want to go up—up to where that cave is."

She snorted loudly—a sound of im-

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BATHING THE NEW BORN

I love with a fearful love to remember the
first baths I gave this boy—
my second child, so my hands knew what to do,
I laid the tiny torso along my
left forearm, nape of the noodle
neck in the crook of my elbow, hips
tiny as a bird's hips against my wrist, and the
thigh the thickness of a thick pencil held
loosely in the loop of my thumb and forefinger, the
sign that means perfect. I'd soap him slowly, the
long thin cold feet, the
scrotum tight and wrinkled as a rosy
shell so new it was flexible yet, the
miniature underweight athlete's chest, the
gummy furze of the scalp. If I got him too
soapy he'd get so slippery he'd
slide in my grip like an armful of white
buttered noodles, but I'd hold him not too tight,
I knew I was so good for him, and I'd
talk to him the whole time, I'd
tell him about his wonderful body
and the wonderful soap, the whole world made of love,
and he'd look up at me, one week old,
his eyes still wide and apprehensive of his
new life. I love that time
when you croon and croon to them, you can see the
calm slowly entering them, you can
feel it in your anchoring hand, the
small necklace of the spine against the
muscle of your forearm, you feel the fear
leaving their bodies, he lay in the blue
oval plastic baby tub and
looked at me in wonder and began to
move his silky limbs at will in the water.

—Sharon Olds

patient anger that he knew very well. "And go away now," she said, and when he didn't move she gave him a little push. "Go on, before anyone sees us."

"So what?" he said. "We're married, aren't we?"

"Mr. Pomeroy is currently sixty per cent combat ready, but with adequate funding he expects to be at full strength by 1988."

A SHIPMENT of boxes arrived from London—the men in Daks slacks had arranged it all. The boxes contained new uniforms for the handmaidens and a white robe of Italian silk for Farida, along with a string of prayer beads set by a famous Italian designer, and a new deerskin, which must have been synthetic, for it had no smell at all. Everyone had gathered around for the unpacking—everyone, that is, except Farid, who kept himself completely aloof from the excitement. By the time he next came to visit the tree, the handmaidens had changed into their new permanent-press robes and were gliding up and down in them like ethereal airline stewardesses. Farida appeared tremendously pleased with herself in her new white robe and Italian beads. She looked at Farid as if she expected a compliment, which he refused to pay. Sunil was there, surveying the scene with the satisfaction of an impresario. He stared at Farid, and Farida said at once, "Yes, he'll need a new outfit, too."

Farid shrugged contemptuously and went away. But when night came and everyone was asleep he got up and went to her again. She was awake and seemed to be expecting him. When he lay down next to her, she ran her finger over his frayed collar and said, "We'll get you a new shirt and new shoes and ties and everything. We'll start again." She stroked what was left of his hair. "It'll all be different this time," she said. But when he groaned and said, "Oh, no," she pulled back from him. "That's all I've ever heard from you!" she shouted. "Whatever I wanted to do, your only contribution was 'Oh, no.' I'm sick of it! I'm tired of it and I'm tired of you."

Though she spoke in anger, Farid saw the tears trickling from her eyes.

"Who did I ever do anything for but you?" she said. "All those businesses I started—who was that all for? And even now, who is it all for?" Her voice broke. Her tears fell in perfect drops like pearls.

"Never mind," he said. "Don't say any more." He lay beside her and held her hand, and remembered the time when he had had to rescue her and flushed her cooking oil away.

THE next day, he invited Sunil to go for a walk with him. Sunil, who was in no condition to walk uphill, didn't want to go, but Farid used his old tactics—taunting him about his ungainly figure, his breathlessness, his age—until Sunil gave in. Farid walked ahead, jaunty with his hat and stick, sometimes stopping on the steep path to look back at his friend panting behind him. When he reached his destination, which was his usual overlook, he sat comfortably on a stone and watched Sunil slowly coming up and, beyond him, the mountainside that spiralled away below.

Sunil arrived flushed and angry. "You want to kill me, making me climb up here?" he said.

"Calm down," Farid said. "Take it easy. I only want to tell you something. Farida and I are leaving."

"Oh, my God, is that all?" Sunil said, standing above him. "I know you're leaving. So am I. Everyone is. Is that all you have to tell me?"

"We're not going with you," Farid said calmly. "We're going up, not down. I just wanted you to know there's been a change of plan."

"Oh, sure, sure. A change of plan. I make the arrangements, spend a few hundred thousand, and he changes the plan."

Farid remained serene. He pointed toward the mountaintop far above them, where its peak disappeared into mist. "That's where we're going, Farida and I," he said.

"Listen, Farid," Sunil said. He took a deep breath to keep his patience. "I don't know what's on your mind, but please try to get this straight. We're going to London. Everything's booked. Everything's arranged. There's a whole public waiting for us out there. There's money to be made, and we're going to make it."

Farid, still seated on his stone, looked up at his friend. It was so easy. One push in the right direction and Sunil would go rolling off the path and down the steep ravine. He would not be heard from again. Farid stood up. He gave Sunil a sharp little push in the chest—he could have laughed at the expression on Sunil's face as he lost his balance and began to tumble backward. The next moment, he didn't feel like laughing at all but went running after him down the path. Sunil didn't roll far. His bush shirt caught in the lower branches of a little pine tree, which stood a foot or two above a mountain ledge, and Sunil stuck there, while a few stones he had dislodged went bouncing down the path and sailed off into empty air. Farid jumped after him. He pulled and tugged at him, while Sunil awkwardly tried to heave himself back onto the path. It was not easy for either of them, for they were both overweight, out of breath, and terribly upset. When at last they managed it, Sunil slowly arose and stood there with his eyes shut in fright, while Farid felt him all over, pressing his limbs to see if anything was broken, and trembling as much as Sunil himself. Without opening his eyes, Sunil said at last, "Let me go. Take me down."

Farid carefully led him down, his arm around Sunil's stout waist, and stopped solicitously every few steps to see if he was all right. Then he took his hat off and put it on Sunil, to guard him from the sun.

LATER that day they presented themselves before Farida. "We're all leaving tomorrow," Sunil said.

"Certainly," Farid said. "He can go down and we'll go up."

There was a pause. When Farida spoke, it was to Farid. "There's nothing up there," she said coldly. "Can't you get that into your head? Absolutely nothing." She looked at him with a face of stone.

What could he say to convince her? What could he do? He knelt beside her on the new deerskin; seen through his tears, she swam in a halo of light. He called her name out loud—"Farida! Farida!"—as if she were far away, instead of right next to him. He seized her hands and began to talk and cry desperately. He told her how he had tried to kill Sunil, so that the two of them, Farid and Farida, could go away together and everything could be again as it was. Yes, for that he had been prepared to murder their childhood friend. He said this twice, to impress it on her, but she only extracted her cool hands from between his and said, "You're neurotic."

"Neurotic!" Sunil exclaimed. "He's completely psychotic. We have to get him to London for treatment."

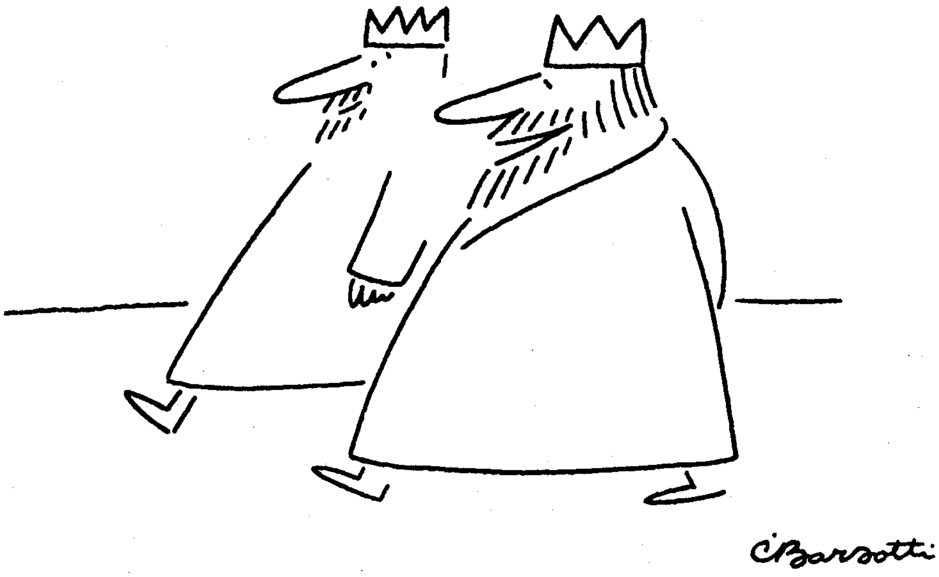
The next day, two other air-conditioned limousines arrived, and Sunil and Farida and the handmaidens and their luggage prepared for a stately departure. Pilgrims gathered while the cars were being loaded; they joined their hands in respectful salutation and shouted "*Jai Mataji!*" Some of them waved little orange flags with Farida's picture imprinted in black. Sunil and Farida were sitting in the back of the third car, waiting for Farid to join the chauffeur on the front seat. But Farid could not be found. Sunil tapped his foot and said, "We'll miss our plane."

"Give him a few more minutes," Farida said. Under her breath she muttered, "Isn't that just like him!" A signal was given, and the two cars in front moved off. "We can't just leave him behind!" Farida cried, as the procession began to wind downhill.

"Please smile, Farida," Sunil said. "Please wave." She waved at the pilgrims by the roadside as the car slowly descended, but kept turning in her seat and craning to peer behind her. For the first time in many years she looked discontented, disappointed.

Farid was standing above them at his overlook, at the terminal point of his daily walk. He looked down at the cars leaving. They seemed to go very slowly and reluctantly, and he knew it would be easy, if he wanted to, to run after them and catch them up. He felt a sensation in his heart as if someone—some other heart attached to his—were tugging him down. But he planted himself a bit more sturdily, with his legs apart, and stood his ground. The cars grew smaller, creeping down the mountain into the bazaar, into the town, into the plains below. When they were completely out of sight, he descended the path and returned to her tree. The place was deserted now, and there was nothing to be seen except her old deerskin, which someone had rolled up and stuffed under a root. Farid spread it out again and smoothed it and sat on it. He thought he would just wait here until she came back for him. Of course, this might take a long time—many years, even—but when she came at last he would say, "Let's go up, Farida," and after the inevitable argument she would agree.

—RUTH PRAWER JHABVALA



"It's called 'the divine right of kings.' You should have your people look into it."

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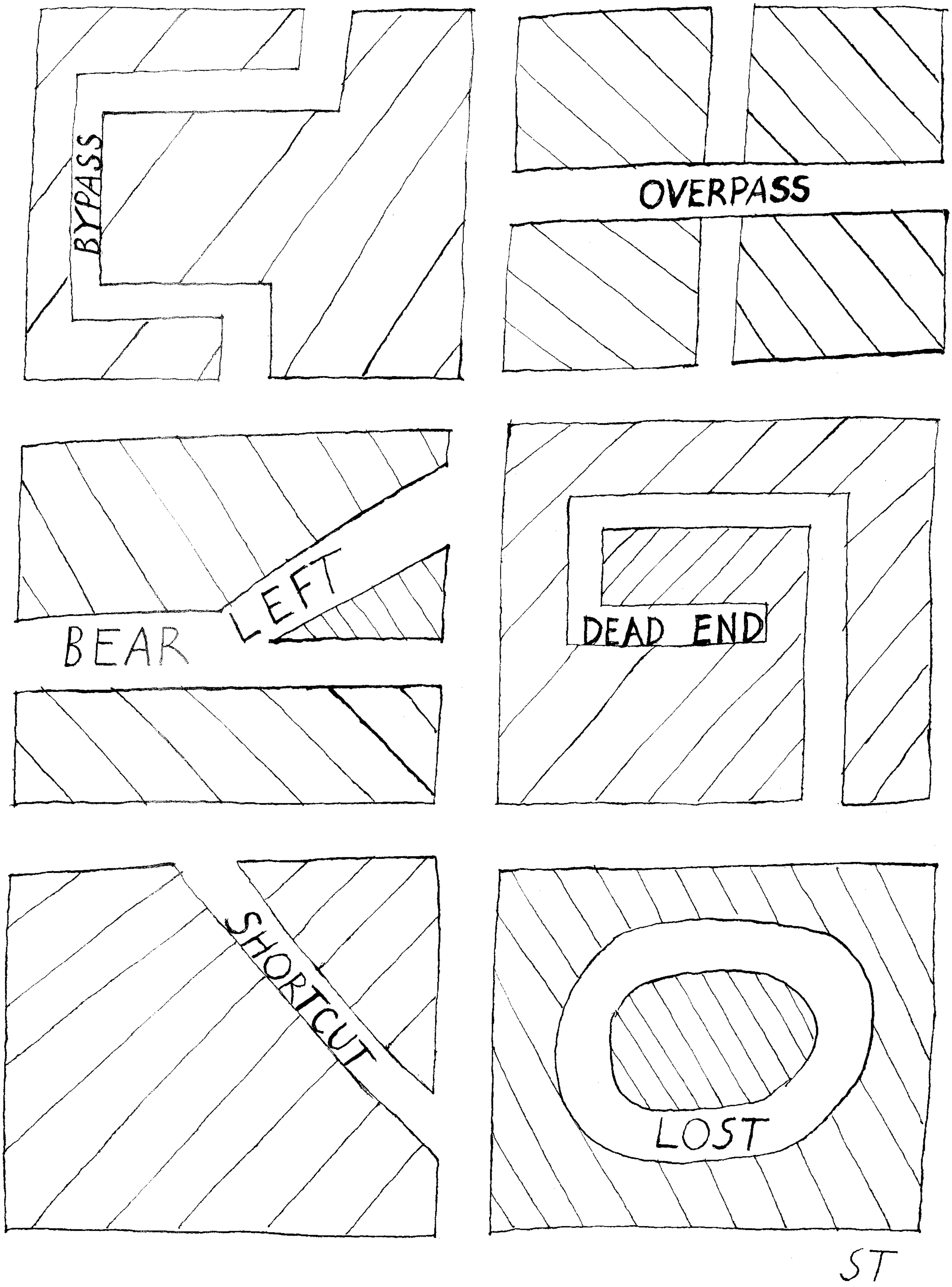
Sam Wilson, an alternate delegate from Charlotte, brushed graffiti from his hair and said, "This speech spoke right to the heart of America, what Reagan has done and what the Democrats might do."
—*Charlotte* (*N.C.*) *Observer.*

That happened to our hair once, when we fell asleep on the subway.

DIRECTIONS


BYPASS
OVERPASS
BEAR LEFT
DEAD END
SHORTCUT
LOST

ST

ANNALS OF EUGENICS

A SECULAR FAITH—II

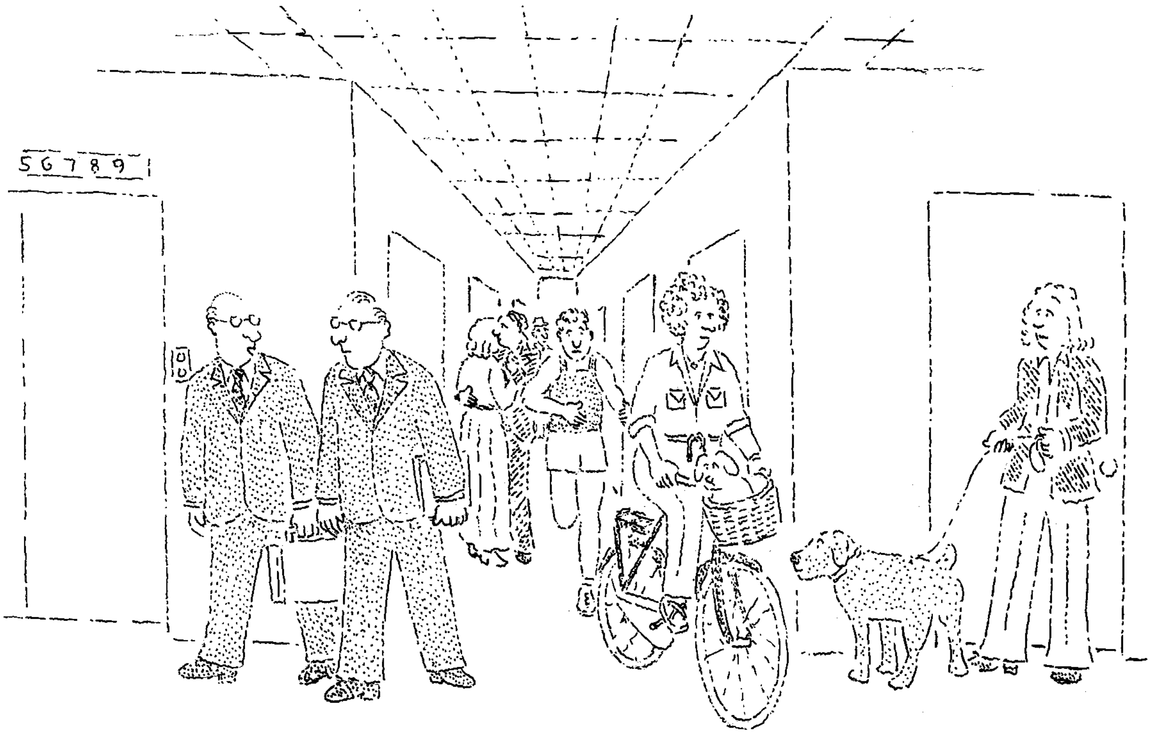
ONE day in January of 1901, Karl Pearson took a moment from his biometrical labors at University College in London to write a letter to his friend Francis Galton on a subject Pearson deemed of "the greatest national importance—the breeding from the fitter stocks." Pearson often worried about the "degeneration" of the British "race"—the tendency of the "less fit" to outreproduce the "fit." He was even more concerned amid the rising German challenge to British hegemony and the disturbing inability of Her Majesty's armed forces to deliver a decisive defeat to the upstart Boers. He told Galton that Britain needed "some word in season, something that will bring home to thinking men the urgency of the fertility question in this country." Certainly no one, he added, would be listened to on the matter more than Galton himself, who had, after all, "set the whole scientific treatment of heredity going."

Galton, seventy-eight years old, ailing, yet still a spirited enthusiast of eugenics, bestirred himself during the next few years to take to the rostrum for the science of human improvement. What he had to say about eugenics in the new century differed little from his pronouncements in the heyday of Victoria's reign, but the response was hardly the same. In 1904, a large audience, including medical men and scientists, turned out to hear him at the Sociological Society, in London, and his address was reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1906, he endowed the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics at University College, with Karl Pearson as its director. In 1909, Galton was knighted, and the next year he was awarded the Copley Medal—the Royal Society's highest honor. In the last few years of his life, among the thinking classes of the Anglo-American community Francis Galton and his eugenics were suddenly very much in season.

"You would be amused to hear how general is now the use of your word *Eugenics!*" Pearson exulted in a letter to Galton in 1907. "I hear most respectable middle-class matrons saying if children are weakly, 'Ah, that was not a eugenic marriage!' " In America, thousands of people filled out their "Record of Family Traits" and mailed the forms to the Eugenics Record Office, a privately funded center for eugenic research, directed by the biologist Charles B. Davenport, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. The undergraduate F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote the song "Love or Eugenics" for the 1914 Princeton Triangle Show ("Men, which would you like to come and pour your tea,/Kisses that set your heart aflame,/Or love from a prophylactic dame?"). In both countries, demands for lecturers on eugenics came from ethical, debating, health, and philosophical societies; school and university campuses; women's clubs; medical and nursing associations; and Y.M.C.A.s. In London, the Ladies Emily Lutyens and Ottoline Morrell opened their Bloomsbury drawing rooms to speakers on eugenics, and students thronged to hear lectures on the topic at the Bedford College for Women. British and American newspapers frequently published articles on eugenics, and a steadily increasing number of such articles appeared in popular magazines. Hardly a year went by without a spate of books on eugenics—from scientists like Davenport as well as from enthusiastic laymen. Virtually all the literature paid homage to Francis Galton, and much of it rehearsed the data, theories, and opinions of Davenport, Pearson, and their collaborators.

The outbreak of the First World War thrust eugenics into the background of public discourse, but attention was renewed after the Armistice with a force that made Galton's religion as much a part of the secular pieties of the nineteen-twenties as the Einstein craze. One of the leading popularizers of the creed was Albert E. Wiggam, a journalist, author, and Chautauqua lecturer. Wiggam had begun to educate himself in eugenics just before the war, with visits to geneticists and to Davenport's Eugenics Record Office. Adding eugenics to his lecture repertoire, he distributed family-record blanks to his Chautauqua audiences for completion and mailing to Cold Spring Harbor. During the twenties, Wiggam promoted eugenics in magazine articles and in three widely read books, including the 1923 best-seller "The New Decalogue of Science." While many writers reported soberly upon standard eugenic doctrines, Wiggam stood out because of the way he combined eugenic science with statesmanship, morality, and

religion. Eugenics was "simply the projection of the Golden Rule down the stream of protoplasm." Indeed, he went on, had Jesus returned in the nineteen-twenties He would have given the world a new commandment, "the biological Golden Rule, the completed Golden Rule of science," which was "*Do unto both the born and the unborn as you would have both the born and the unborn do unto you.*" Biologists tended to find him inaccurate and breezy. But Wiggam was pro-science, pro-biology, pro-evolution. In the era of the Scopes trial, scientists no doubt forgave him his errors because of the banner he carried.



"Lots of new faces around here."

The vogue for eugenics derived energy from the organizational efforts of its advocates. In Britain in 1907, inspired by Galton, a group of them founded a national Eugenics Education Society. "Its purpose," a charter member explained to Galton, "is to stir up interest . . . and is on the whole frankly propagandist." Galton hesitated to join, but accepted membership the following year, and was thereupon elected honorary president. Branches of the society sprang up in Birmingham, Cambridge, Manchester, Southampton, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Sydney, Australia. Local eugenic groups sprouted across the United States: the Galton Society, which met regularly at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York; the Race Betterment Foundation, in Battle Creek, Michigan; and eugenic-education societies in Chicago, St. Louis, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah, and California. Eugenic themes diffused into groups devoted to sex education and sex hygiene, and were evident in the baby-health competitions that spread to some forty states before the war. Various efforts—the promoters included Davenport, Alexander Graham Bell, and Luther Burbank—were mounted to organize eugenics on a national basis, along the lines of the British society, culminating in the formation, in 1923, of the American Eugenics Society, which rapidly spawned twenty-eight state committees and a Southern California branch.

Nominal membership in the British society never exceeded seventeen hundred, and in the American probably no more than two-thirds of that, but what the organizations lacked in size they made up in what an early British member accurately predicted would be "the advantage of excellent patronage." Local British and American groups listed leading townspeople among their members, and the national councils included distinguished scientists and social scientists, prominent lawyers, clerics, physicians, schoolmasters, and intellectuals. The prime mover in the American Eugenics Society was the well-known Yale economist and public-health advocate Irving Fisher. The president (from 1911 to 1928) of the British society bore a name to conjure with in matters of descent: he was Major Leonard Darwin, a son of Charles Darwin.

Like Galton before them, Anglo-American eugenicists reckoned that before a eugenic revolution could occur the public would have to be taught to be "eugenic-minded." Dues and endowments gave the eugenic societies of both countries funds for the sponsorship of lectures and meetings. By the late nineteen-twenties, the British society's budget amounted to a modest thirty-five hundred pounds a year. The American society's annual budget, a few thousand dollars at first, was supplemented by gifts from John D. Rockefeller, George Eastman, and Fisher himself, and rose to forty thousand dollars by the end of the decade. A large fraction of the British society's budget went to establish a quarterly journal, the *Eugenics Review*, which Galton thought "rather feeble" at first, though he conceded that it might mend. In fact, it rapidly became self-supporting and, according to the society's secretary, was to be found in many public and scientific libraries in the United States, Europe, India, and Japan. The American Eugenics Society left the publication of a journal to a sister society, the American Genetics Association, which put out the *Journal of Heredity*, an organ of research devoted in part to heredity in human beings.

Both eugenic societies supplied speakers, who gave dozens of lectures yearly. The British group produced a film on eugenics and showed it free of charge in small-town cinemas throughout England, Wales, and Scotland. Both societies distributed pamphlets and study materials to clubs, libraries, and schools. One of these texts, put out by the American society, explained that since the ultimate fruits of eugenics would naturally require many generations, the eugenic move-

“You mean, after all these years, that’s a crumpet?”

• •

ment, unlike the usual short-lived political or social movement, was “like the founding and development of Christianity, something to be handed on from age to age.” The American society published, in 1926, “A Eugenics Catechism,” which assured readers that eugenics was not a plan for making supermen or for breeding human beings as if they were animals. The catechism did promise that eugenics would “increase the number of geniuses,” foster “more selective love-making,” and produce more love in marriage. It continued:

> Q: Does eugenics contradict the Bible?
> A: The Bible has much to say for eugenics. It tells us that men do not gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. . . .
> Q: Does eugenics mean less sympathy for the unfortunate?
> A: It means a much better understanding of them, and a more concerted attempt to alleviate their suffering, by seeing to it that everything possible is done to have fewer hereditary defectives. . . .
> Q: What is the most precious thing in the world?
> A: The human germ plasm.

That same year, the society was moved to launch a eugenic-sermon contest, its judges to include Charles Davenport and the Yale literary critic William Lyon Phelps, who was also a deacon in the Calvary Baptist Church of New Haven. An estimated three hundred sermons were inspired by the competition, and some sixty were considered for the prizes—of five hundred, three hundred, and two hundred dollars. Rabbi Harry H. Mayer, of Kansas City, Missouri, chose a special Mother’s Day service convoked by the Council of Jewish Women and the Temple Sisterhood to declare, “May we do nothing to permit our blood to be adulterated by infusions of blood of inferior grade.” Another entrant held that Christ was born into a family representing “a long process of religious and moral selection.” The Reverend Dr. Kenneth C. MacArthur, of the Federated Church, in Sterling, Massachusetts, sermonized upon the heritability of intelligence and speculated that moral and spiritual qualities were similarly determined, submitting in evidence the Biblical words of Paul to Timothy which celebrated, in his paraphrase, “the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and in thee also.” The Reverend Dr. MacArthur, whose sermon won the second prize, later became a member of the society’s Massachusetts branch and informed the society’s president that he had been deeply interested in eugenics for years, was concerned with problems of genetics as a breeder of purebred cattle, and was the proud winner of a silver cup in the Fitter Families Contest at the Eastern States Exposition of 1924.

The Fitter Families Contests had started in 1920, in Topeka, at the Kansas Free Fair. Under the aegis of the American Eugenics Society, they were soon being featured—together with eugenic exhibits—at between seven and ten state fairs yearly; by the end of the decade, requests for help in organizing such contests were coming to the society each year from more than forty eager sponsors. Local publications gave front-page attention to the competitions and their winners. At the state fairs, the Fitter Families competitions were held in the “human stock” sections. (“The time has come,” a contest brochure explained, “when the science of human husbandry must be developed, based on the principles now followed by scientific agriculture, if the better elements of our civilization are to dominate or even survive.”) Any healthy family could enter. Contestants had only to provide an examiner with the family eugenic history. All family members had to submit to a medical examination, including a Wassermann test and

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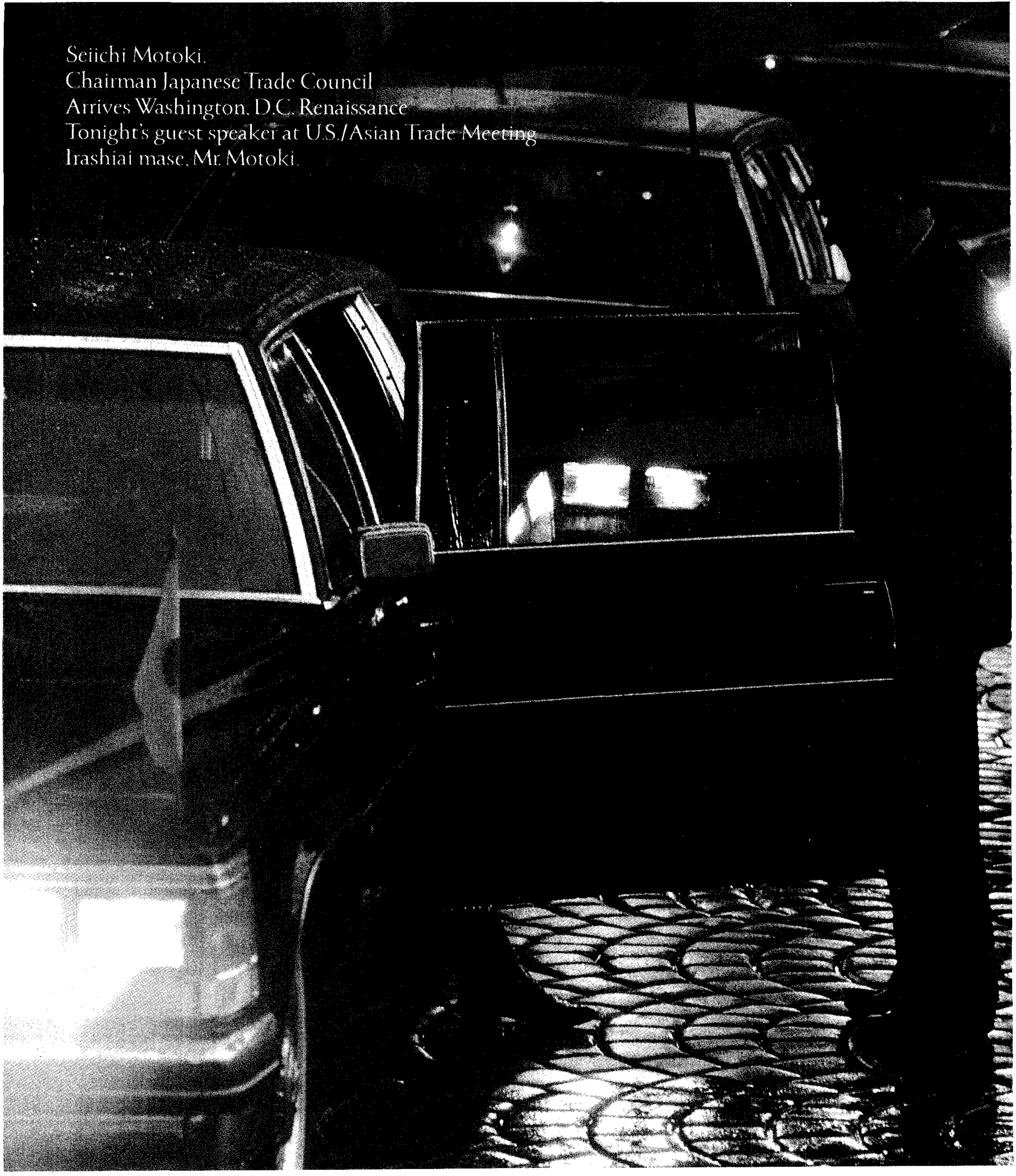
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a psychiatric assessment, and take an intelligence test. At the 1924 Kansas Free Fair, winning families in three categories—small, average, and large—were awarded a Governor's Fitter Family Trophy, which was presented by Governor Jonathan Davis. "Grade A Individuals" won a Capper Medal, named for United States Senator Arthur Capper and portraying two diaphanously garbed parents, their arms outstretched toward their (presumably) eugenically meritorious infant. A fair brochure noted, "This trophy and medal are worth more than livestock sweepstakes or a Kansas oil well. For health is wealth and a sound mind in a sound body is the most priceless of human possessions."

Gahan Wilson

• •

In both Britain and America, exhibits at fairs and expositions often included a depiction of the laws of Mendelian inheritance—usually a collection of stuffed black and white guinea pigs arrayed on a vertical board so as to indicate the inheritance of coat color from generation to generation. At the Kansas Free Fair in 1929, the exhibits included charts illustrating the "laws" of Mendelian inheritance in human beings: Cross a "pure" with a "pure" parent, and the children would be "normal." Cross an "abnormal" with an "abnormal," and the children would be "abnormal." Cross a "pure" with an "abnormal," and the children would be "normal but tainted; some grandchildren abnormal." Cross a "tainted" with a "tainted," and of every four offspring one would be "abnormal," one "pure normal," and two "tainted." Another chart declared, "Unfit human traits such as feeblemindedness, epilepsy, criminality, insanity, alcoholism, pauperism, and many others run in families and are inherited in exactly the same way as color in guinea pigs." At the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia, the American Eugenics Society exhibit included a board that, in the manner of the population counters of a later day, revealed with flashing lights that every fifteen seconds a hundred dollars of your money went for the care of persons with bad heredity, that every forty-eight seconds a mentally deficient person was born in the United States, and that only every seven and a half minutes did the United States enjoy the birth of "a high grade person . . . who will have ability to do creative work and be fit for leadership." An exhibit placard asked, "How long are we Americans to be so careful for the pedigree of our pigs and chickens and cattle, and then leave the *ancestry of our children* to chance, or to 'blind' sentiment?"

To a later generation, it may all seem like material out of Sinclair Lewis, but Anglo-American eugenicists approached hereditary matters with the utmost seriousness, aware that they were part of a worldwide movement. After the turn of the century, eugenic efforts—often called "race hygiene"—had also developed in Sweden, Norway, Russia, Switzerland, Germany, Poland, France, and Italy; in the nineteen-twenties, the movement spread to Japan and Latin America. In 1912, some seven hundred and fifty people from Britain, the Continent, and the United States attended the First International Eugenics Congress, in London, where the Right Honourable Arthur Balfour delivered the inaugural address, receiving hearty applause when he mentioned "the dignity of motherhood." Participants in the congress delivered some thirty papers, and its sponsoring vice-presidents included the Lord Chief Justice of Britain, the Right Honourable Winston Churchill, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Alexander Graham Bell, and Charles William Eliot, former president of Harvard University. British and American eugenicists also maintained particularly close links through the transatlantic publication of their books and articles, the election of each other to their respective societies, and personal contact.

Two years before the eugenics congress, the essay on "Civilization" in the new, eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica had confidently stated that the lines of future progress were sure to include "the organic betterment of the race through wise application of the laws of heredity." So sanctified, Francis Galton's scientific program seemed at long last to have been launched, virtually as a planetary revolution.

IT is in the nature of social movements that they often command the support of disparate groups who hold few ideas in common other than those of the movement itself. In 1908, the American geneticist Raymond Pearl noted that eugenics was " 'catching on' to an extraordinary degree with radical and conservative alike, as something for which the time is quite right." In Britain, eugenics united such social radicals as Havelock Ellis, Ottoline Morrell, George Bernard Shaw, Harold Laski, and Beatrice and Sidney Webb with such establishmentarians as Leonard Darwin, who after twenty years in Her Majesty's Royal Engineers had retired to good causes and the country gentry, and Dean William Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral (the Gloomy Dean, as he was known), who relished the Duke of Wellington's alleged remark that the

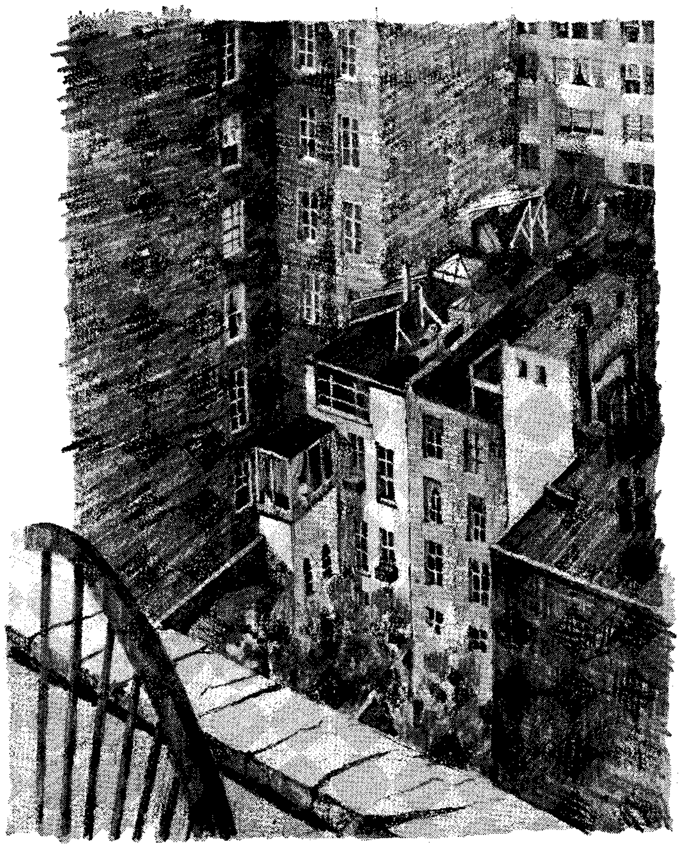
Battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing fields of Eton. In the United States, the eugenic movement brought together conservatives like Davenport with progressives like Gifford Pinchot, Charles R. Van Hise, Charles Eliot, and David Starr Jordan and radicals like Emma Goldman and Hermann J. Muller, a future Nobel laureate for his work in genetics, who was a Marxian socialist and (for a time) an admirer of the Soviet Union. For all their political differences, eugenicists shared a concern for a set of issues they considered pertinent to heredity—some actually were—and also, in general, the same social milieu.

Eugenic enthusiasts in the United States and Britain were largely middle to upper-middle class, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and educated. The movement's leaders tended to be well-to-do rather than rich, and many were professionals—physicians, social workers, clerics, writers, and numerous professors, notably in the biological and social sciences. Leaders and followers alike had the time and the inclination to attend lectures and debates; they interested themselves in public affairs, and thought it necessary to keep abreast of science and to set their social compasses by the new discoveries. Fully half the membership of the British society consisted of women, and so did about a quarter of its officers. In the United States, women played an insignificant role in the national society but a prominent one in local groups. In both countries, women constituted a great part of the eugenic audience. Eugenics, concerned ipso facto with the health and quality of offspring, focussed on issues that, by virtue of biology and prevailing middle-class standards, were naturally women's own. Like the campaigns against alcoholism, prostitution, and pornography, eugenics brought women into the domain of public affairs and provided them with a respectable avenue of social activism. It also brought women—as social activists if not as researchers—into direct involvement with the world of science, from which they were otherwise largely barred. In a sense, the eugenic movement was Karl Pearson's Men and Women's Club—with its determination to explore the relations between the sexes—enlarged to encompass the transatlantic educated community.

Eugenics complemented—perhaps in part grew out of—the late-nineteenth-century social-purity movement, which had proposed to effect a moral reform of a society given to prostitution and the like. Mixing standard medical texts with moral prescriptions, the movement had tended to deny that women's sexual energy matched that of men, and it had advocated the reduction of male sexual expression to the female level and the replacement of male lustfulness by female tenderness, spirituality, and moral concern. It had thus encouraged women to take greater control over their marital sex lives and, in consequence, over the frequency with which they would bear children. Honoring motherhood, the social-purity movement sought to make motherhood voluntary—an achievement that it claimed would not only benefit women but promote the eugenic interest of the race. Social-purity attitudes found their way into the eugenic literature. One text declared that too much sexual activity led to a "squandering of the life principle." The author invoked the results of an unnamed scientist to show that after a period of sexual indulgence the sperm were "languid," while after continence they were stronger, larger, and more vigorous, and concluded, "therefore may we not believe that children born of depleted parents will probably be physically feeble, literally 'born tired'?"

Quite different views, of course, were held in the social-radical wing of eugenics, a good deal of which carried forward the late-nineteenth-century utopian impulse. Havelock Ellis effectively advanced the view that women were just as capable of sexual pleasure as men. For Ellis, who incorporated remarks on eugenics in the sixth volume of his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," eugenic improvement required women's sexual liberation from the shroud of repressive Victorian attitudes. Social radicals pronounced the restrictions against divorce dysgenic, because they encouraged the production of children by mismated parents. Some agreed with the radical feminist Victoria Woodhull that the entire marital system was an "obstacle to the regeneration of the race."

Prince Morrow, a professor of medicine at the University of the City of New York and the president of the American Society of Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis, told a 1910 child-welfare conference that "the sex problem lies at the root of eugenics." Social radicals and social purists alike agreed with Morrow that sex instruction ought to be given to "the rising generation, the future fathers and mothers of the race." In his view, "The most serious obstacle in the way of instructing young people in the laws and hygiene of sex is the traditional sentiment which has invested everything relating to the sexual life with an atmosphere of shame and secrecy, and has decreed that this 'holy silence' must not be broken." Defying that sentiment, the magazine *Arena*, influential among middle-class Americans, had begun in the eighteen-nineties to publish articles on sex education, free love, heredity, and marriage. In 1911, the Eugenics Education Society heard Edith Ellis, Havelock's wife, lecture on "sexual inversion," the term then used for homosexuality. Many eugenicists considered it essential to instruct adoles-



What happened to that ad agency who wanted everybody to move to Boston?

PART IV—A FOLLOW-UP. Last year, Arnold & Company used this space to praise Boston-created advertising and, as modestly as possible, to call attention to ourselves. We underlined the fact that "We build businesses." Take a moment now to read what happened in the past dozen months.

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Every one of our clients had a better 1983 than a 1982. One retailer actually did so well that he has stopped advertising. (We hadn't planned on that.)

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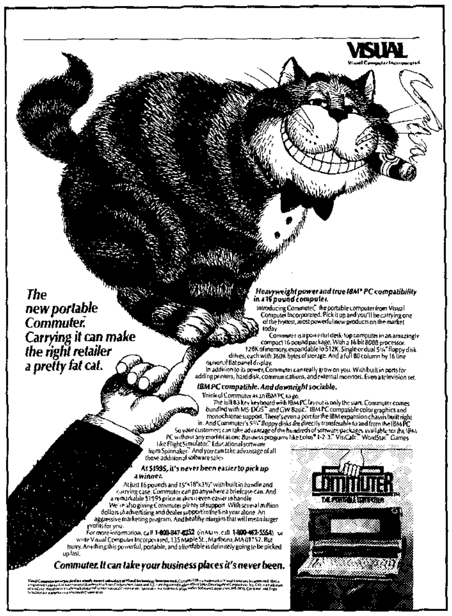

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*New England Ad Week, Boston, MA.

"One, I don't want a cracker. Two, I'm not a Polly, I'm a cockatoo."

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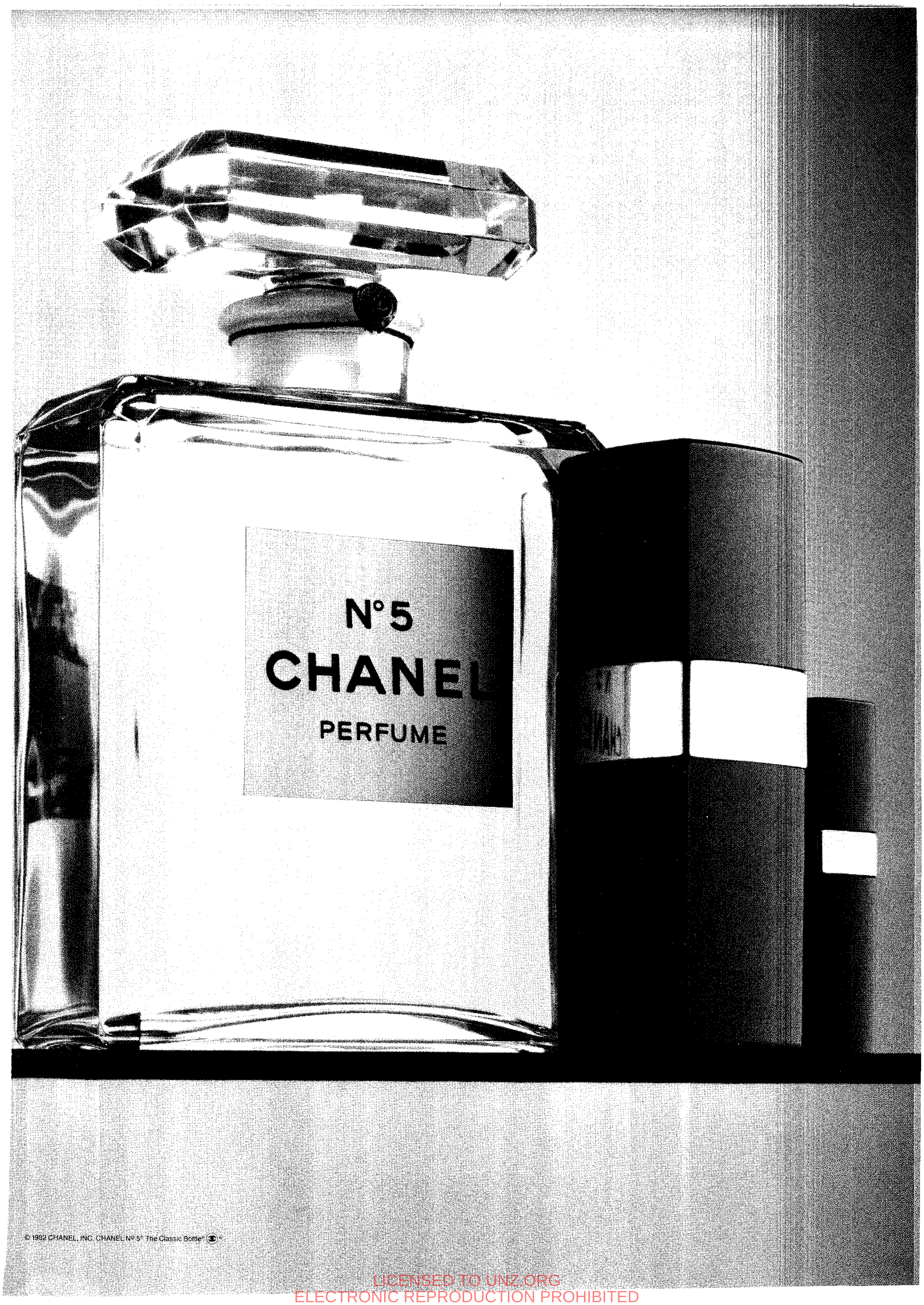
cents about the physiology of sex, if only to prevent venereal disease; and, partly through the aid of eugenic groups, parents-and-teachers' clubs made available to schoolchildren "social hygiene" lectures on sex, heredity, and marriage. Withal, in the name of preserving or improving the qualities of the race, eugenics took up subjects that had formerly been outside the bounds of respectable discussion, thus helping to bring about a transformation in public discourse which in 1914 moved one writer to remark upon "the obsession of sex which has set us all a-babbling about matters once excluded from the amenities of conversation."

Eugenics also helped to cast the light of science upon superstitions concerning conception, pregnancy, and childbirth—notably, the "law of maternal impressions," a commonplace assumption, rooted in folk belief and Lamarckian theory, that the characteristics of offspring were shaped by the experiences of the pregnant mother. Michael Guyer, a zoologist and eugenicist at the University of Wisconsin, listed some of the more persistent theories: "The mother sees a mouse with the result that a mouse-shaped birthmark occurs on the child . . . or she produces beauty in the child by long contemplation of a picture of a beautiful child. . . . The favorite is usually the production of a red birthmark or marks on the child's body by strong desire on the part of the mother for strawberries, tomatoes, etc.—the fruit must be red since the mark is red—or by fright from seeing a fire." Some eugenic literature continued to advance such wrongheaded notions, but authoritative writers like Guyer dismissed them and instead tried to introduce modern medical and biological sense into the subject of childbearing. "While parents can do nothing toward modifying favorably such qualities as are predetermined in their germ-plasm," Guyer advised, "nevertheless they must come to realize that bad environment can wreck good germ-plasm. . . . Their one sacred obligation to the immortal germ-plasm of which they are the trustees is to see that they hand it on with its maximal possibilities undimmed by innutrition, poisons or vice."

Of course, poisons, vice, and the like made no difference in certain human debilities; a common topic of eugenic writings was the heritability of disease. Medical opinion on the subject was divided. Karl Pearson studied biometrically the inheritance of alcoholism and tuberculosis. He outraged both physicians and temperance reformers (the two groups overlapped a good deal) by his outspoken insistence that a tendency to contract tuberculosis was to a great degree heritable—which made a mockery of public-health measures to combat it—and that a tendency to alcoholism was not. ("People are very savage about your memoir [on alcoholism]," a friend told him, "some on the ground that 'it cannot be true because it is such a wrong bad thing to get drunk,' and others because 'it may be true but is calculated to encourage people to drink.' ") Physicians disagreed, too, over whether disease or simply a predisposition to it was hereditary. But the research of Charles Davenport and others did make clear that numerous afflictions—for example, Huntington's chorea—were indeed inherited.

Davenport's Eugenics Record Office received hundreds of queries regarding the heritability of diseases in the writer's own or prospective spousal family. Barren women wrote to Pearson begging to know how they could achieve fecundity. An article in the July, 1913, issue of *Cosmopolitan* celebrated "the inspiring, the wonderful, message of the new heredity," particularly when it was set against the sorrow of bearing offspring that were "diseased or crippled or depraved," and told readers that "the one simple, all-encompassing rule is this: do not marry into a family that carries a defect of a kind that is carried also in your own family strain." Spousal choice and parental practice among the middle classes had long been shaped by family tradition in tandem with religious authority. Now the latitude, mobility, and diversity of urban life were diminishing familial constraints, and religious authority had, of course, long since eroded in the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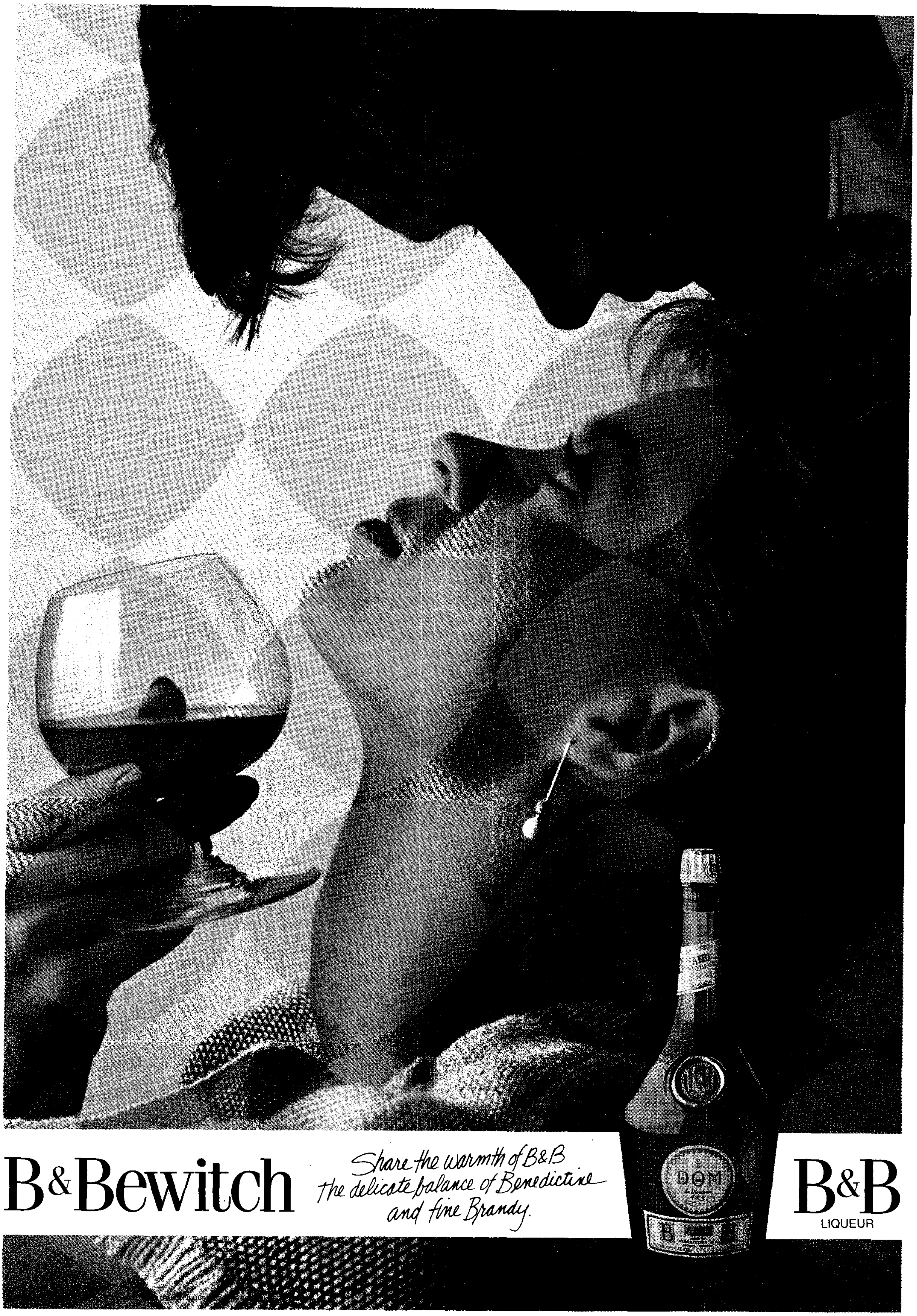
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storms of scientific skepticism. Even clerics felt compelled to align themselves with the modernist doctrine of harmonizing religion and morals with the methods of science and the known laws of nature. The Reverend Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, of the Riverside Church, in New York City, announced that "few matters are more pressingly important than the application to our social problems of such well-established information in the realm of eugenics as we actually possess," and Dean Inge carried the eugenic banner to the British public, telling an audience at the Bedford College for Women that some knowledge of eugenics would "in many cases prevent falling in love with the wrong people."

Like Francis Galton, literate Americans and Englishmen, conservative as well as reformist, had undergone their religious crisis, cast off Biblical religion, and—some with enthusiasm, others by default or in despair—embraced a religion of science. Galton had expected eugenics to provide a secular substitute for traditional religion, and in the opening decades of the twentieth century, amid the turbulence of Anglo-American urban industrial life, it was said to have accomplished just that. In "The New Decalogue of Science," Albert Wiggam intoned, "God is still doing the same thing. However, in our day, instead of using tables of stone, burning bushes, prophecies and dreams to reveal His will, He has given men the microscope, the spectroscope, the telescope, the chemist's test tube and the statistician's curve in order to enable men to make their own revelations. These instruments of divine revelation have not only added an enormous range of new commandments—an entirely new Decalogue—to man's moral codes, but they have supplied him with the technique for putting the old ones into effect."

So it seemed, given the material benefits—electric lights, trolleys, and machinery; phonographs, cinema, and radio; dyestuffs, fertilizers, and gasoline; anesthesia, medicines, and diagnostic X-rays—that science had conferred upon the Anglo-American world since the late nineteenth century. Charles Van Hise, the president of the University of Wisconsin and a distinguished geologist, declared in 1914: "We know enough about agriculture so that the agricultural production of the country could be doubled if the knowledge were applied; we know enough about disease so that if the knowledge were utilized, infectious and contagious diseases would be substantially destroyed in the United States within a score of years; we know enough about eugenics so that if the knowledge were applied, the defective classes would disappear within a generation."

With the modern miracles went a modern priesthood: the scientists—no small number of them geneticists. In America, the eugenic priesthood included much of the early leadership responsible for the extension of Mendelism. Besides Davenport, there were Raymond Pearl and Herbert S. Jennings, both of Johns Hopkins University; Clarence C. Little, the president of the University of Michigan and later the founder of the Jackson Laboratory, in Maine; and the Harvard professors Edward M. East and William E. Castle. In Britain, eugenicists could count on the aid not only of Pearson but of the horticulturalist Charles C. Hurst; the Scottish animal geneticist F. A. E. Crew; the brilliant statistician Ronald A. Fisher, who succeeded Pearson in the Galton Eugenics Professorship; J. B. S. Haldane, a ground-breaker in population genetics and an outspoken social radical; and the evolutionary biologist Julian Huxley. Some of these scientists lent themselves to the work of eugenic organizations. Others—notably the leading British Mendelian, William Bateson, and his American counterpart, Thomas Hunt Morgan, of Columbia—awarded eugenics tacit support for some years either by declining to criticize it publicly or, more important, by providing forums for it at scientific meetings and in scientific journals. Many geneticists wrote books that favored eugenics. Among them was Castle's "Genetics and Eugenics," which became the most widely used college text in its field, going through four editions in the fifteen years after its first publication, in 1916. The large majority of American colleges and universities—including Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Brown, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and Berkeley—offered courses in eugenics, or genetics courses that incorporated eugenic material.

Geneticists warmed easily to their priestly role. The new industrial order had elevated practitioners of the physical sciences to positions of power and public service. Physicists and chemists found themselves in demand by innovative firms like Western Electric, Du Pont, and Standard Oil of New Jersey, which were opening research laboratories; and the requirements of public-policy formation in such areas as food and drugs, communications, and aeronautics were bringing physical scientists into the orbit of government. Geneticists experienced no

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comparable demand. For them, the science of human biological improvement provided an avenue to public standing and usefulness. Herbert Jennings, in a 1930 book, "The Biological Basis of Human Nature," remarked on the new "eagerness to apply biological science to human affairs" and observed, with evident satisfaction: "Gone are the days when the biologist . . . used to be pictured in the public prints as an absurd creature, his pockets bulging with snakes and newts. . . . The world . . . is to be operated on scientific principles. The conduct of life and society are to be based, as they should be, on sound biological maxims! . . . Biology has become popular!"

IMPORTANT to the eugenic movement was the increasingly widespread notion that heredity determined not simply physical characteristics but temperament and behavior. The idea was ancient, but it had been given fresh "scientific" credibility in the late nineteenth century by a growing body of social-Darwinist writings, which commonly held that paupers spawned paupers, and criminals bred criminals. The research of the Italian criminologist Cesare Lombroso convinced a generation of social analysts that there existed a criminal "type," defined not only by behavioral but also by physical characteristics. The biology of criminality had it that since the crime-producing features of the physical organism must be hereditary, so must be criminality, especially since criminals tended to mate with each other.

Perhaps no single work suggesting the hereditary nature of social pathology was better known than Richard Dugdale's study of the so-called Jukes family, published in 1877. Dugdale, who traced the ancestry of a large group of criminals, prostitutes, and social misfits back through seven generations to a single set of forebears in upstate New York, actually attributed the Jukes' misfortunes in significant part to the degradation of their environment. The misinterpretation of his work simply reflected the mounting hereditarian propensity of the day. Arthur Estabrook, a field worker for the Eugenics Record Office, later confirmed Dugdale's gloomy results in a followup study, "The Jukes in 1915." This study reported the latter-day descendants to be as unredeemed—in Charles Davenport's summary, as beset with "feeblemindedness, indolence, licentiousness, and dishonesty"—as their predecessors had been when Dugdale brought them to national attention.

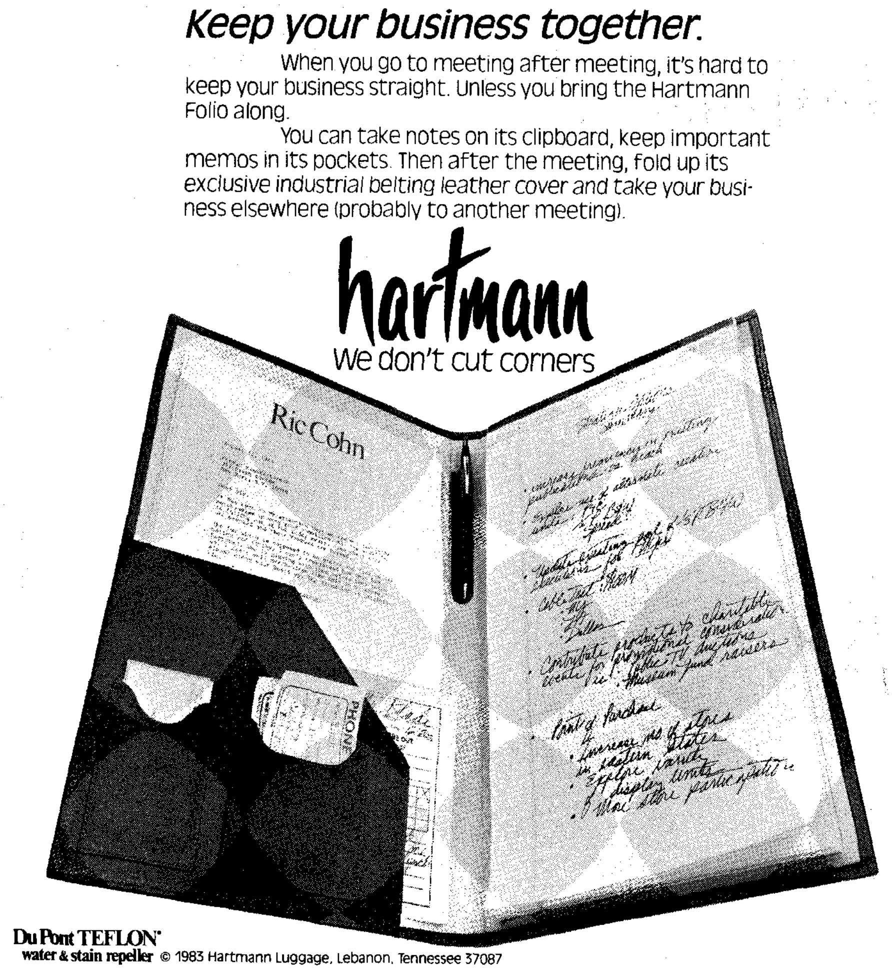
In Britain, there was no Dugdale, but there was Charles Booth's extensive survey of the London poor in the eighteen-eighties and nineties, which was taken to show that an irreducible fraction were doomed to remain impoverished. And, after 1900, there was also a good deal of exploitation of Mendelism to account for behavior. One study proposed that the excitable religious temperament revealed two characteristics—religious feeling and instability. These might be transmitted separately, the study warned, with the result that "one son may possess religious feeling of a steady normal type, while another, inheriting instability unchecked by religion, and finding of necessity the home environment uncongenial, may go to support the common idea that the sons of extremely religious parents are apt to run to excess in riotous living."

Yet neither the literature of eugenics nor the preëxisting intellectual climate of social Darwinism in which it came to flourish was enough to create a eugenic movement. Essential to that were the social changes straining both Britain and the United States in the new century: industrialization, the growth of big business, the sprawl of cities and slums, the massive migrations from the countryside and (especially in the United States) from abroad. Urban Anglo-America may have always known prostitution, crime, alcoholism, and disease, but neither society had ever before possessed the weight of statistical information, expanding yearly, that numerically detailed the magnitude of its problems. Statistics revealed, with seeming mathematical exactitude, that afflictions such as "mental defectiveness" and criminality were worsening every year. Both societies had long absorbed the foreign-born, but beginning in the late eighteen-eighties the United States experienced an especially large immigration of Eastern and Southern Europeans, who came by the millions across the Atlantic and settled in the major cities. In 1891, the economist Francis Amasa Walker, who had directed the 1870 and 1880 United States censuses, advanced a striking statistical case that immigrants were breeding at a much higher rate than native-born Americans. Britain, too, had its immigration: Irish Catholics settled in Liverpool and Birmingham or huddled with Polish and Russian Jews in the East End of London. The stresses of immigration alone, Irving Fisher wrote to Davenport in 1912, provided "a golden opportunity to get people in general to talk eugenics."

"Why this new 'cult' of eugenics?" a contributor to the *Yale Review* asked in 1913. In part because of the rediscovery of Mendel's laws, he noted, but also because of the growing demands on the taxpayer: "Statistics have shown a rapid and steady increase in the ratio of pauperism, insanity, and crime to the whole population, proving that the support of these defectives has become a veritable burden upon the taxpaying community, and that, although there might be individual improvement in those thus cared for, these very persons 'breed back,' so to speak, to their degenerate ancestors, their very betterment but affording the opportunity for them to propagate their unfit kind." Yet eugenics expressed more the social than the economic anxieties of the Anglo-Saxon Protestants who were its chief supporters. They were old stock in America, older still in Britain—though the eugenic ranks included hardly any members of the hereditary aristocracy. (British eugenicists tended to denigrate the hereditary nobility; some proposed to reconstitute the House of Lords in accord with eugenic principles.) No doubt the aristocracy did not suffer the social insecurity that led members of the British and American middle and upper-middle classes to celebrate the qualities of the Nordic or Anglo-Saxon "race" and to disparage any "race" that seemed—by virtue of its hereditary endowments or lack of them—to threaten their respective nations' "racial" strength.

The English physicist W. C. D. Whetham and his wife addressed the issue of Britain's racial strength in 1909, in a widely noted book, "The Family and the Nation." The Whethams, themselves the parents of six, were decidedly distressed by the restriction of births among the abler classes. They called the desire to limit the number of children to those who could be well provided for a "mistaken kindness . . . an imminent danger to the country, and high treason to the human race." It was all an old story in the history of nations, the Whethams concluded; such practice had been "the prelude to the ruin of States and the decline and fall of Empires." The German birthrate, they warned darkly, had fallen far less than the British. The American Eugenics Society sponsored a contest in 1928—first prize was a thousand dollars—for essays on the causes of decline in "Nordic" fertility. The psychologist G. Stanley Hall, the president of Clark University, raised the spectre of "the yellow and Oriental peril," asserting, "The future belongs to those people who bear the most and best children and bring them to fullest maturity. They will in the end wield all the accumulated resources of civilization, and infertile races will fade before them." And Theodore Roosevelt, the bully imperialist, outdoorsman, and rollicking paterfamilias, whose beloved first wife had died in the aftermath of childbirth, scolded the middle and upper-middle classes for committing "race suicide" by restricting births. The progressive reformers who were prominently identified with eugenics tended, like Roosevelt, to take as supreme the national as opposed to the merely local interest, to put the welfare of the group above that of the individual, to celebrate America's new imperial power. It was disturbing to such eugenicists that late-nineteenth-century Harvard graduating classes had, twenty to twenty-five years later, accounted for male progeny equal only to between half and two-thirds of their original number.

Perhaps no datum was more frequently cited in the Anglo-American literature of eugenics than Karl Pearson's on the differential birthrate. A 1906 demographic study of a number of London districts, carried out by David Heron, of the Galton Eugenics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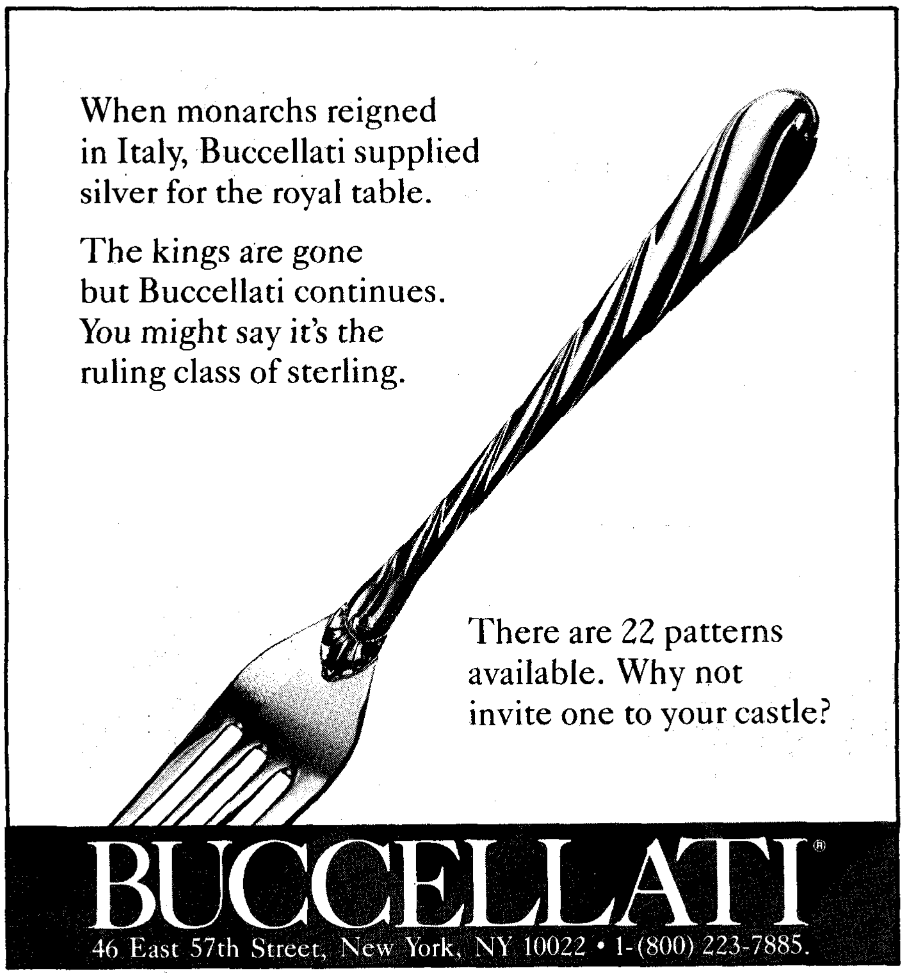
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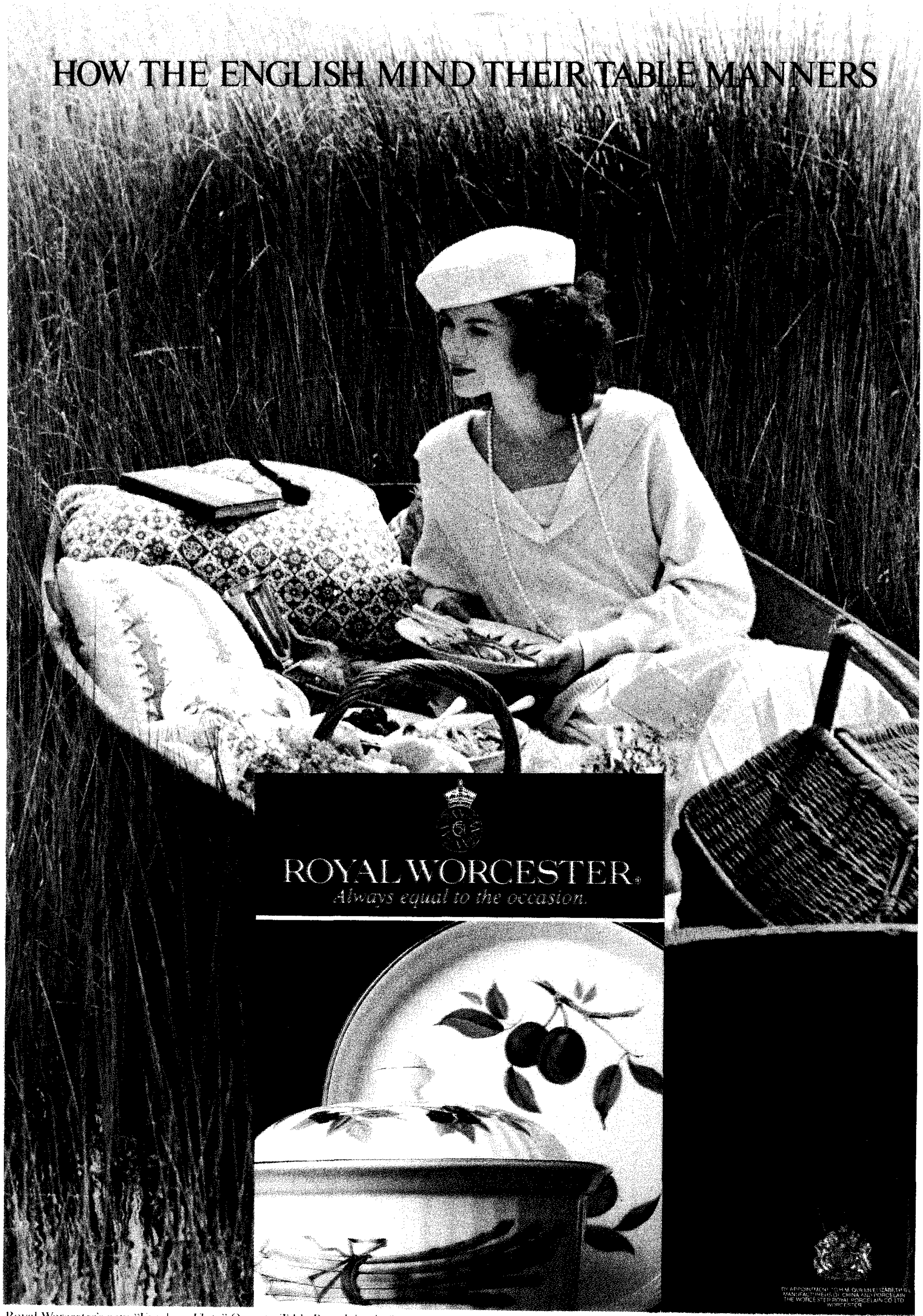
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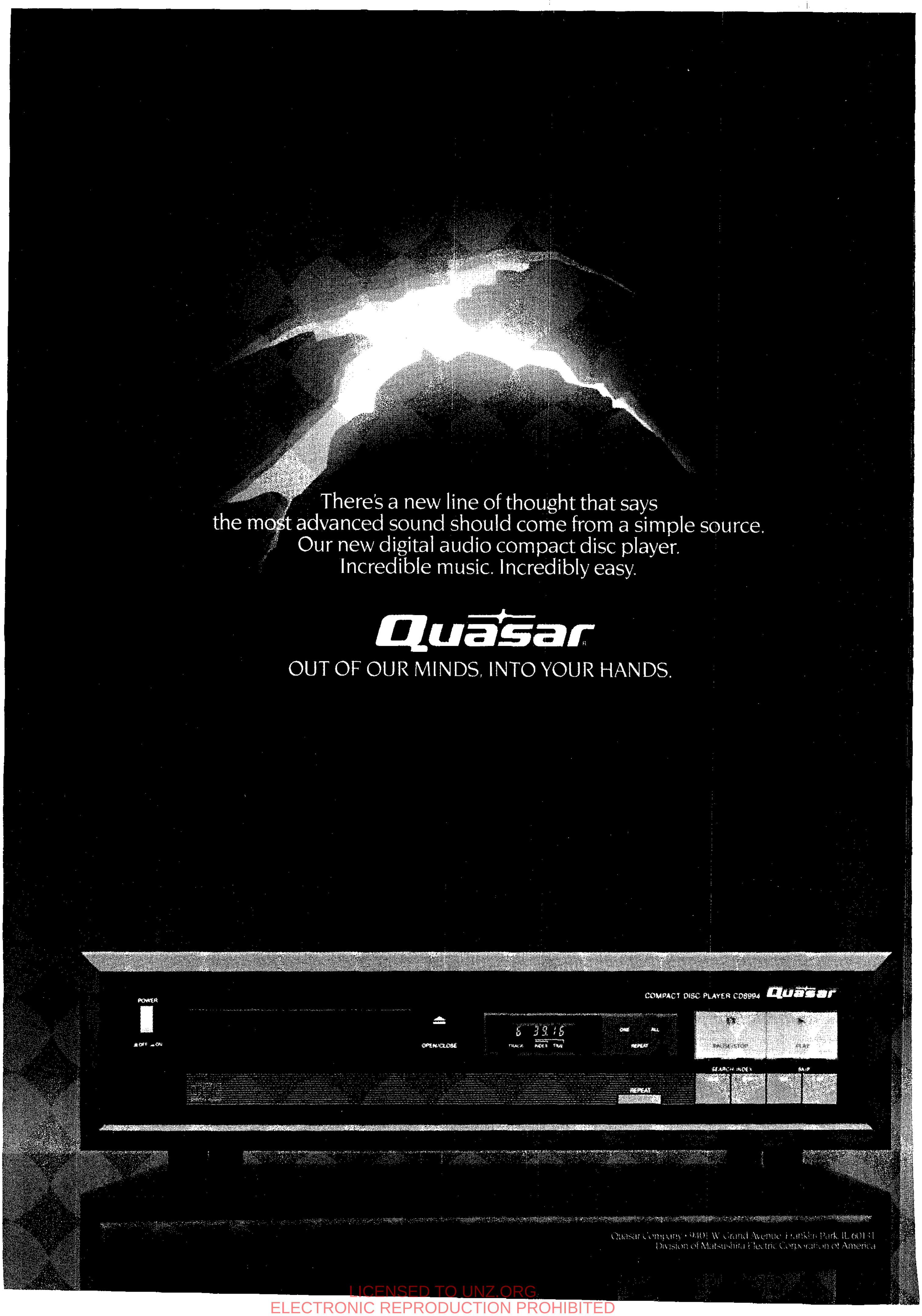
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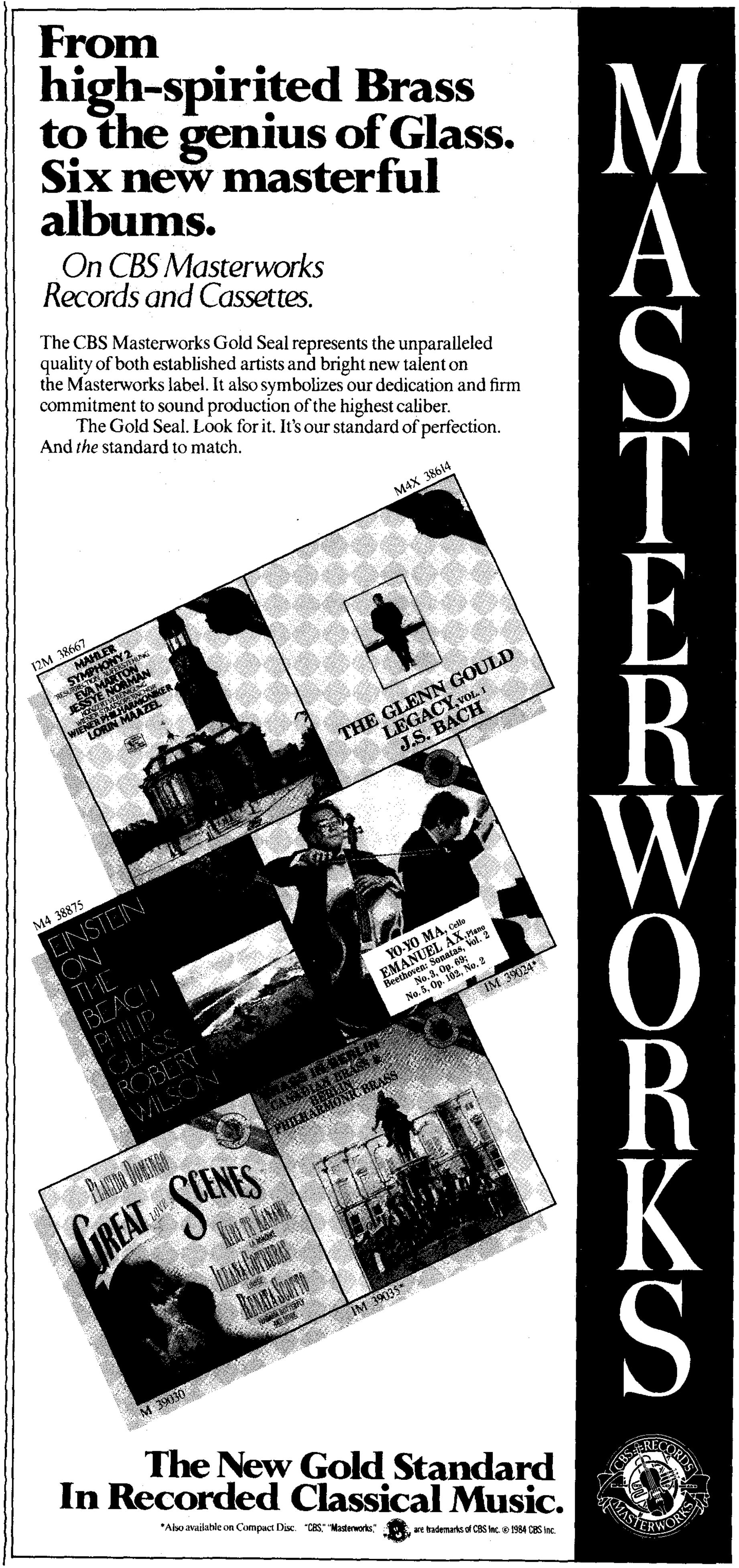
Laboratory, substantiated Pearson's warning that half of each new generation was produced by no more than a quarter of its married predecessor, and that the prolific quarter consisted disproportionately of the dregs of society. The prospect of "national deterioration" prompted the socialist Sidney Webb, in a Fabian tract, to enlarge upon Pearson's conclusion that the lower classes were outreproducing everyone else. Webb pointed out that poorer districts characterized by prolific breeding were heavily populated by Irish Catholics and Jews, who tended to be fruitful and multiply for religious reasons. "In Great Britain at this moment," he wrote, "when half, or perhaps two-thirds, of all the married people are regulating their families, children are being freely born to the Irish Roman Catholics and the Polish, Russian, and German Jews, on the one hand, and to the thriftless and irresponsible—largely the casual laborers and the other denizens of the one-roomed tenements of our great cities—on the other. . . . This can hardly result in anything but national deterioration; or, as an alternative, in this country gradually falling to the Irish and the Jews. Finally, there are signs that even these races are becoming influenced. The ultimate future of these islands may be to the Chinese!"

Racism—in that era, racial differences were identified with variations not only in skin color but in ethnic identity—was a feature of both British and American eugenics. Eugenicists solemnly discussed the racially hereditary features of non-white Protestant groups. In a study published in the mid-twenties, Pearson reported that Jewish children in the East End of London, while no less intelligent than gentiles, tended to be physically inferior and somewhat dirtier. Charles Davenport informed an interested officer of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company that if a Jew and a gentile mated, ninety per cent of the offspring would resemble the gentile parent: "In general, the Jewish features are recessive to the non-Jewish." Whatever good qualities Jews and other aliens might possess, the Whethams asserted, "they are not those typical of the Anglo-Saxon; and these immigrants cannot be regarded as a satisfactory equivalent to the native population."

Anglo-American eugenicists embraced the standard views of the day concerning the hereditary biological inferiority of blacks. Although some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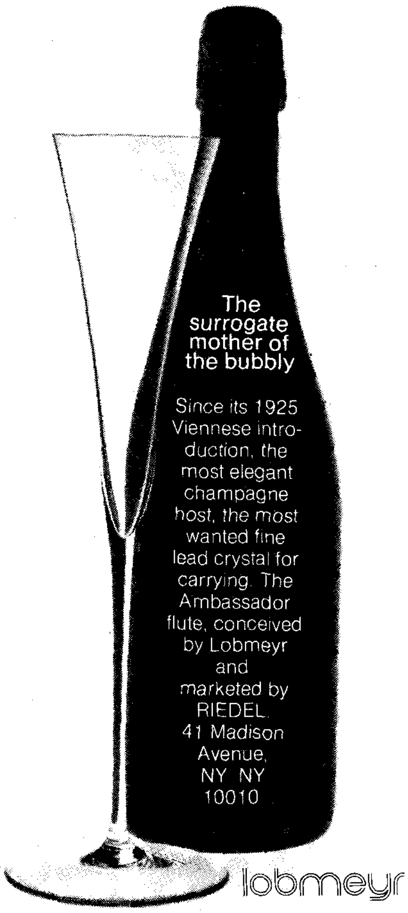
eugenicists expected that, as with vigorous hybrids, miscegenation might yield racially beneficial results, the weight of eugenic opinion lay with Michael Guyer, who observed, "Many students of heredity feel that there is great hazard in the mongrelizing of distinctly unrelated races no matter how superior the original strains may be." So Davenport believed he and the young zoologist Morris Steggerda had demonstrated in a 1929 study, "Race Crossing in Jamaica," that examined the characteristics of three groups of a hundred adults each—"full-blooded Negroes (Blacks), Europeans (Whites), and hybrids between them, of all degrees (Browns)." The authors concluded not only that Negroes were inferior in mental capacity to Europeans but that a larger proportion of the hybrids than of either pure group were "muddled and wuzzle-headed."

Especially in the United States, with its substantial numbers of blacks and Jewish and Catholic immigrants, assumptions of genetic differences between Wasps and non-Wasps figured significantly in the eugenic movement. The influential New York City circle, grouped around the Galton Society and the Eugenics Record Office, included the Park Avenue socialite and eugenicist Madison Grant, who wrote "The Passing of the Great Race," a book that enjoyed considerable vogue in the nineteen-twenties, and who insisted that the intermarriage of Nordics—which Grant alleged to be the highest-order group in the white race—and the lesser Alpines or, worse, Mediterraneans inevitably led to debilitating "mongrelization."

Racism did not figure as strongly in British eugenics. Francis Galton, the founding father, had been no less a racist than most Victorians, but such considerations entered very little into his eugenic theorizing. Although Karl Pearson disparaged Jews—and blacks, for that matter—he took a certain pleasure in outraging a Newcastle cleric by telling an audience there that since Neanderthal man was undoubtedly dark-skinned, the original Adam must have been "negroid." British society was ethnically more or less homogeneous; Jews and Irish Catholics were concentrated in a small number of cities, and the United Kingdom had not yet experienced any significant non-white immigration. Indeed, some Jews, like the physician Solomon Herbert, were prominent in the British eugenic movement. While British eugenicists talked of the threat of immi-



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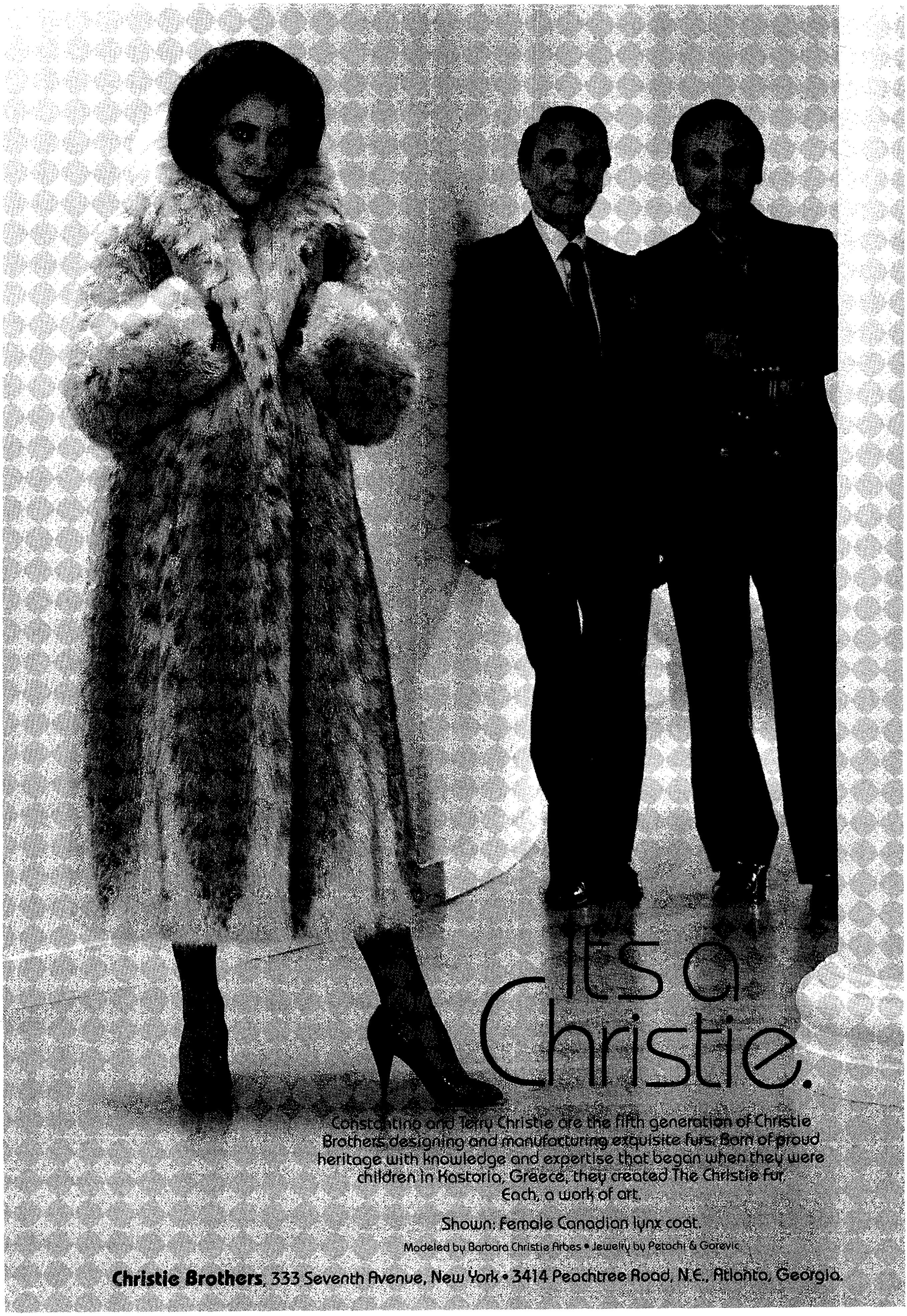
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grants from Ireland and the Continent, they fretted a good deal more about the threat to the national fibre arising from the differential birthrate and the consequent weakening of Britain's imperial competitive abilities in relation to France and Germany. Eugenics in Britain was marked by a hostility decidedly more of class than of race.

An unabashed distrust, even contempt, for democracy characterized a part of eugenic thinking in both Britain and America. In 1921, Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president of the American Museum of Natural History, welcomed his fellow-eugenicists to the Second International Eugenics Congress with the declaration that "the true spirit of American democracy that all men are born with equal rights and duties has been confused with the political sophistry that all men are born with equal character and ability to govern themselves and others, and with the educational sophistry that education and environment will offset the handicap of heredity." But if Anglo-American eugenicists resented challengers from the social bottom they displayed no great admiration for the economic top. Business talent was generally not recognized in the pantheon of eugenically desirable traits, and hardly any businessmen were to be found in the leadership of organized eugenics in either country. The eugenic movement enabled middle- and upper-middle-class British and Americans to carve out a locus of power for themselves between the new captains of industry on one side and lower-income groups—both native and foreign-born—on the other. Socialist, progressive, liberal, and conservative eugenicists may have disagreed about the kind of society they wished to achieve, but they were united in a belief that the biological expertise they commanded should determine the essential human issues of the new urban, industrial order.

LIKE Francis Galton, whom they took as their patron saint, eugenicists identified human worth with the qualities they presumed themselves to possess—the sort that facilitated passage through schools, universities, and professional training. They tended to equate merit with intelligence, particularly of the academic sort. And, like Galton, they were predisposed to think that intelligence was inherited. Karl Pearson had sought to test that heritability by relying upon teachers' estimates of mental

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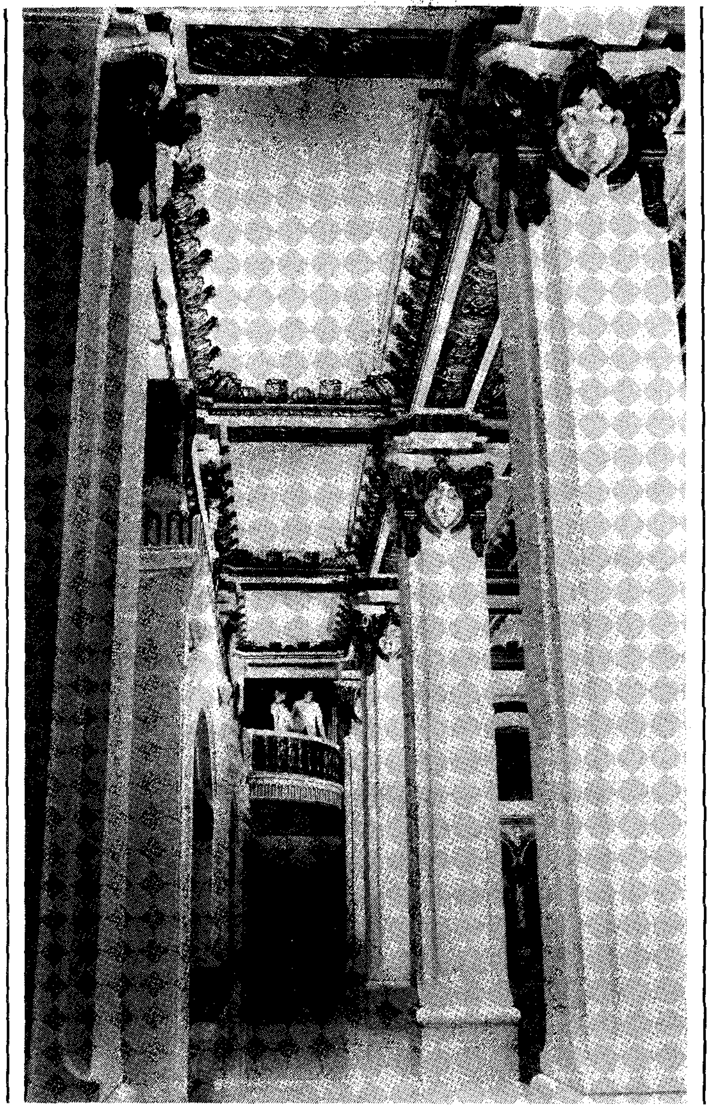

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ability; earlier, Galton had relied on social or professional place as an inferential proxy of it. In the eighteen-eighties, Galton had helped pioneer a quantitative approach to the psychology of individual differences by measuring reaction times and the like. Inspired by his innovation, psychologists on the Continent and in the United States attempted to establish a relationship between mental ability and physical characteristics. By the turn of the century, it had become clear that no such connection existed, but the idea of systematically measuring intelligence had captured the attention of the French psychologist Alfred Binet, an acolyte of Galton's quantifying aims if not of his particular methods.

In 1904, the French government, which was expanding its educational system, asked Binet for ways to detect mentally deficient children. Binet drew up a series of tests that consisted of numerous short problems and were designed to probe such qualities as memory, ratiocination, and verbal facility. In collaboration with a colleague, Théodore Simon, he also devised a scheme for classifying each test-taker according to his "mental age." A child's mental age was defined as that of the age group whose average test score he matched. Thus, if a six-year-old's test score matched the average score of ten-year-olds the six-year-old's mental age would be ten; similarly, if a ten-year-old's score matched the average of six-year-olds his mental age would be six.

The American psychologist Henry H. Goddard brought the Binet-Simon tests from Europe to the United States in 1908. At the time, American psychology was breaking away from its traditional association with philosophy and, under the leadership of innovators like G. Stanley Hall, was moving in an independent, experimentally oriented direction. Goddard, a student of Hall and an exemplar of the trend, was naturally impressed by the tests, not least because they seemed to provide, at long last, a direct, quantitative measurement of intelligence. He employed the Binet-Simon tests at the Vineland, New Jersey, Training School for Feeble-Minded Boys and Girls, where he had recently been appointed director of a new laboratory for the study of mental deficiency—one of the first established in this country. The tests did seem to classify the Vineland pupils in a way consistent with the staff's experience of them; the "boys and girls" of the Vineland

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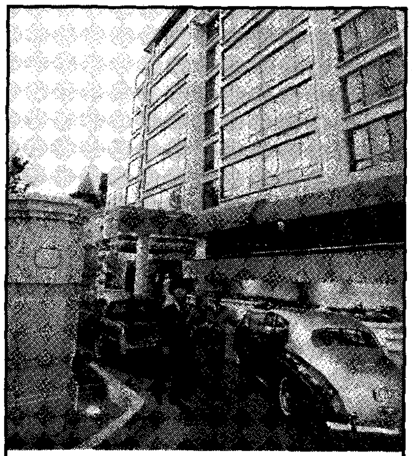

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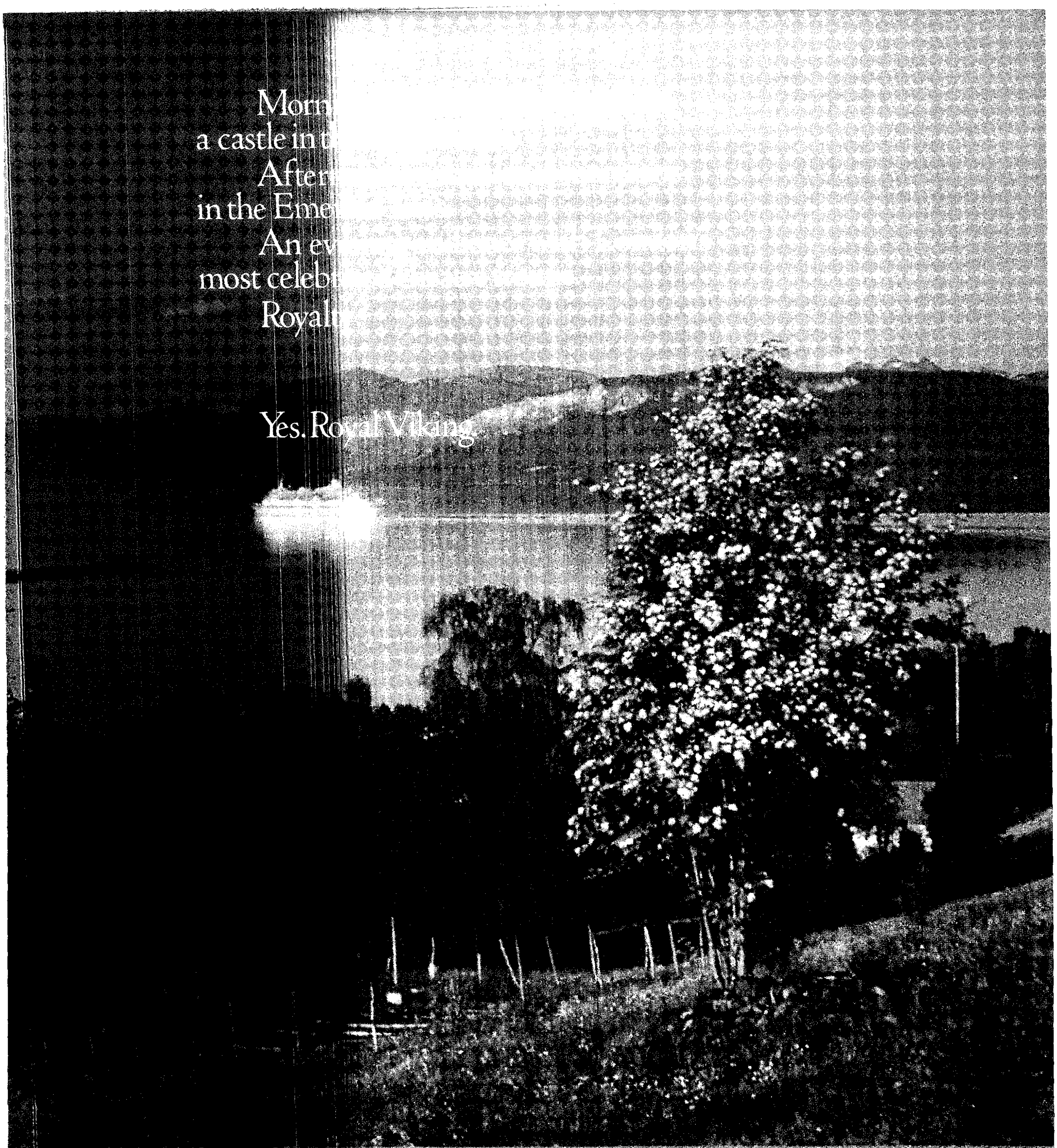

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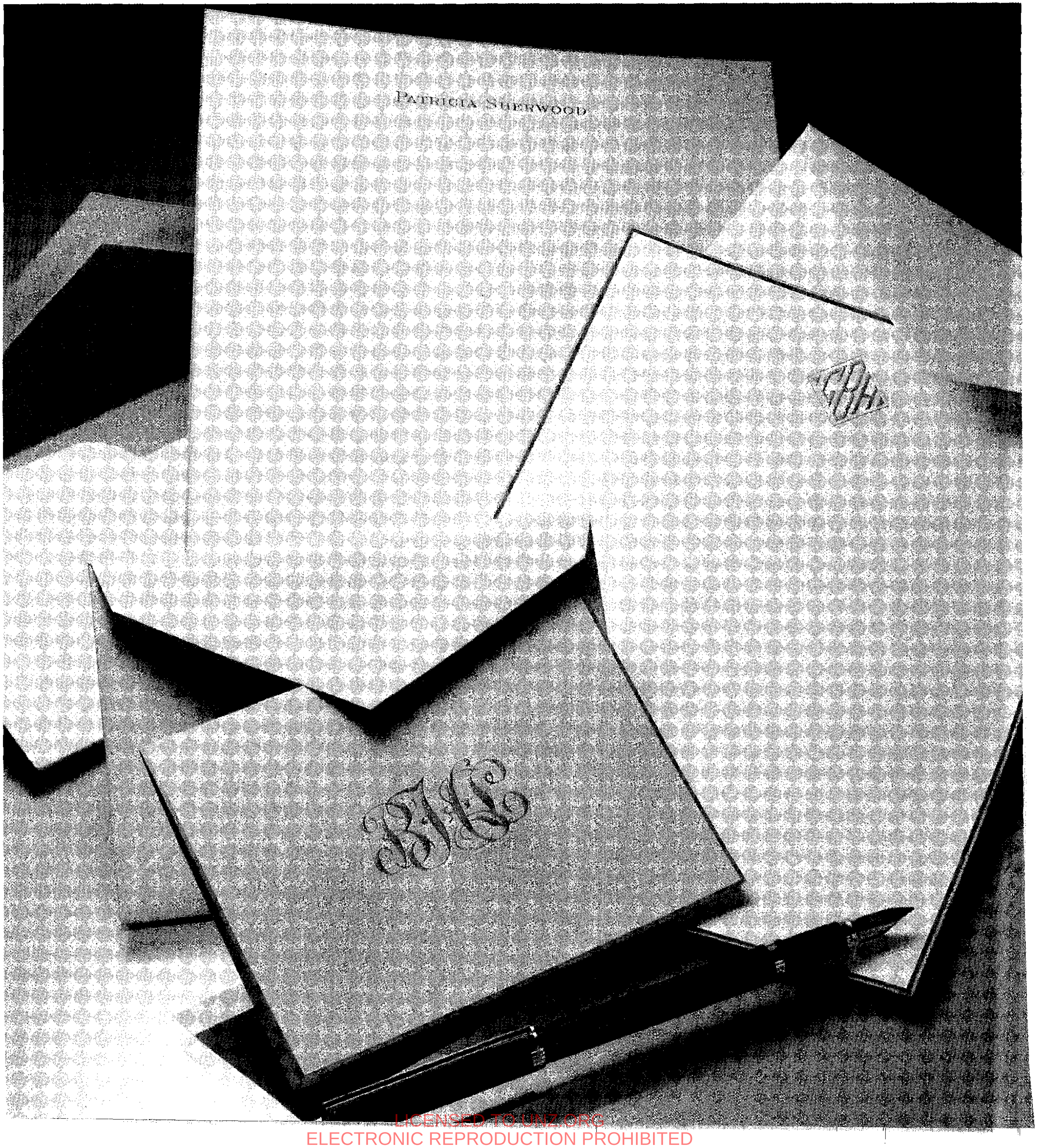

School ranged in age up to fifty, yet none scored at a mental age higher than twelve. By 1911, Goddard had extended his Binet-Simon testing program to many more subjects, including some two thousand children. The tests, Goddard confidently maintained, were "amazingly accurate and would be very easily applied by any field worker without anybody realizing that they were being tested." He noted with particular interest that the test results revealed wide variations in degree of "feeblemindedness"—a term then used to denote a wide range of mental deficiencies and tendencies to socially deviant behavior. They also provided a way to distinguish among the differences. Turning numbers into categories, Goddard eventually classified as "idiots" those of the feebleminded whose mental age was one or two, and as "imbeciles" those whose mental age ranged from three to seven. Those who scored between eight and twelve he dubbed "morons"—a word he took from the Greek for "dull," or "stupid."

Some of Goddard's earlier field studies had revealed several families with a high incidence of mental deficiency—in one case, nearly three hundred members of a family of six hundred were afflicted. Like many scientists of his day, he strongly suspected that feeblemindedness was inherited, but he confessed to Charles Davenport that concerning the genetics of the disability he had "much more zeal than knowledge." Davenport, who started consulting with Goddard on the matter in 1909, made the heritability of feeblemindedness a subject of increasing importance at the Eugenics Record Office and provided field workers to help Goddard carry out a systematic study of the mental characteristics of the Vineland students and their relatives in the local population.

Using such data, Goddard, in 1912, published "The Kallikak Family: A Study in the Heredity of Feeble-mindedness," which examined a pseudonymous family—the name was constructed from the Greek words *kalós* (good) and *kakós* (bad)—in the Pine Barrens to the north of the Vineland Training School. He followed that two years later with the more general "Feeble-mindedness: Its Causes and Consequences." In these influential books, Goddard speculated that feeblemindedness expressed a form of reversion to a more primitive level of humanity: "a vigorous animal organism

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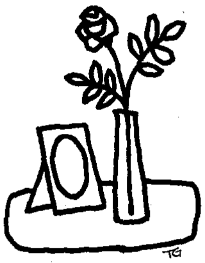
of low intellect but strong physique—the wild man of today.” In his view, it was essential to distinguish between the moron and the insane person: the latter's mind was diseased; the former's was, functionally, “a dwarf brain.” He stressed that, unlike idiots or imbeciles, morons might appear normal, but that in fact they were not. Further surveys of intelligence, including administration of the Binet-Simon tests, revealed a high incidence of mental deficiency among the inmates of prisons, reformatories, and homes for wayward girls. The feebleminded, Goddard argued, lacked “one or the other of the factors essential to a moral life—an understanding of right and wrong, and the power of control.” Children thus afflicted became truants because they could not succeed in school. They grew up to become criminals because they lacked the power to “do the right and flee the wrong;” or paupers because they found the burdens of making a living too heavy; or prostitutes because they were weak-minded and unintelligent. Goddard was unsure whether mental deficiency resulted from the presence in the brain of something that inhibited normal development or from the absence of something that should have stimulated it. But, whatever the cause, of one thing he had become virtually certain: in most cases feeblemindedness behaved like a Mendelian character. It was “a condition of mind or brain which is transmitted as regularly and surely as color of hair or eyes.”



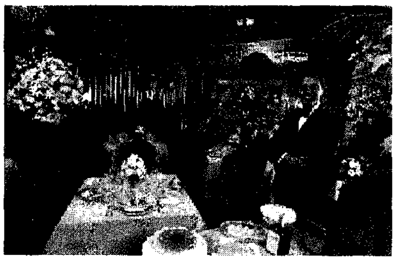
Throughout the United States and England, Goddard's research impressed the corps of people who concerned themselves professionally with social deviants. It was increasingly believed that the root of antisocial behavior lay in the mental rather than in the physical type—and that, in the words of Michael Guyer, “a considerable amount of crime, gross immorality, and degeneracy is due at bottom to feeblemindedness.” Before the First World War, the so-called feebleminded in America were variously estimated at from one to three per cent of the population, and were commonly said to constitute a “menace.” On both sides of the Atlantic, workers with the mentally handicapped began to examine the family histories of their charges. While some cases of mental deficiency were recognized to be the result of disease or accident, the dominant body of opinion was summarized by Havelock Ellis in 1912: “Feeble-mindedness is largely handed on by heredity.”

Goddard's tests stimulated other psychologists to experiment with different schemes for the quantitative assessment of mental capacity. Various new testing systems were devised, for normal as well as mentally deficient children. Among the most prominent was the revision of the Binet-Simon tests, published in 1916 at Stanford University by the psychologist Lewis Terman—another of G. Stanley Hall's students—who had come to mental testing and to a hereditary view of intelligence through research with precocious children, including his own. It was Terman who introduced the term “I.Q.” into the language. I.Q., of course, stood for “intelligence quotient,” a concept invented by the German psychologist Wilhelm Stern in 1912; it expressed the ratio of a child's mental age to his chronological age, times one hundred: if the ratio was one, the child's I.Q. would be 100; if nine-tenths, 90; if eleven-tenths, 110; and so on. (Terman was pleased to note that his son and daughter tested consistently between 125 and 140.)

Before the First World War, there was a good deal of resistance to intelligence testing. Tests had to be administered individually, and usually (many psychologists claimed) by a trained psychologist. Because of the expense, they were ordinarily used only for the identification and classification of mentally handicapped schoolchildren. Perhaps more important, since they were associated with the measurement of mental deficiency, many people assumed that testing a child amounted to questioning his or her intelligence. The misgivings were soon forgotten. During the war, extensive testing was used to sort out the hundreds of thousands of draftees flooding into the United States Army.

The chief wartime tester was the comparative psychologist Robert M. Yerkes. Yerkes' scientific attitudes had been partly shaped by Francis Galton, to whose works Charles Davenport had introduced him in 1898, when Yerkes was a Harvard graduate student and Davenport one of his instructors. As a young Harvard faculty member, Yerkes helped pioneer the separation of psychology from philosophy, insisting that the study of psychological phenomena must be based on fact rather than on speculation and must be tied to an experimental, preferably quantitative, methodology. Fascinated by the study of mental capacity, Yerkes began experimenting with mental tests in 1913, at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. With James W. Bridges, a graduate student in psychology at Harvard and an interne at the hospital, he developed the Yerkes-Bridges scale, a rival of Terman's Binet-Simon system for measuring mental ability. In 1916, the same year that Yerkes was elected to the presidency of the American Psychological Association, Harvard declined to award him academic tenure—largely, it seems, because the administration considered his field unworthy. Eugenically inclined and ambitious for his science ("Theoretically," he once declared, "man is just as measurable as is a bar of steel"), Yerkes had special reasons to demonstrate its utility during the war emergency.

The National Academy of Sciences had meanwhile established a National Research Council to mobilize scientists for defense. In May of 1917, under the auspices of the Council, a group of psychologists headed by Yerkes and including Terman and Goddard set out to design an Army testing program, "not . . . primarily for the exclusion of intellectual defectives," Yerkes wrote to a colleague, "but rather for the classification of men in order that they may be properly placed in the military service." With the aim of introducing a scientific system of classification, the committee devised two sets of examinations: the alpha tests, for literates in English, and the beta tests, for everyone else. Unlike most intelligence tests of the day, these examinations could be administered to adults en masse. The alpha tests consisted of the sort of questions—number sequences, word analogies, arithmetic problems, synonym-antonym puzzles, and commonsense queries—that have since become familiar to generations of students; the beta tests consisted largely of pictorial problems involving the comparison of forms and the completion of partial drawings. The regular military had its doubts about both the purpose and the practical utility of the tests. Some officers suspected Yerkes and his crew of making the camps into laboratories for their own purposes. Then, too, most seasoned officers considered themselves quite able to determine without any tests



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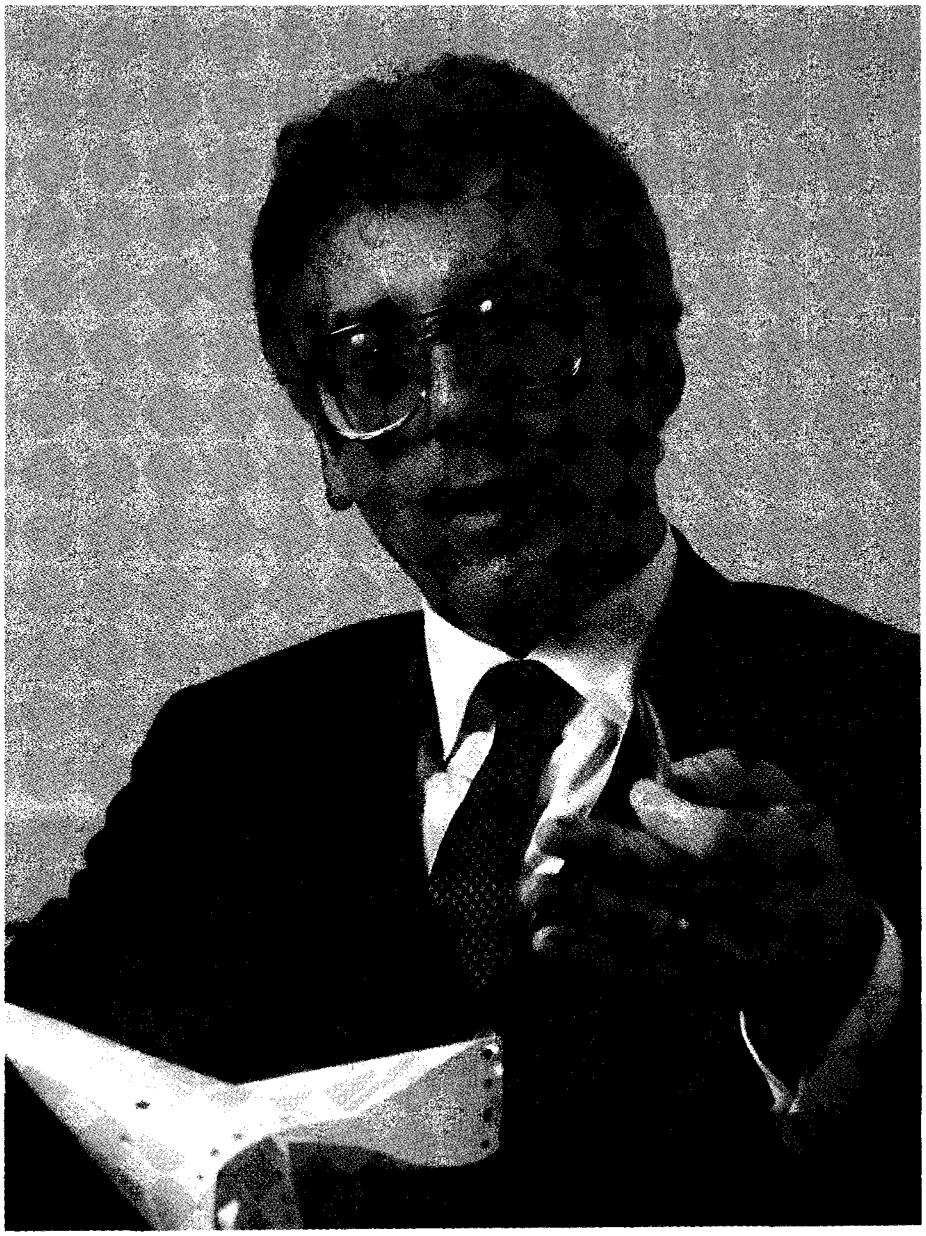

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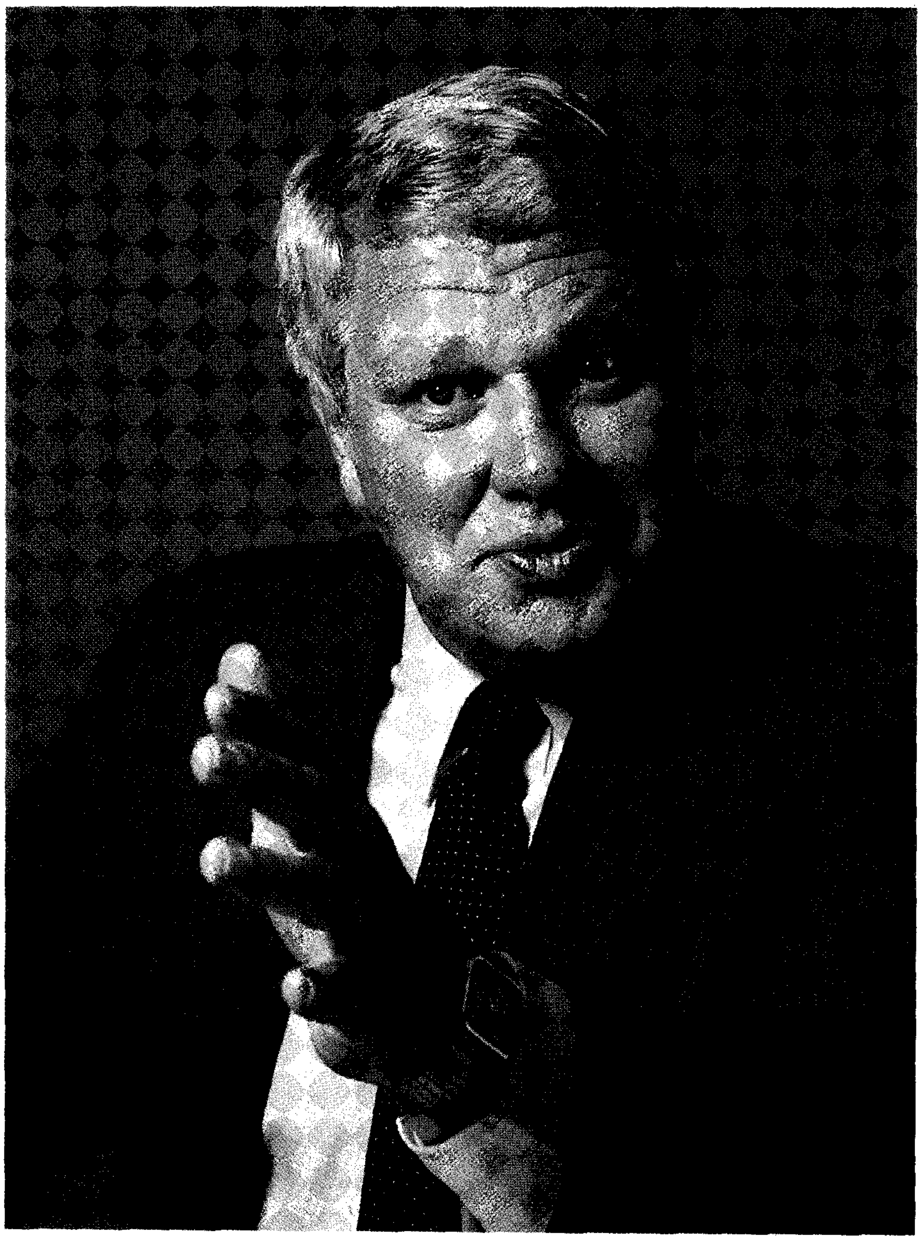

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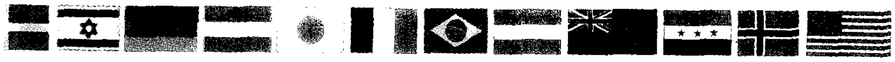

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who would or would not make a good soldier. At Fort Dix, a draftee with a very low test score was said by his commander to be "a model of loyalty, reliability, cheerfulness, and the spirit of serene and general helpfulness. . . . What do we care about his intelligence?"

The Army critics penetrated to a difficulty that would continue to plague mental testers. The tests were biassed in favor of scholastic skills, and the outcome was dependent upon the educational and cultural background of the person tested. Yerkes and others claimed that the tests were almost entirely independent of the environmental history of the examinees, and that they measured "native intelligence." But certainly one of the questions on the alpha test—"The Knight engine is used in the: Packard/Stearns/Lozier/Pierce-Arrow"— demanded a type of knowledge that could hardly be supplied by native intelligence. Examinees were also bound to fare better with the word analogies and the arithmetic problems of the alpha test if they had had extensive schooling. Illiterates and non-English-speaking recruits had to cope in the beta test with the vagueness and uncertainty of orally communicated directions. Still, the Army did have to sort out the immense numbers of draftees, and the tests did provide some indication of mental ability. The testing program went forward. By the Armistice, about a million seven hundred thousand recruits had been tested. Younger career officers, at least, had come to value the tests for personnel placement. During the war, the tests were classified as military secrets.

The wartime trial of the tests worked a dramatic transformation in the public's attitude toward intelligence testing. After the war, Yerkes was inundated with hundreds of requests for the now declassified alpha and beta tests. In 1919, with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Yerkes and his co-workers drew up a standard National Intelligence Test, which sold more than half a million copies in less than a year. Intelligence testers examined ever more paupers, drunkards, delinquents, and prostitutes. Business firms incorporated mental tests in their personnel procedures. Intelligence tests were administered annually to several million primary- and secondary-school students, and a number of colleges and universities began to use intelligence-test results in the admissions process.

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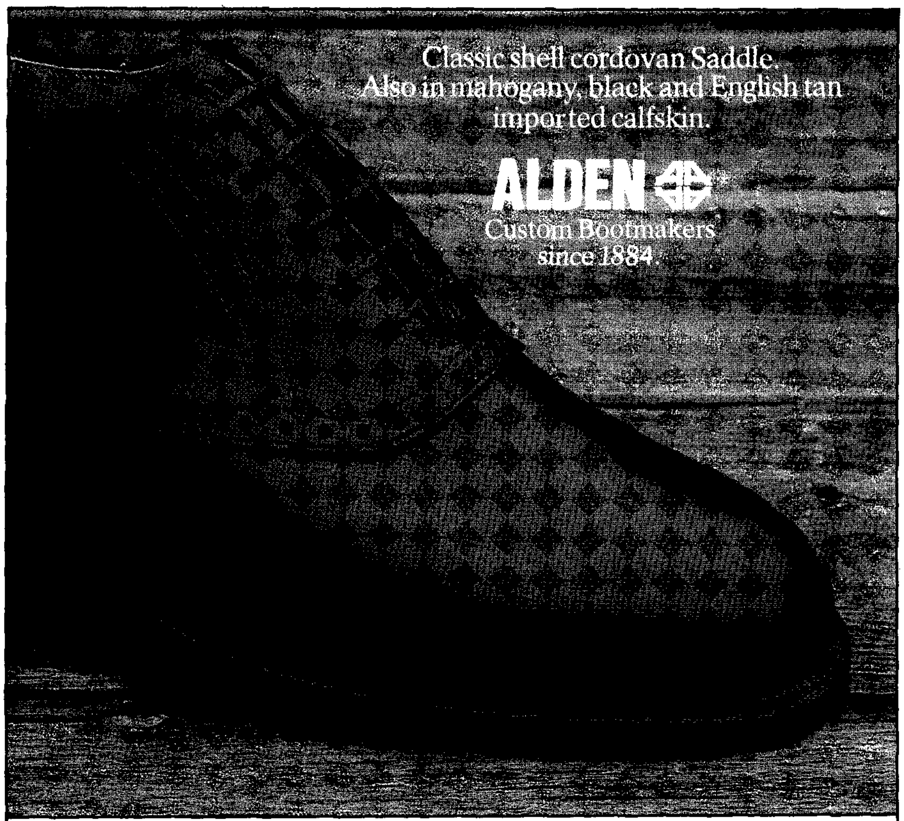

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The postwar testing vogue generated a lot of data concerning the "intelligence" of the American public, yet the volume of information was insignificant compared with that from the wartime test program. The National Academy of Sciences summarized that experiment in 1921, in a hefty volume entitled "Psychological Examining in the United States Army." Drawn up by Yerkes, Terman, and their colleagues, the report presented the test procedures and broke down a large sample of the test results by geographical region and ethnic or racial background. Two inches thick, weighing five pounds, and containing more than half a million words, the volume was hardly a best-seller, but it formed the basis of numerous popular books and articles about intelligence tests and their social import. Almost four hundred thousand draftees—close to one-quarter of the draft Army—were unable to read a newspaper or to write a letter home. Particularly striking, the average white draftee—and, by implication, the average white American—had the mental age of a thirteen-year-old. The psychologist Carl Campbell Brigham, one of the wartime Army testers, extended the analysis in his book "A Study of American Intelligence," published in 1923. The Army data, Brigham said, constituted "the first really significant contribution to the study of race differences in mental traits." After analyzing the data, he had privately confided to Charles Davenport that "we are all on the right track in our contention that the germ plasm coming into the country does not carry the possibilities of that arriving earlier." In 1917, Henry Goddard had reported, on the basis of the results of Binet-Simon tests given four years earlier to a small group of immigrants at Ellis Island, that two out of five of those who had arrived in steerage were "feebleminded." Now Brigham found that according to their performance on the Army tests the Alpine and Mediterranean "races" were "intellectually inferior to the representatives of the Nordic race," and he declared, in what became a commonplace of the popular literature on the subject, that the average intelligence of immigrants was declining.

The average intelligence of black Americans, apparently, was just as low as most white Americans had long liked to think it. Anyone doubting the claim could turn to Brigham's analysis of the Army test data, or to various test surveys that disclosed that blacks

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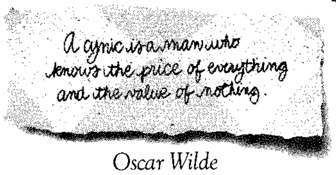

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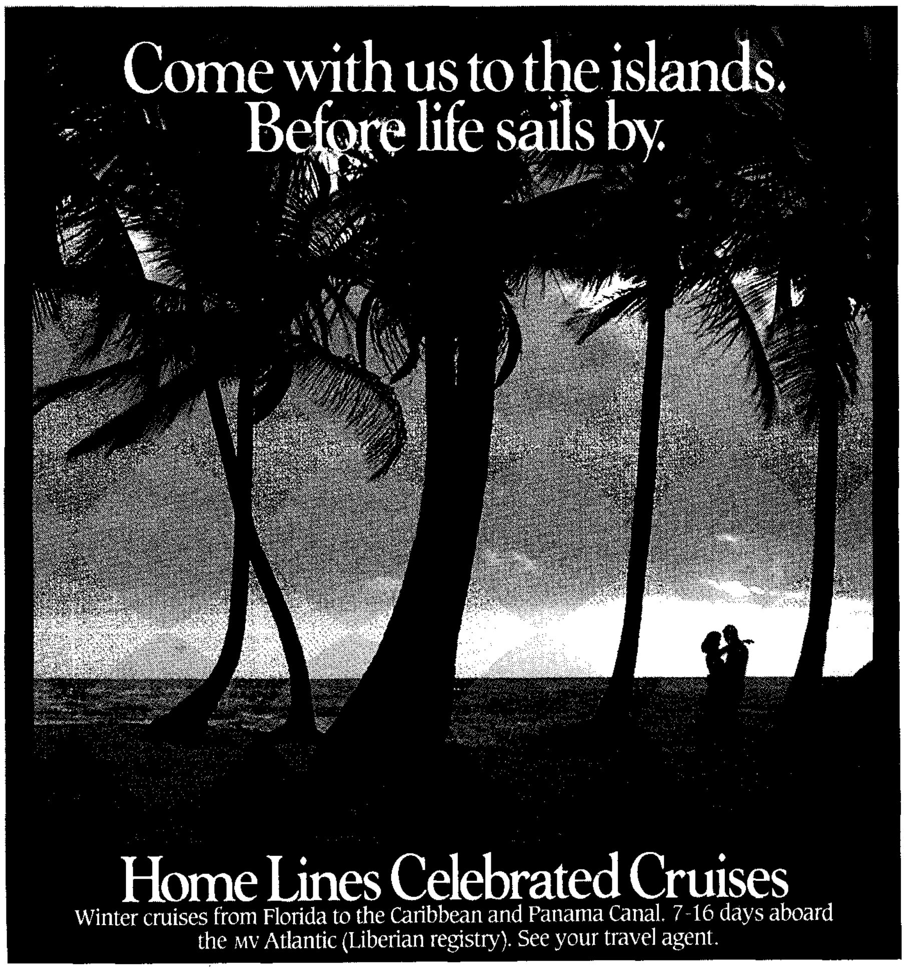
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accounted for a disproportionately large fraction of the "feebleminded." The Army tests appeared to indicate that the average black person in the United States had the mental age of a ten-year-old. Clearly, a variety of causes, including the cultural bias of the Army tests themselves and the poor education of many of the test-takers, might have accounted for the results. Yet the supposedly objective test data further convinced eugenic-minded Americans not only that feeblemindedness was genetically determined but that intelligence was, too. White college students scored very well on the alpha tests, and so did high-school students who came from Anglo-Saxon or white-collar homes. This was taken to mean that gifted students came from homes that, in the words of one educator, "rank high racially, economically, intellectually, and socially." Terman and other psychologists were quick to point out that opening up avenues of opportunity to the children of lower socioeconomic groups probably made no sense; they did not have the I.Q. to compete. President George B. Cutten, of Colgate University, took the Army test results as the starting point for an attack on the democratization of higher education, and wondered aloud in his inaugural address whether democracy itself was possible in a country where the population had an average mental age of thirteen.

British eugenicists had no similar array of data to sustain their convictions regarding the hereditary nature of intelligence, but they did have the psychologist Cyril Burt. The son of a country doctor, Burt was inspired intellectually in his youth by the aged Francis Galton, who was one of his father's patients. While a student at Oxford early in the century, and later as a lecturer in physiology and psychology at the University of Liverpool, Burt imbibed Galton's hereditarian doctrines, Karl Pearson's statistical techniques, and the Mendelian theory of inheritance. He became an early member of the Eugenics Education Society. Between 1909 and 1911, he tested boys from a preparatory school and from a higher elementary school in Oxford, and from a school in the Liverpool slums. Most of the children in the first group were the sons of university and college academics, of Fellows of the Royal Society, or of bishops; in the second, of small tradesmen; in the third, of laborers. The preparatory-school boys did better than the elementary-school students, whose performance, in turn, was considerably superior to that of the boys from the Liverpool slums. "Among individuals," Burt declared, announcing the position he later popularized with increasing tenacity, "mental capacities are inherited. Of this the evidence is conclusive." Burt read with admiration in the *Eugenics Review* a Brighamlike account by Robert Yerkes of the United States Army test results. "Your work in the American Army has given psychology an immense impetus in this country," he wrote to Yerkes. Still, like British eugenic thought in general, Burt's work showed little, if any, of the racial themes characteristic of the American school; in fact, he concluded after a review of British and American research on racial characteristics that while for the individual the influence of heredity was "large and indisputable," for the race it was "small and controversial." A onetime settlement-house worker, Burt also recognized that the causes of crime and delinquency could hardly be pinned entirely upon mere feeblemindedness. His writings did, however, give a good deal of support in the interwar years to the belief that intelligence was not only heritable but highly correlated with socioeconomic position—that is, with class, the hallmark of British eugenic concern.

Whatever their prejudices, American and British eugenicists were alike distressed over the trend in their nations' intelligence. Before the First World War, eugenicists like Karl Pearson and Charles Davenport had warned that excessive breeding of the lower classes was giving the edge to the less fit. The growth of I.Q. testing after the war gave a quantitative authority to the eugenic notion of fitness. The vogue of mental testing did more than encourage fears regarding the "menace of the feebleminded;" it also identified low-I.Q. groups as the principal source of heedless fecundity, and it equated national deterioration with a decline in national intelligence.

The majority of mental testers and their audience, their views shaped in considerable part by the racial or class prejudices that pervaded eugenics, found the biological theory of intelligence, advanced in the seemingly neutral language of science, persuasive. In the Vanuxem Lectures at Princeton University in 1919, Henry Goddard himself stated their thesis: "The chief determiner of human conduct

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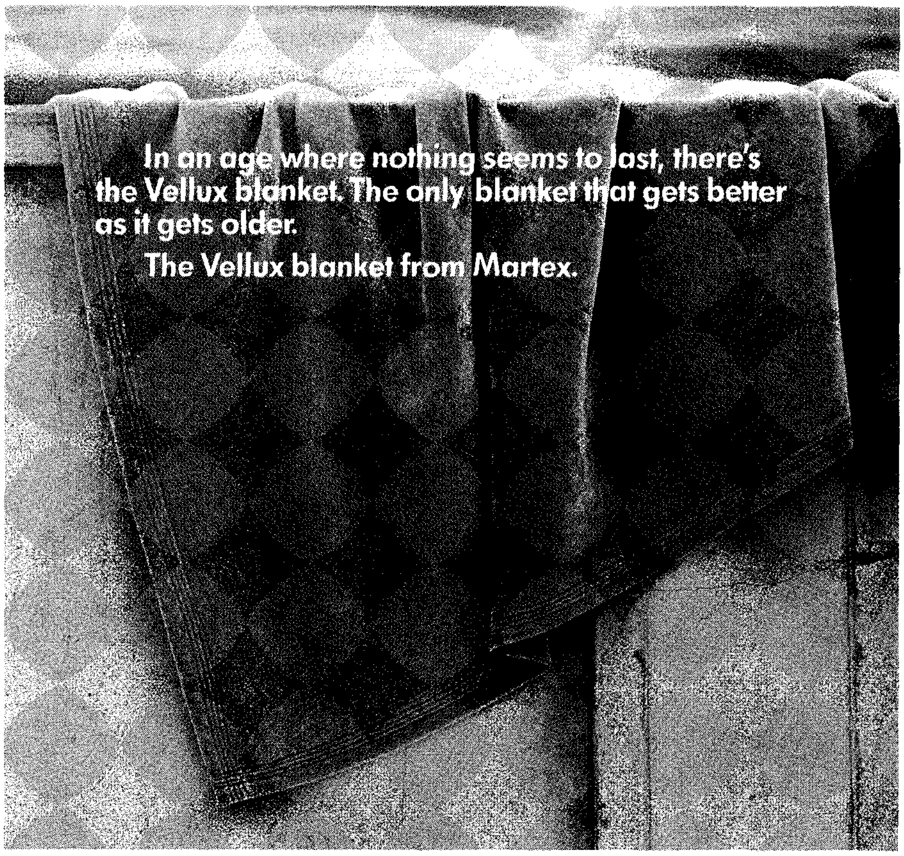
is the unitary mental process which we call intelligence . . . this process is conditioned by a nervous mechanism . . . and the consequent grade of intelligence or mental level for each individual is determined by the kind of chromosomes that come together with the union of the germ cells [and] is but little affected by any later influence except such serious accidents as may destroy part of the mechanism. As a consequence, any attempt at social adjustment which fails to take into account the determining character of the intelligence and its unalterable grade in each individual is illogical and inefficient."

IN 1891, in a book entitled "The Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit," Victoria Woodhull had observed, "The best minds of today have accepted the fact that if superior people are desired, they must be bred; and if imbeciles, criminals, paupers, and [the] otherwise unfit are undesirable citizens they must not be bred." After the turn of the century, Anglo-American eugenicists talked increasingly about how to accomplish those aims. The proposals were as diverse as the social convictions of the movement's members. Nevertheless, the courses of action could be divided into two often overlapping approaches: "positive eugenics," whose aim was to foster prolific breeding among the socially meritorious, and "negative eugenics," whose aim was to encourage the socially disadvantaged to breed less—or, better yet, not at all.

Francis Galton had been principally a positive eugenicist, and among his heirs were visionaries, many of them conservative like himself. Their ranks included Alexander Graham Bell, who advocated marriage between the deaf and people from families with no deafness, in the expectation that the deficiency would eventually be weeded out; the Bishop of Ripon, who urged procreation among the fit so that the colonies might be populated with able members of the British "race;" and Theodore Roosevelt, who noted, in a 1913 letter to Charles Davenport, "Someday we will realize that the prime duty, the inescapable duty, of the *good* citizen of the right type is to leave his or her blood behind him in the world." Yet the most vigorous advocates of positive eugenics in the United States and Britain in the new century tended to be social radicals, many of them inclined to utopian visions. "We generate the race;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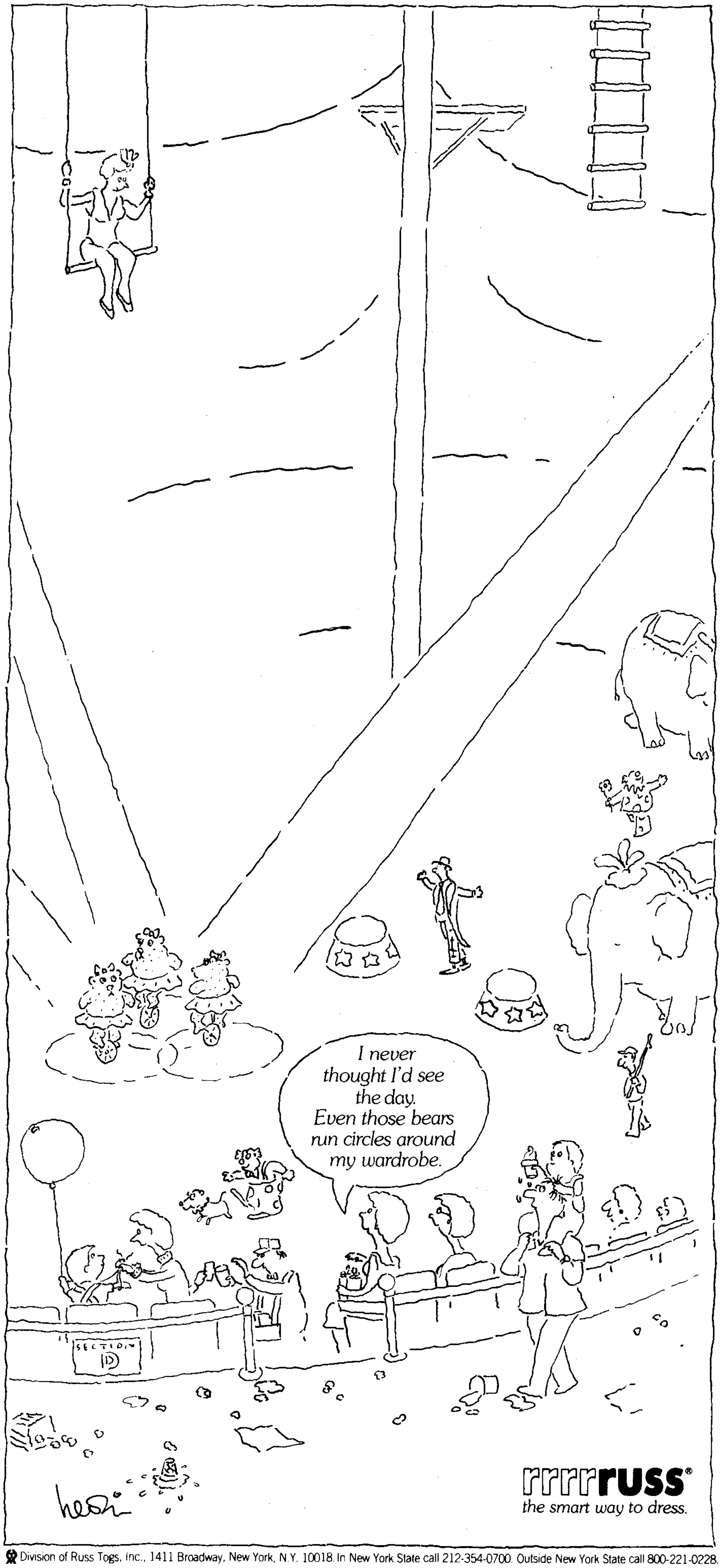
we alone can regenerate the race," Havelock Ellis declared in 1911, in a tract entitled "The Problem of Race-Regeneration." Ellis hoped to exploit the new knowledge of heredity to increase the numbers of the fit. So did George Bernard Shaw, even though he did not spare the eugenic movement his unpredictable mockery. (Murderers, he once declared, shocking the British press, ought not necessarily to be punished, since they might remove eugenically undesirable people from society; people prone to homicidal mania could perhaps be taught to kill only those whom society could eugenically do without.) But if Shaw at times acted the outrageous buffoon he took his eugenics seriously enough to subscribe to Karl Pearson's *Biometrika*, to stay in touch with Pearson, and to make himself a figure in the British eugenic movement.

Shaw invested "Man and Superman" with eugenic doctrines. "Being cowards, we defeat natural selection under cover of philanthropy: being sluggards, we neglect artificial selection under cover of delicacy and morality," he declaimed in the Preface. To Shaw, mere environmental reforms would by no means usher in a eugenically golden age. He scoffed at negative eugenics, which society seemed ever ready to carry out "with considerable zest, both on the scaffold and on the battlefield," and insisted that considerably more attention be given to the biological amelioration of so deplorable a piece of work as man. "We have never deliberately called a human being into existence for the sake of civilization, but we have wiped out millions," he reasoned. "We kill a Thibetan regardless of the expense, and in defiance of our religion, to clear the way to Lhasa for the Englishman; but we take no really scientific steps to secure that the Englishman, when he gets there, will be able to live up to our assumption of his superiority." Shaw's positive eugenics distilled Galton's chiliastic goal—the elimination of original sin by getting rid biologically of the original sinner—to a socially imperative essence. For without the Superman, without the enlargement of man's moral and ethical capacity, social progress would be an illusion.

Social-radical eugenicists considered environmental reforms, notably the easing—or, better, the abolition—of class distinctions, eugenically essential. The presumption was, as Ellis put it, that the "best stocks" were not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"necessarily the stocks of high social class" but were spread through all social classes, with those of the lower classes being "probably the most resistant to adverse conditions." Poverty, the argument went, resulted from indiscriminate breeding among men and women prevented from choosing genetically optimal partners. Once class distinctions were destroyed, human and social evolution could proceed not haphazardly but by a conscious act of the collective will. In the Preface to "Man and Superman," Shaw observed: "To cut humanity up into small cliques, and effectively limit the selection of the individual to his own clique, is to postpone the Superman for eons, if not forever. Not only should every person be nourished and trained as a possible parent, but there should be no possibility of such an obstacle to natural selection as the objection of a countess to a navvy or of a duke to a charwoman."

In 1910, Shaw roused a Caxton Hall audience to cheers with the suggestion that, for the eugenic good, women should be permitted to become respectable mothers without having to live with the fathers of their children. Obviously, Shaw agreed with Ellis's claim that "the question of Eugenics is to a great extent one with the woman question." Liberals on that question considered it a eugenic necessity for a woman to control her own life—and not only its physical side. Without independent careers, women were forced to marry, too often taking as husbands diseased or dissolute men. Careers would enable them to avoid eugenically disadvantageous marriages (though not, it was hoped, marriage or parenthood altogether).

Yet many social-radical eugenicists doubted whether people with hereditary deficiencies would refrain from marriage for the good of the race. That, Ellis noted, had been the utopian fantasy of Francis Galton—with the result, he added, that eugenics was "constantly misunderstood, ridiculed, regarded as a fad." But now that the mechanical control of reproduction was ever more reliably at hand, Ellis argued, eugenics no longer needed to be impractical, ridiculous, or contrary to natural human desires. Sexual satisfaction ought to be separated from procreation, specifically through birth control. This would render sexual practice purely a matter of private pleasure and invest the act of procreation with responsibility to the race. Ellis added that the limitation of

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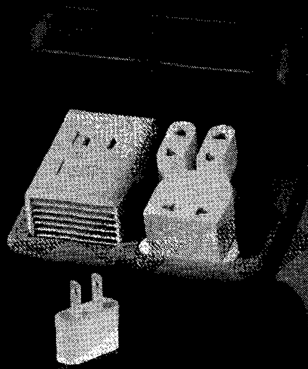

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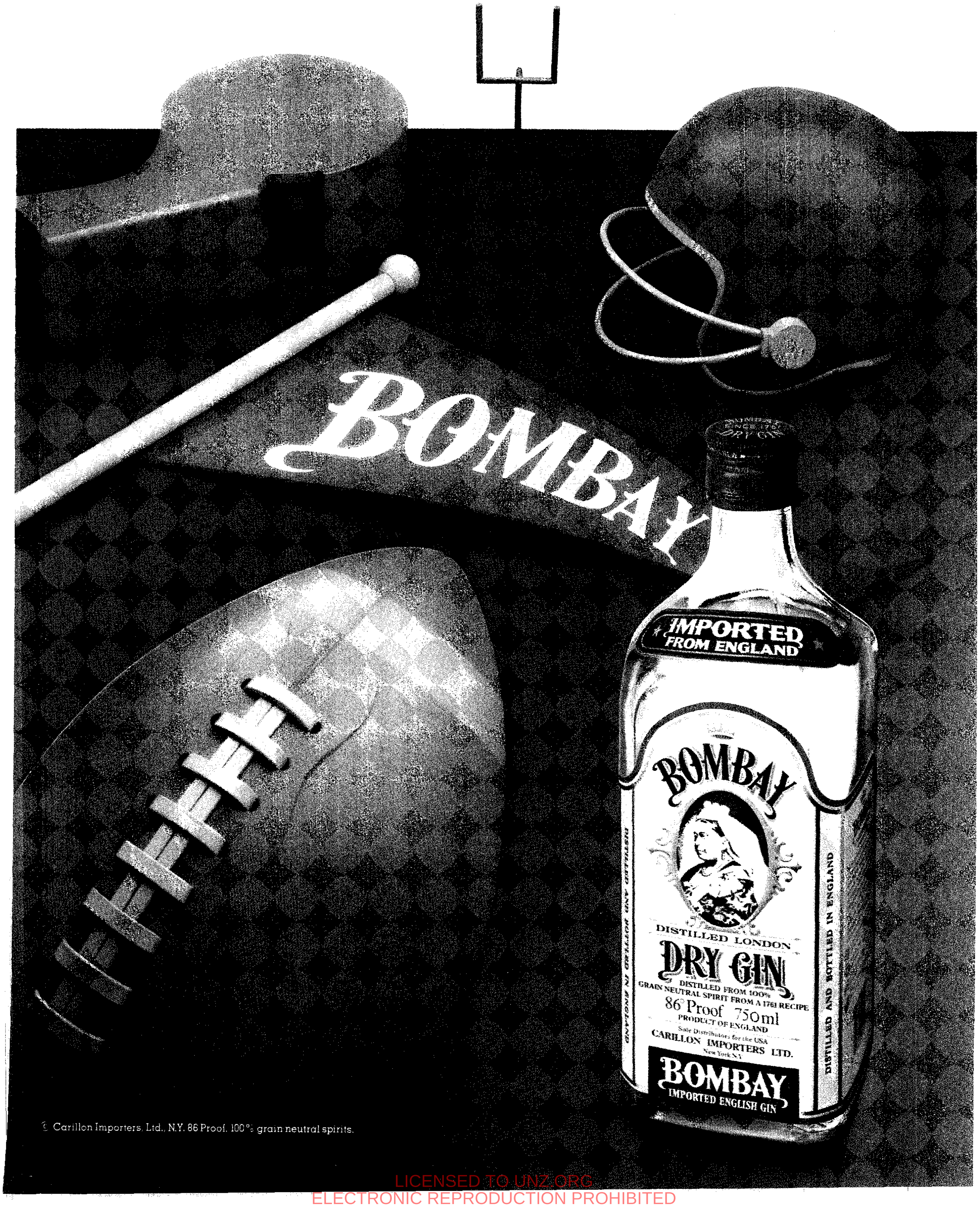
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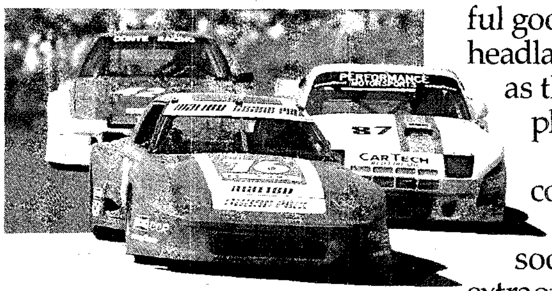

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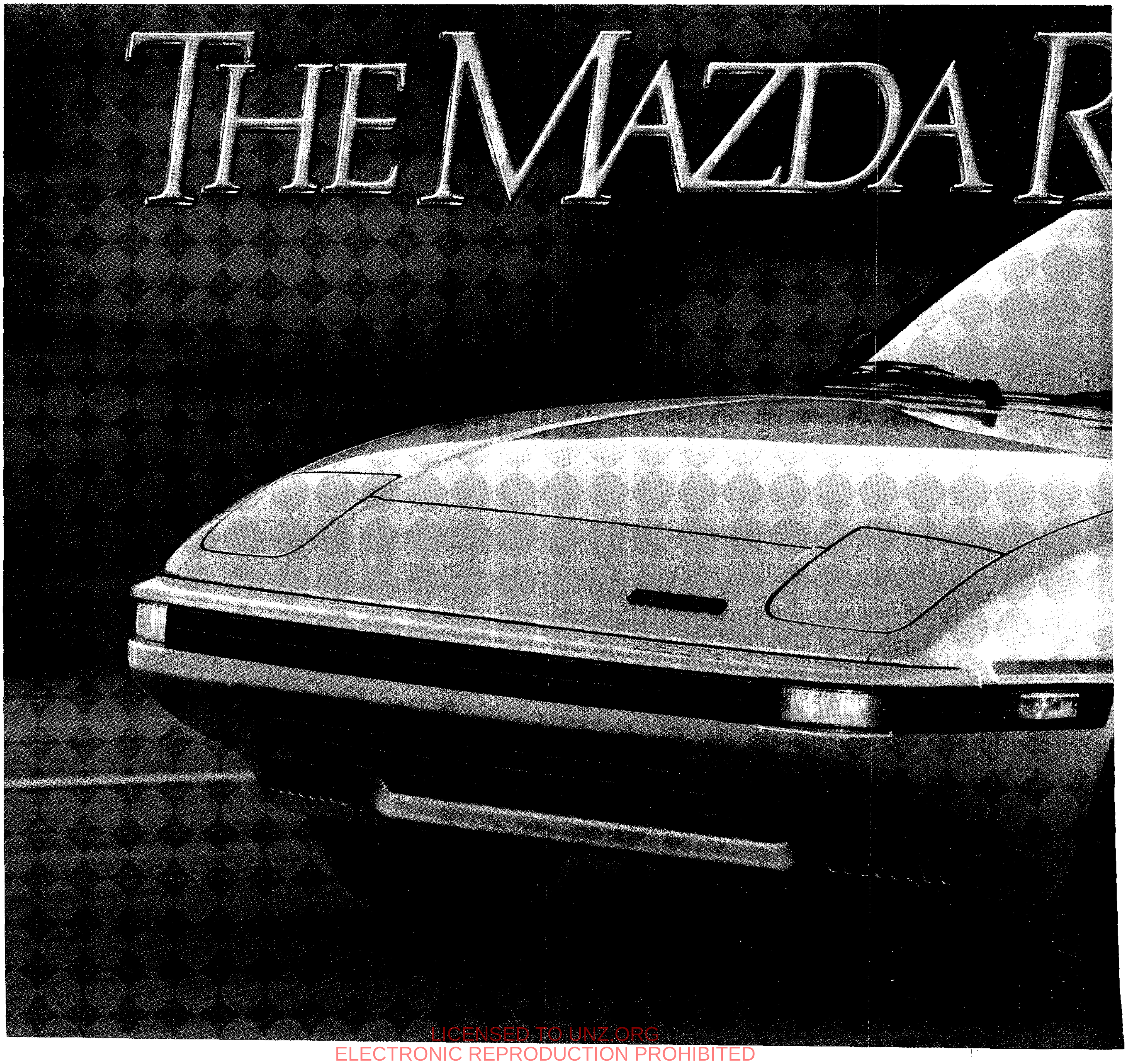

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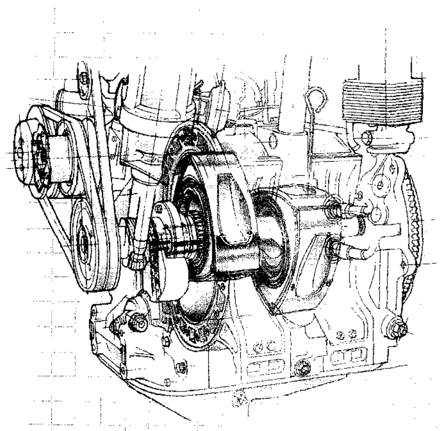

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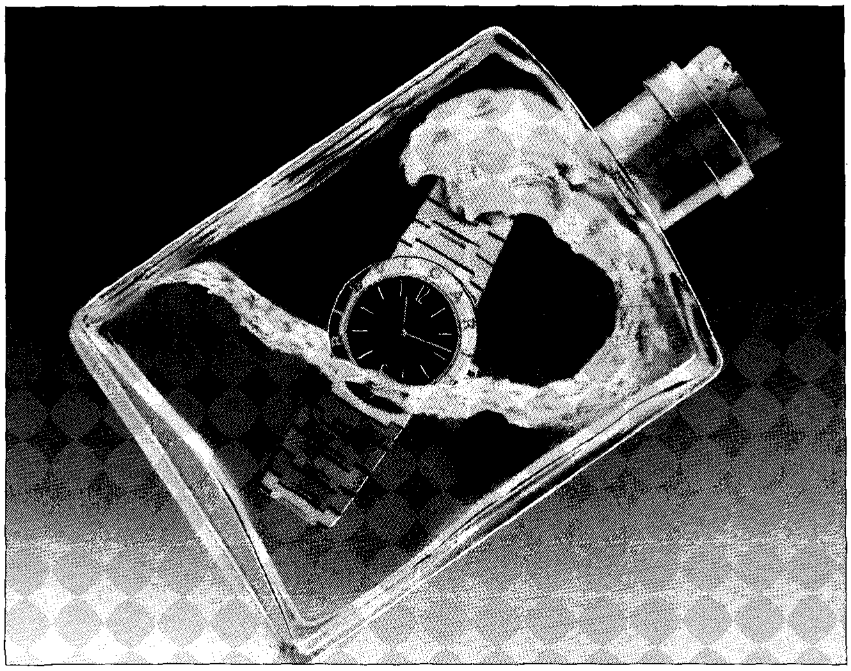
births would ease the financial burdens upon lower-income families, safeguard the health of the mothers, and permit better care for the children who were produced.

These arguments, familiar now, were controversial in Ellis's day. In America, Comstockery had long suppressed even the discussion, let alone the distribution, of birth-control methods. Before the First World War, the cause of birth control was strongly opposed on both sides of the Atlantic by the numerous eugenicists who adhered to the dominant attitudes of the movement—"mainline eugenicists," we may call them. Many of these were of a conservative bent, and their views on such issues as "the woman question" differed strongly from those of Ellis and Shaw. Mainline eugenicists held that contraceptive methods—or "preventive checks," as they were known—would permit the division of passion from the responsibilities of procreation and thus foster licentiousness. As late as 1932, Henry Fairfield Osborn complained that birth control led in "fundamentally unnatural" directions, and noted that the country employing birth control in its "most radical form" was Russia, "where it is connected with a great deal of sexual promiscuity." Leonard Darwin kept the subject of birth control out of the deliberations of the Eugenics Education Society and the pages of the *Eugenics Review*. It was not simply that so many members of the society found the subject distasteful but that they considered birth control—in Darwin's words—"racially devastating." Although contraceptive methods might in principle help halt the proliferation of lower-income, less educated groups, they tended in practice to be ignored in those sectors of the population. They were used disproportionately by the upper classes—precisely those groups whose declining fecundity alarmed so many eugenicists.

Within both British and American mainline eugenics, it was a morally injunctive commonplace that middle- and upper-class women should remain at home, hearth, and cradle—that it was their duty to marry and bear children. (Four per marriage was the number thought necessary to maintain a given stock.) Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of zoology at Princeton University and one of the prominent biologists of his day, declared in 1915 that the feminist movement was "a benefit to the race" insofar as it brought women greater intellectual and politi-



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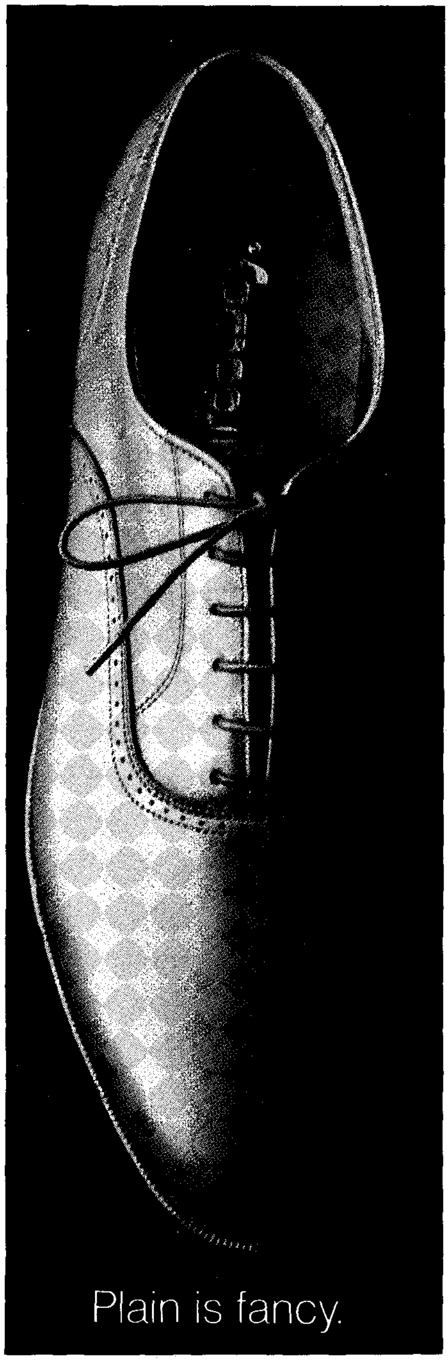

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cal freedom, but that insofar as it demanded "freedom from marriage and reproduction it is suicidal." In "The Family and the Nation," the Whethams—by themselves the Eugenics Education Society's most anti-feminist wing—cried, "Woe to the nation whose best women refuse their natural and most glorious burden!"

Mainline eugenicists were alarmed by the higher education of women. Education, the reasoning went, diverted women's biological energy from the task of reproduction to the burdens of intellectual or worldly activities. Early in the century, studies showed that women college graduates tended not to marry, and that those who did bore—on the statistical average—fewer than two children. (Actually, the principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, had demonstrated statistically in 1890 that college-educated women were just as healthy, just as likely to be married, and just as fertile as their less educated female relatives—that the degree of spinsterhood and childlessness was a mark of their social class, not of their higher learning.) An American (male) analyst feared that the large proportion of female professors in women's colleges encouraged susceptible college girls to yearn for careers. Henry Fairfield Osborn refused to endorse the women's-suffrage amendment on the ground that it would interfere with human evolution.

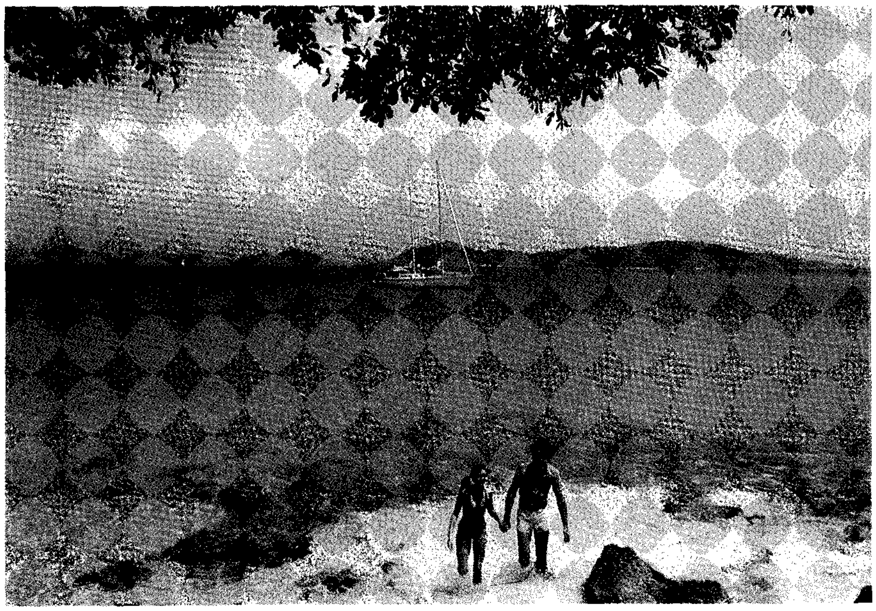
Nevertheless, hardly able to stem the tide of women's suffrage, higher education, or sexual revolution, mainline eugenicists joined social radicals to make education, at least in eugenics, a cardinal point of their program. For the sake of the over-all welfare of the race, even mainline eugenicists endorsed teaching the young not only the laws of heredity but the facts of sex hygiene, venereal disease, pregnancy, and child care. While the educational effort was intended to foster positive eugenics, it aimed at least as much at encouraging a negative-eugenic sensibility: matings between healthy and "tainted" or diseased individuals were to be avoided. The British biologist J. Arthur Thomson suggested that education in eugenics would arouse "a wholesome prejudice against the marriage and especially the intermarriage of subjects in whom there is a strong hereditary bias to certain diseases—such as epilepsy and diabetes," and asked, "Is it Utopian to hope . . . that the ethical conscience of the average man will come more and more to include in its varied content 'a feeling of responsibility for the healthfulness of succeeding generations'?" To eugenicists, that healthfulness depended a great deal upon reducing the social differential in the birthrate—an issue that increasingly spotlighted the merits of contraception. Even mainliners could recognize a certain validity in the assertion of Emma Goldman's monthly, *Mother Earth*, that those who withheld access to birth-control methods would "legally encourage the increase of paupers, syphilitics, epileptics, dipsomaniacs, cripples, criminals, and degenerates."

By the nineteen-twenties, the Freudian attack upon middle-class standards was well along. Women expected sexual fulfillment in marriage without fear of pregnancy. Birth control had come to stay, and so, it seemed, had a steady decline in the birthrate of the upper classes. As Margaret Sanger put it, the sensible eugenic response to the differential birthrate was to make available to lower-income and less educated groups the contraceptive knowledge and opportunities enjoyed by others. Before the war, Sanger had linked birth control with feminism. Now, like her British counterpart Marie Stopes, she tied contraception increasingly to the eugenic cause. In 1919, she wrote, "More children from the fit, less from the unfit—that is the chief issue of birth control." Even Leonard Darwin was eventually persuaded to lend his name to the birth-control movement. Stripped of its assertive feminism, contraception became acceptable to conservative eugenicists, for there was a natural harmony between their social predilections and the pro-birth-control rationale advanced by Havelock Ellis: "The superficially sympathetic man flings a coin to the beggar; the more deeply sympathetic man builds an almshouse for him so that he need no longer beg; but perhaps the most radically sympathetic of all is the man who arranges that the beggar shall not be born."

Many eugenicists expected their program of race improvement, whether positive or negative, to rest on voluntarism; hence the stress on education, moral injunction, and the need for contraception. Control over those most private areas of life—marriage, sex, and childbearing—were to be left in private hands as matters of private choice. Many eugenicists, whether radicals or mainliners, were moral reformers, who held with Havelock Ellis that "the only compulsion we can apply in eugenics is the compulsion that comes from within." Voluntarism was also deemed essential because, in the view of various genetic authorities, little was yet known about the laws of heredity in human beings. Moreover, to invoke the power of the state against the proliferation of degenerates might, in the remark of an English sociologist made long before the Nazis took power, "renew, in the name of science, tyrannies that it took long ages of social evolution to emerge from." Soon after its founding, the Eugenics Education Society had announced that its policy was not to advocate eugenic "interference by the State." Yet a number of British and American eugenicists came to hold the view suggested by Galton himself at the end of his life: that perhaps with regard to certain critical problems—notably the proliferation of degenerates—the situation was so clear-cut, and so dire, as to warrant state intervention of a coercive nature in human reproduction.

Given the energy that eugenics drew from social Darwinism, it may seem puzzling that eugenicists, and particularly the conservatives, were so ready to resort to governmental action, for in the standard view of that creed competition led automatically to survival of the fittest; the intervention of government would corrupt a process best left to the independent operation of Darwinian law—the natural selection of the fit. But in Darwin's theory fitness meant the ability to survive and multiply in a given environment, and the fit in that sense included precisely the lower-order types responsible, according to Karl Pearson's demonstration, for the high side of the differential birthrate. Edgar Schuster, the first Eugenics Fellow at University College, remarked that fitness meant something else to eugenicists—"in good condition or of good quality, physical and mental . . . a sort of biological ideal of what a man should be." If natural selection yielded the Darwinian fit, only artificial selection—by governmental means, if necessary—could multiply the eugenically fit.

This reasoning moved conservatives in particular (reformers and radicals of the day needed no special impul-



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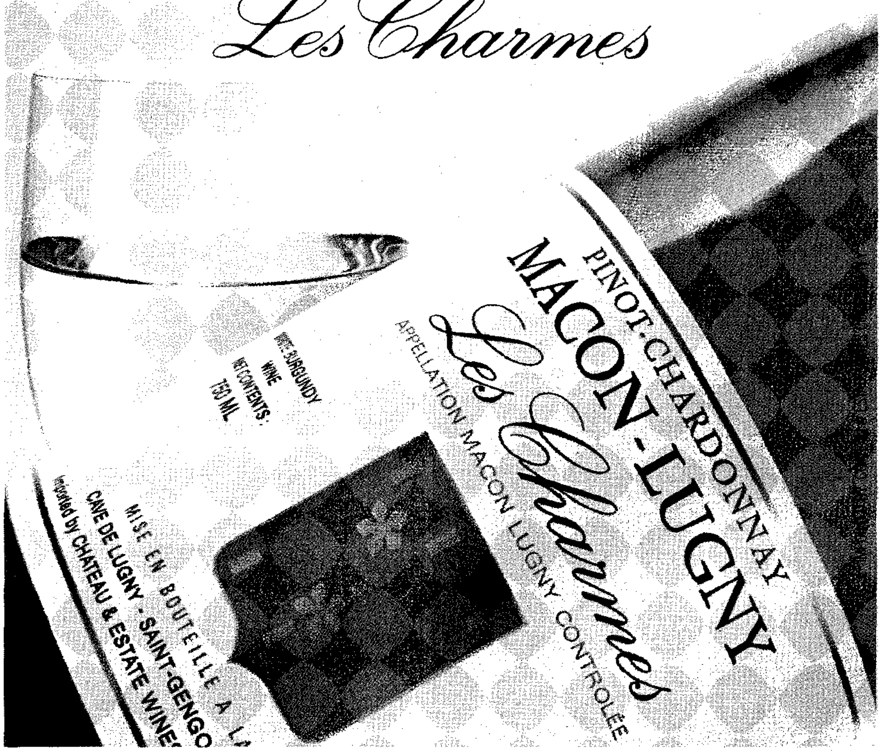

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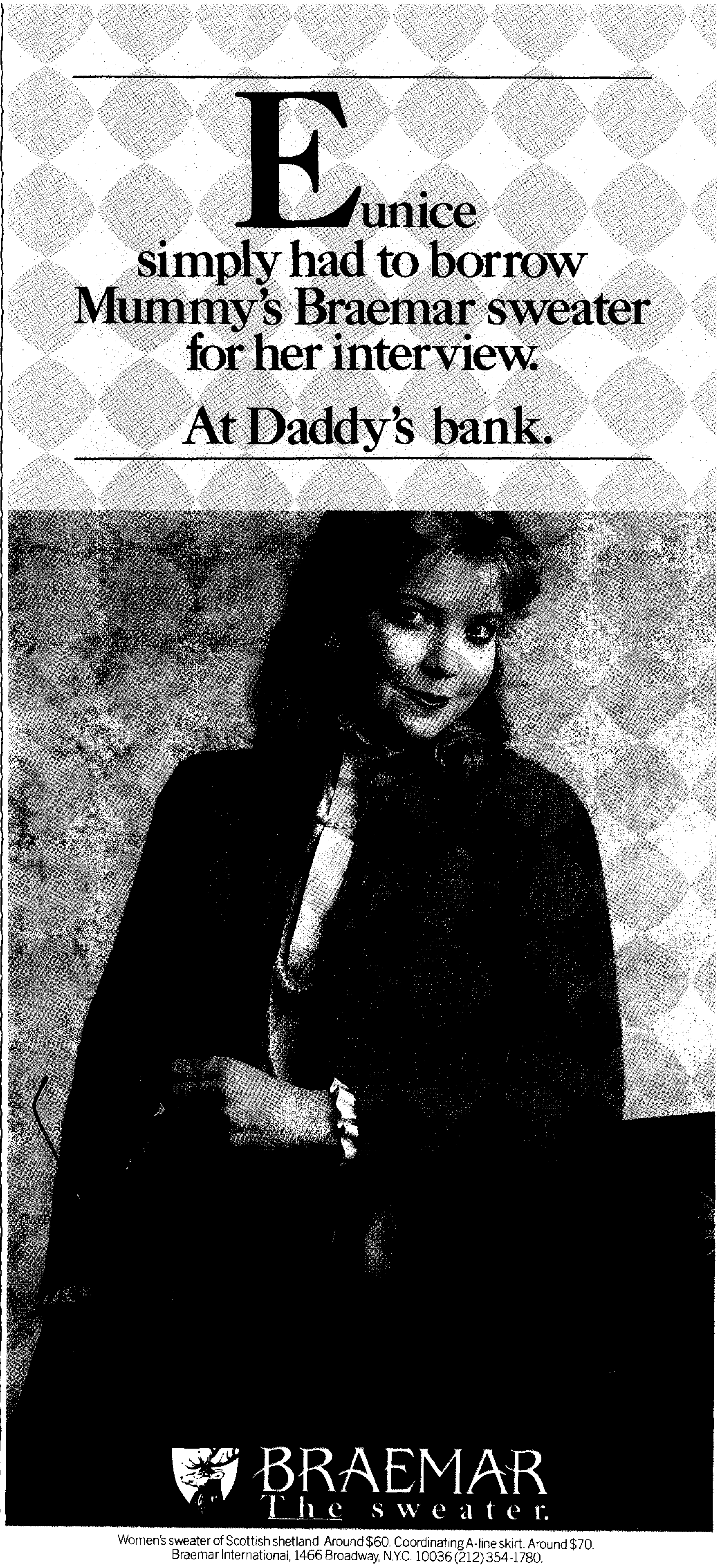
sion) to depart from laissez-faire with a program of positive-eugenic measures. The program included government involvement in the procreation of the better sort through a variety of financial incentives. "If a woman can, by careful selection of a father, and nourishment of herself, produce a citizen with efficient senses, sound organs, and a good digestion, she should clearly be secured a sufficient reward for that natural service to make her willing to undertake and repeat it," Shaw wrote in the Preface to "Man and Superman." Proposed incentives included appropriate tax rebates to help cover the cost of maternity and childbearing, especially for meritorious families (an idea which seemed inappropriate to Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill, who, though he considered encouraging the fertility of the professional classes praiseworthy, declared that this aim had no connection with the budget, whose only purpose was to finance the government). The recommendations also included educational allowances and grants to make up for salary lost by women from the industrious laboring classes who had to leave employment during pregnancy, birth, and early infant care. The logic of positive eugenics impelled even conservatives to recommend that the wages of respectable working-class men be raised so that their wives could remain at home to bear and care for children instead of joining the work force. The Whethams thought that the state might well selectively endow parenthood, giving honors and rewards to those in all ranks of life who produced strong, healthy, and able offspring.

The willingness to depart from laissez-faire was more forceful still on the side of negative eugenics. Social workers, psychiatrists, reformatory superintendents, and the like, convinced of the hereditary origin of social deficiency, felt compelled to endorse governmental intervention as perhaps the only way to reduce to manageable size the magnitude of their task. Havelock Ellis called it Sisyphean for a society to attempt social improvement while conceding "entry into life . . . more freely to the weak, the incompetent, and the defective than to the strong, the efficient, and the sane." Nowhere did that logic seem more compelling than in response to the "menace of the feebleminded." Eugenicists of every stripe found common ground in the righteous idea of wiping out social defect by preventing the procreation of the eugenically undesirable. Suggestions for accomplishing that ran the gamut from the cruel (putting degenerates painlessly to death or permitting mothers to smother children with inherited deformities) to the mocking (the abolition of alcoholism by letting the intemperate drink themselves to death, or the punishment of a murderer by hanging his grandfather). Eugenicists generally refused to consider abortion to halt the birth of the unfit; the American Eugenics Society considered it murder unless it was performed on strict medical grounds. Instead, the eugenic community fastened most seriously and persistently upon marriage restriction, sexual segregation, sterilization, and—in the United States especially—immigration restriction.

The marriage of the feebleminded, the insane, and the diseased, particularly the venereally diseased, was of special concern to eugenicists. Some suggested that the grounds for divorce might be enlarged to include epilepsy, mental deficiency, criminality, and drunkenness. Others went as far as to recommend that all prospective bridegrooms be compelled to obtain a physician's certificate testifying to their freedom from venereal or mental disease. However, Henry Goddard, for one, pointed out that marriage-restriction laws were no panacea, particularly in the case of the feebleminded: since many of them lacked an inherent sense of morality, barriers to marriage hardly constituted an obstacle to procreation. Many eugenicists on both sides of the Atlantic thought that the problem of the mentally handicapped demanded their institutionalized sexual segregation. "By legislative reform," said the Whethams, "we may segregate the worst types of the feebleminded, the habitual criminal, and the hopeless pauper, and thus weed out of our race the contaminating strains of worthless blood."

Segregation and control were simply the other side of education and care; the two approaches easily complemented each other in eugenic thinking. The American Eugenics Society explained in its catechismal pamphlet the decided benefits to be expected from segregation:

> Q. How much does segregation cost?
>
> A. It has been estimated that to have segregated the original "Jukes" for life would have cost the State of New York about $25,000.
>
> Q. Is that a real saving?
>
> A. Yes. It has been estimated that the State of New York, up to 1916, spent over



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$2,000,000 on the descendants of these people.

Q. How much would it have cost to sterilize the original Jukes pair?

A. Less than $150.

A few officials at American institutions for the mentally incapable had begun to call for a policy of sterilization as early as the eighteen-eighties, and in 1889, at the Pennsylvania Training School for Feebleminded Children, at Elwyn, Superintendent Dr. Isaac Newton Kerlin began to castrate some of his charges, with the consent of their parents. No state had legally authorized sterilization, but such experiments upon the "unfit" were continued—notably by Dr. Harry C. Sharp, physician to the Indiana State Reformatory at Jeffersonville, who in 1899 pioneered the sterilization of criminals by vasectomy. By 1907, Sharp had performed vasectomies on four hundred and sixty-five people, more than a third of whom were said to have requested the operation. "Vasectomy consists of ligating and resecting a small portion of the vas deferens," Sharp reported. "The operation is indeed very simple and easy to perform; I do it without administering an anaesthetic, either general or local. It requires about three minutes' time to perform the operation and the subject returns to his work immediately, suffers no inconvenience, and is in no way impaired for his pursuit of life, liberty and happiness, but is effectively sterilized." While men were dealt with by vasectomy, women were sterilized by the more hazardous and painful salpingectomy, or tubal ligation.

Pro-sterilization eugenicists were found all across the political spectrum; all considered the good of society to be higher than the rights of individuals. "It is the acme of stupidity . . . to talk in such cases of individual liberty, of the rights of the individual," declared Dr. William Robinson, a New York urologist and a sex radical. "Such individuals have no rights. They have no right in the first instance to be born, but having been born, they have no right to propagate their kind." In the United States, a strong consensus in favor of sterilization—with supporters ranging from Margaret Sanger to Theodore Roosevelt—grew among eugenicists. In Britain, no such consensus existed. Comparatively few British eugenicists were convinced of the necessity of the procedure, although among those who considered it were Francis Galton ("Except by sterilization I cannot yet see any way of

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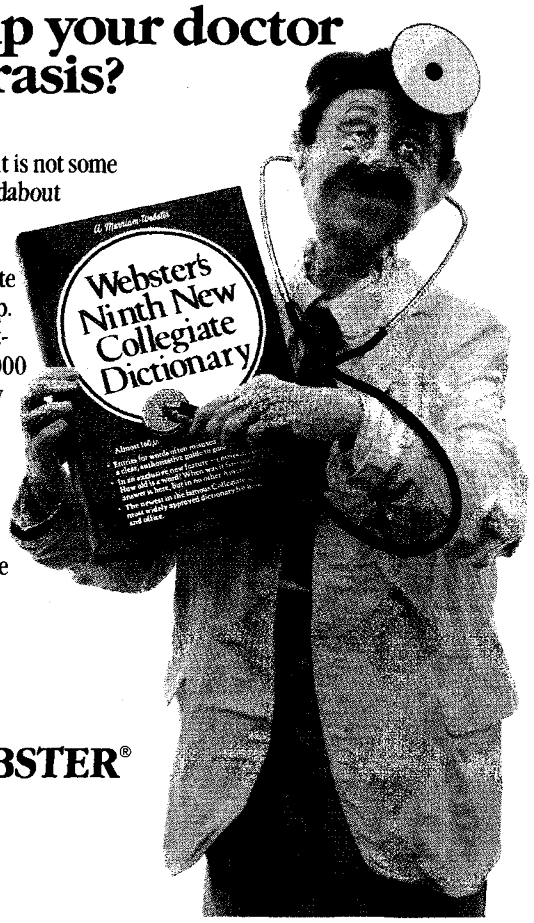
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checking the produce of the unfit who are allowed their liberty and are below the reach of moral control") and H. G. Wells, who pondered improving the human stock by "the sterilization of failures."

Many American eugenicists worried that marriage-restriction laws and sterilization programs would be useless if the threat from abroad to the nation's biological strength was allowed to continue. In the first fifteen years of the twentieth century, immigration accounted for roughly half the increase in the population. Michael Guyer, in 1916, warned that this trend was particularly alarming in view of the fact that "once in our country, the alien far outbreeds the native stock." High scientific authority, including geneticists, psychologists, and anthropologists, drew upon expert "evidence"—notably Henry Goddard's I.Q. tests of immigrants and Carl Brigham's analysis of the Army test results—to proclaim that a large proportion of immigrants bordered on or fell into the "feebleminded" category and that their continued entrance into the country made for what Robert Yerkes called "the menace of race deterioration." Whatever the symbolic meaning of the Statue of Liberty, American eugenicists like Charles Davenport stressed that the nation's future had to be taken into account. Davenport exclaimed to his brother William—a minister who was devoting his life to settlement-house work with Italian immigrants in Brooklyn, New York—"Imagine what sort of country it will be [in two hundred years] if the gates have, in the meantime, been wide open and population encouraged to come hither by the transportation companies and by the employers of the cheapest labor? . . . We don't want to make a State of Mississippi or worse out of New York City and Long Island." Davenport argued that the selection should be made on an individual basis—that no national group could be classified as undesirable. But by the early nineteen-twenties the eugenic principle of selection on the basis of individual biological and mental quality had been submerged in a principle of racial or ethnic-group selection. The shift no doubt bespoke the weight of the national clamor for immigration restriction; it also expressed the patent prejudice of many eugenicists—a prejudice that biologically denigrated non-Wasps and celebrated Wasps. A cardinal point of the American eugenic

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program had come to be the restriction of immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe. Eventually, the program was enlarged to permit the immigration only of pure Caucasians, and to require a minimum grade of "C" (the presumed average grade of the American population) on the Army intelligence tests, and certification, based on an assessment of near kin, that the prospective immigrant would become a biological asset to the United States. Immigration, said the American Eugenics Society, "should be first of all considered a long-time investment in family stocks."

IN Britain, the Eugenics Education Society had hardly been founded before it formed a watchdog committee to monitor all parliamentary bills of eugenic interest. British eugenicists sent their opinions to the *Times* and deputations to Westminster on matters involving the poor laws, divorce, venereal disease, and the feebleminded. In the United States, such matters for the most part did not fall within the authority of the national government, and the political efforts of eugenicists tended to take place at the state level. But immigration was, of course, a matter of federal rather than of state policy, and on that issue American eugenicists entered the national political arena to lobby for laws restricting immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe.

They were not alone. Since the late nineteenth century, various interest groups had been pushing for immigration laws to stem the flow of new arrivals. The immigration of Asians had already been severely restricted, notably by the Chinese Exclusion Acts of 1882 and 1902 and by the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement between Japan and the United States in 1907-08. The groups opposed to immigration included organized labor, worried that the influx would adversely affect wages; staunch nativists, sure that foreign influences adulterated the American character; social workers, eager to reduce the numbers so as to be able to deal better with the disadvantaged already in the country; and assorted businessmen, who feared immigrants as infectious carriers of radicalism. Though racism figured in the arguments against unrestricted immigration, economic factors, including fear of radicalism, tended to dominate the debate through 1921, when Congress—in the wake of the Red Scare and postwar unemployment—passed an

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emergency restriction act, by which immigration from any European country was limited for the following year to three per cent of the foreign-born of that nationality listed in the 1910 United States census. The more zealous restrictionists felt that this limit did not discriminate enough against the most recent wave of immigrants—those from Eastern and Southern Europe—and, joined by eugenicists, they campaigned for a still stricter, and permanent, immigration law. That year, however, they were unable to make any headway toward a measure more to their liking, and they had to content themselves with a two-year renewal of the emergency law after its expiration, in 1922.

Eugenicists did a good deal to make ethnic differences of an alleged genetic sort a prominent feature of the immigration debate. In 1922, Robert Yerkes urged Carl Brigham's publisher to bring out Brigham's "Study of American Intelligence" in time for consideration at the next round of immigration-restriction hearings; he also called the attention of the immigration-committee chairmen in both houses of Congress to the seeming mental inadequacies of Eastern and Southern Europeans as revealed by the Army intelligence tests. In 1923, the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization began holding hearings on a permanent bill. Many witnesses pointed out that "biology" demanded that most members of the Eastern and Southern European "races" be kept out. Soon after the conclusion of the House hearings, Representative Samuel Dickstein, Democrat of New York, who was a Jew and one of the two committee members to vote against sending the measure to the floor, remarked, "If you had been a member of that committee, you could not help but understand that they did not want anybody else in this country except the Nordics." The committee was dominated by members from the South and the West, and both the House and the Senate were controlled by Republicans of the nineteen-twenties variety. On both sides of Capitol Hill, biological and "racial" arguments figured prominently in the floor debate on the bill. Representative Robert Allen, Democrat of West Virginia, declared, "The primary reason for the restriction of the alien stream . . . is the necessity for purifying and keeping pure the blood of America." In April of 1924, the Immigration Act was passed in both

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MORGAN STANLEY

the House and the Senate by overwhelming majorities. In it, Congress limited the influx to the United States from any European country, through the middle of 1927, to a small percentage of the foreign-born of the same national origin recorded in the census of 1890. In shifting the reference point back by two decades, to a time when fewer Eastern and Southern European immigrants had entered the country, the law made immigration policy more discriminatory against newcomers from those areas. A permanent provision, to go into effect on July 1, 1927, was based on the 1920 census, but it had the same effect, because the quotas were now to be apportioned in accord with the distribution, for that year, of national ancestries in the total population. The new law was widely acclaimed by eugenicists for its "biological wisdom."

Comparatively few British eugenicists—aside from Karl Pearson, who was lukewarm about the issue anyway—agitated for immigration restriction in this period. Immigration from Eastern Europe, consisting largely of Jews, had been heavy since the eighteen-eighties, but it had been stemmed in 1905 by the passage of the Aliens Act, which empowered the government to bar the entrance of steerage passengers who were diseased, or were criminals or potential paupers. Non-white immigration into Britain from the Empire was negligible. Among the variety of other issues with which British eugenicists concerned themselves, one above all—the control of the mentally deficient—engaged their political energies.

Legislative attention to the problem of mental deficiency in Britain had been stimulated to no small degree by Mrs. Hume Pinsent. Née Ellen Parker, she was a minister's daughter and the sister of the eminent lawyer and chancery judge Robert Parker, who was one of Karl Pearson's closest college chums and lifelong friends; with her brother and her future husband, Ellen Parker was an active member of Pearson's Men and Women's Club. When her engagement to Pinsent became known, Pearson remarked, "I suppose Miss Parker will now devote herself to housekeeping and possibly the piano. She might have done excellent work, if she had had the ordeal of getting her own living by some profession for a few years, instead of passing from the home to the home." Actually, Ellen Parker Pinsent, whose husband became a successful lawyer in Birmingham, got herself elected to the city council, became a formidably effective activist in the school program for mentally handicapped children, wrote a book on mental-health policy—not to mention four novels—and was eventually made a Dame of the British Empire. A member from 1904 to 1908 of the Royal Commission on Care and Control of the Feebleminded, she emerged a strong advocate of preventing the proliferation of the mentally deficient by compulsory institutionalization on a sexually segregated basis.

Through Ellen Pinsent, the Eugenics Education Society joined forces with the National Association for the Care of the Feebleminded, which she had helped found, to demand of every candidate for Parliament in the 1910 election, "Would you undertake to support measures . . . that tend to discourage parenthood on the part of the feebleminded and other degenerate types?" Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary in the Asquith Government, told a delegation from Mrs. Pinsent's association that while the thousands of feebleminded in Britain deserved "all that could be done for them by a Christian and scientific civilization now that they were in the world," they should, if possible, be "segregated under proper conditions" so that "their curse died with them and was not transmitted to future generations." (To Asquith, Churchill privately described the proliferation of the mentally deficient, combined with "the restriction of progeny among all the thrifty, energetic, and superior stocks," as "a very terrible danger to the race.") In May, 1912, the Government introduced a mental-deficiency bill; by the end of that year the Home Office had received hundreds of resolutions urging passage of some such measure from public bodies—county and borough councils, education committees, and boards of guardians—throughout Britain. The Government's bill passed, with only three dissenting votes, in July, 1913. The opposition included the radical libertarian M.P. Josiah Wedgwood, who attacked the measure as the suggestion of "eugenic cranks" and mocked Ellen Pinsent for her "wonderful ability, such as only ladies seem to possess these days." Wedgwood's substantive objections—they concerned state interference with individual liberty—were sufficiently felt in the liberal wing of press and Parliament to render the law something less than a eu-

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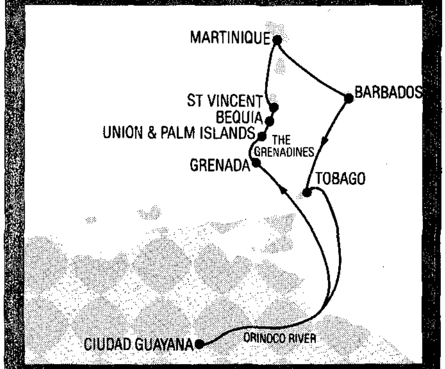

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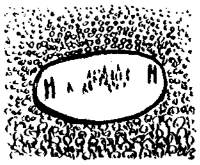
genicist's dream. It recognized that the varieties of mental deficiency ranged from cretinism or mongolism to inability to benefit from education. It made the test of such deficiency, and of the need for care, not heredity but social incapacity—an inability to look after oneself. It also provided the opportunity for many mentally deficient people, even while they were under care and control, to live in the outside community rather than in institutions. The law, in short, did not segregate all of the mentally handicapped to prevent their reproducing themselves, and there was no mention of sterilization.



Yet the Eugenics Education Society took the Mental Deficiency Act as a victory for the eugenic movement. The law did, after all, grant a central authority compulsory powers to detain and segregate certain of the "feeble-minded"—a feature that would result in some curbs upon the multiplication of the unfit. And "defectives" subject to the act were defined to include not only paupers and habitual drunkards but women on poor relief at the time of giving birth to or being found pregnant with an illegitimate child. The *Eugenics Review* celebrated the act as "the only piece of English social law extant in which the influence of heredity has been treated as a practical factor in determining its provisions."

Britain passed no sweeping law preventing the marriage of the mentally deficient, but in America, by 1914, some thirty states had enacted new marriage laws or amended old ones. Three-quarters of the statutes declared voidable the marriages of idiots and of the insane, and the rest restricted marriage among the unfit of various types, including the feeble-minded and persons afflicted with venereal disease. The ostensible ground of most of the laws was that such partners were incapable of making contracts, marital or otherwise, but in some of them the restrictions were justified on eugenic grounds. The first of this type, passed in Connecticut in 1896, prohibited marriage (as well as extramarital relations) of the eugenically unfit if the woman was under forty-five, and set the minimum penalty for violation at three years' imprisonment. The Connecticut statute was extolled as exemplary for other states, but the marriage law that captured the most attention was Indiana's—a three-part measure, passed in 1905, that forbade the marriage of the mentally deficient, of persons having a "transmissible disease," and of habitual drunkards; required a health certificate of every person released from an institution; and declared void all marriages contracted in another state in an effort to avoid the Indiana law. By the nineteen-twenties, many states had enacted measures forcing a delay between license application and wedding—a policy that eugenicists advocated in the interest of discouraging hasty and ill-considered unions. Eugenic arguments also figured in the anti-miscegenation statutes of the day. Clearly, eugenicists did not singlehandedly cause the passage of the large variety of restrictive marriage laws enacted in the first quarter of the century; rather, they were part of a coalition that put the laws on the books, and they provided prior (or, at times, post-hoc) biological rationalizations for what other interest groups wanted. But eugenicists played a dominant role in bringing about the passage of state sterilization laws.

The first state sterilization law was passed in 1907, in Indiana, where Dr. Sharp, of the State Reformatory, had mounted a campaign for the measure. ("Indiana is working much on sterilization," a Johns Hopkins physician remarked. "Practice hurries ahead of inquiry there.") Between 1907 and 1917, sterilization laws were enacted by fifteen more states, representing every region of the country except the South. Virtually all the prewar statutes gave the states the power to compel the sterilization of habitual or confirmed criminals, or persons guilty of some particular offense, like rape. Also included within the scope of most of the statutes were epileptics, the insane, and idiots in state institutions. Most wide-ranging was a law passed in Iowa in 1911. It made eligible for sterilization inmates of public institutions who had been incarcerated for a variety of reasons, including drug addiction, sexual offenses, and epilepsy. The Iowa statute compelled the sterilization of twice-convicted sexual offenders, of other felons who had been convicted three times, and of anyone convicted just once of involvement in "white slavery."

BRITISH eugenicists marvelled at the extent to which their American counterparts managed to write such a comprehensive negative-eugenic program onto the statute books. Perhaps contributing to the divergent legislative outcomes, at least with regard to marriage and sterilization, was the jurisdictional difference: in Britain such matters fell to a national body, Parliament, while in America they were the province of state legislatures, whose level of deliberation even today leaves a good deal to be desired. To account for the legislative differences, it also bears keeping in mind that the eugenic movement depended upon the authority of science, and that it was a coalition united by a belief in the significance of heredity in human affairs and yet, particularly in Britain, divided along a cluster of social fault lines.

In the United States during the opening decades of the century, it came to be a hallmark of good reform government to shape public policy with the aid of scientific experts. In many states, the practice was modelled on the "Wisconsin Idea," advanced by Governor Robert La Follette, of drawing upon experts in the state university for advice in complicated policy areas like taxes, agriculture, regulation, and public health. Eugenic experts aplenty were to be found in the biology, psychology, and sociology departments of universities or colleges and among superintendents of state mental institutions. The fount of expertise was Charles Davenport's Eugenics Record Office, with its numerous publications and field workers. After their stint with Davenport, the field workers fanned out to various states, where they took jobs on the staffs of institutions for the mentally incompetent and, often with the aid of state appropriations for the purpose, conducted investigations among the local population regarding the heritability of mental and social defect.

The field workers, the professors, and the institution superintendents not only provided expert advice on eugenic issues to state legislative committees and commissions: together they formed a small but influential lobby for eugenic legislation, particularly under reformist state administrations, and usually in the absence of equally expert opposition. Davenport himself was somewhat ambivalent about the employment of Record Office data for legal or legislative purposes. Field-worker data ought not to be given to governmental authorities without his permission, Davenport insisted, even to save a man from the gallows. Yet,

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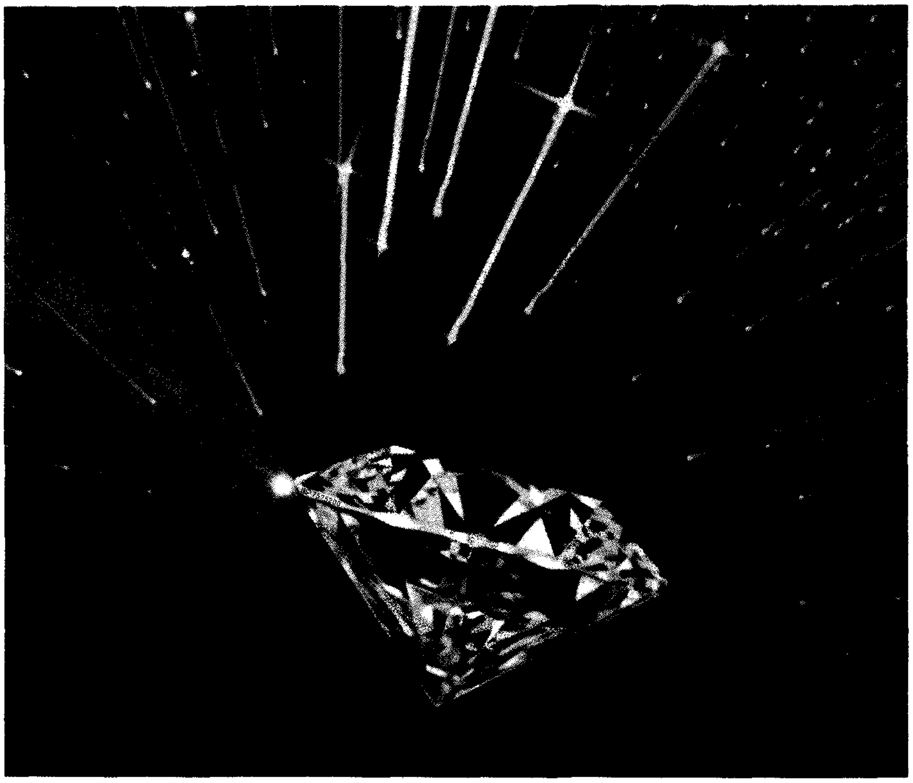

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not surprisingly, his objection to governmental involvement was selective. Indeed, he indulgently tolerated the significant and rather influential foray into policymaking of Harry H. Laughlin, his appointee as superintendent of the Eugenics Record Office, his right-hand man at Cold Spring Harbor, and an advocate of views that accorded with Davenport's own social prejudices.

Laughlin was the product of small Midwestern towns and a family that teetered impecuniously between the religious and the academic life. His father, a preacher in the Christian Church, wandered through the unstable world of sectarian colleges, from presidencies to pastorates to professorships; he finally landed in Kirksville, Missouri, where in 1892 he became chairman of the English Department of the Kirksville Normal School. Laughlin did not take the fundamentalist doctrines of his father's church too fundamentally. As an undergraduate in history at the Kirksville Normal School, he reconciled science and religion by identifying God with some sort of force: "a universal ether—perfectly elastic, granular and uniform." After 1896, while holding school posts in rural Iowa, he developed an interest in agriculture. He took several terms of work in the subject at the state college, and in 1907 returned to the Kirksville Normal School as a one-man Department of Agriculture, Botany, and Nature Study. That year, he wrote to Charles Davenport for advice on certain breeding experiments with chickens. He soon came to Cold Spring Harbor for a summer course at the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, which Davenport also directed—"the most profitable six weeks that I ever spent," he later told Davenport—and proceeded to turn himself into a professional biologist, specializing in heredity. He published workmanlike papers in genetics and achieved a certain degree of professional recognition, including a Doctor of Science degree in biology from Princeton University. He also became a convert to eugenics, just as soon as Davenport introduced him to the creed.

Like Davenport, Laughlin was a workhorse—humorless, intolerant of criticism, and perpetually afire with dogmatic secular zeal. The stern force in Davenport's background had been the father; in Laughlin's it was the mother, a determined, energetic woman who was a women's suffragist, an

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activist in women's missionary societies, and a contributor to the religious press. A member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, she prevailed upon Harry to sign a temperance pledge, and he stuck to it throughout his life. "If I can't be great," Harry wrote his mother during the Iowa years, "I certainly can do much good. And I intend to do it."

The "good" he intended to do centered increasingly on eugenic research—particularly on feeblemindedness and on the characteristics of immigrants. Proud that his family could be traced back to the American Revolution, he found the new immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe afflicted, from generation to generation, by a high degree of insanity, mental deficiency, and criminality. A disproportionately large number, he maintained, were to be found in institutions for the insane and the feebleminded. In the spring of 1920, Laughlin went down to Washington to present a sheaf of eugenic petitions to the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, which was then working on the original emergency restriction act. The chairman of the committee was Albert Johnson, Republican of Washington, a rough-hewn, heavy-drinking politico with a hatred of Wobblies, Japanese, and open-door immigration policies. In short order, Johnson appointed Laughlin the "Expert Eugenical Agent" of the committee. Laughlin was given the franking privilege and letterheads, and was instructed to study alien inmates and inmates of recent foreign extraction in a number of state institutions. In November, 1922, he reported his results to the committee, plastering the walls of the hearing room with charts and tables, including a gallery of Ellis Island photographs labelled "Carriers of the Germ Plasm of the Future American Population." He assured the congressmen that he had been wholly objective throughout and interested only in the truth of the situation. In reality, he had twisted the facts (often he had found proportionately more natives than foreign-born in asylums) and indulged in blatant prejudice (recent immigrants, he said, might themselves be healthy, but they carried bad recessive genes that would sooner or later out). In Laughlin's view, the "evidence"—mainly the results of a survey that he had conducted of the comparative incidence of mental deficiency among the foreign-born—led implacably to the conclusion that

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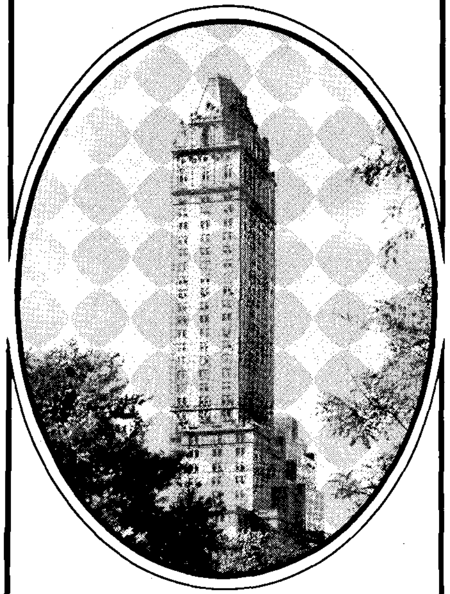

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the recent immigrants were biologically inferior and jeopardized the blood of the nation.

Quickly, Laughlin became known in Washington as an indispensable authority on the "biological" side of the immigration issue. Without much difficulty, he converted influential members of the committee—including not only Albert Johnson but also the minority leader, John C. Box—to the eugenic point of view. In 1923, Johnson joined the Committee on Selective Immigration of the newly founded American Eugenics Society; the committee issued a compendious report at the end of 1923 which added up to an endorsement of the permanent immigration-restriction bill. After its passage, Johnson and his colleagues called upon Laughlin from time to time for new studies, which were carried out and duly published. Laughlin's writings and testimonies were much cited in the restrictionist literature of the decade. In 1929, John Box told the head of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the parent agency of the Eugenics Record Office, that he knew of no one else "so thoroughly competent and so free from factional or political bias as is Dr. Laughlin." Box added, "Personally, I shall always regard his work in connection with this [immigration] question as monumental."

IN the United States, eugenic politics and eugenic research were symbiotically linked; that so much negative eugenics was written into law in America was probably in large part because American eugenic activists could draw upon the publications or allies of the Eugenics Record Office—the principal scientific and authoritative institution in its field. In Britain, the counterpart institution was the Galton Eugenics Laboratory, headed by Karl Pearson, at University College, London. But Pearson steadfastly refused to join the Eugenics Education Society, to participate in political activity, or to make his institutional resources and expertise available for the support of legislative measures. In the days of their common absorption in socialism, George Bernard Shaw had admonished Pearson, "Your aim is never to give yourself away, never to make a fool of yourself. . . . You are full of reasons for doing nothing, all excellent reasons—reasons for not making speeches in Trafalgar Square, for not writing plays, for not printing them, reasons for not living, not lov-

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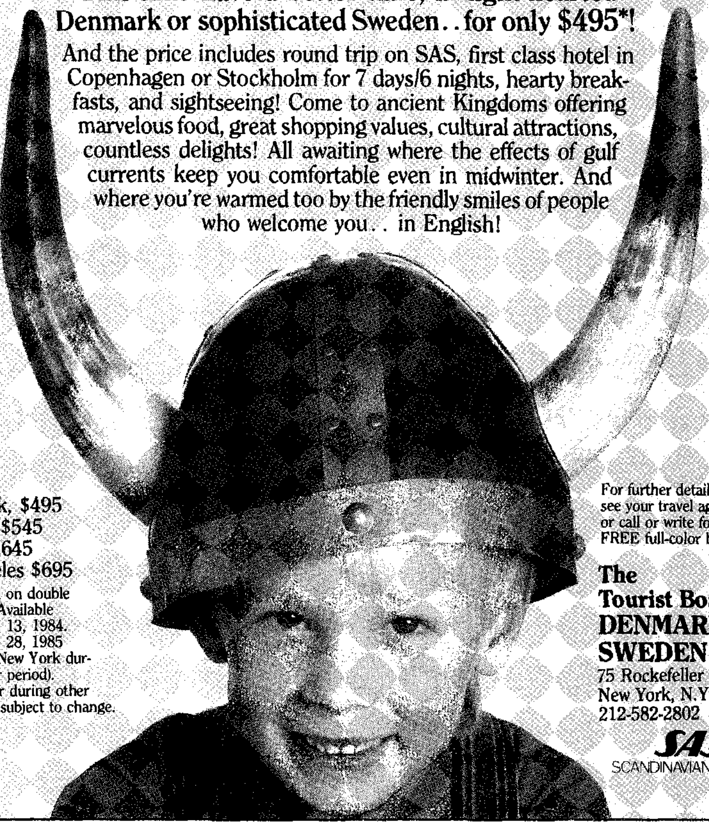
ing, not working . . . an infinity of nots.” For all the bastinado, Shaw did penetrate to an aspect of Pearson’s personality: by temperament, he was simply not a joiner, let alone a political activist. Intent upon establishing eugenics as an academic discipline, he liked to pursue research and publish primarily in scholarly journals. He might lecture widely upon his research results and their social implications, might even send copies of his eugenic writings to Members of Parliament, including Arthur Balfour and Winston Churchill, but he preferred to leave the messy business of politics to others.

At the outset, Pearson considered the Eugenics Education Society a mixture of wisdom and folly, yet more than might have been anticipated, he noted to Francis Galton, and possibly a valuable aid in spreading ideas. The rosy hopefulness disappeared once Pearson saw the shape of the society—particularly the presence of people like Havelock Ellis among its leaders. In 1909, he bluntly told Galton that if the Eugenics Laboratory were to be mixed up in any way with Ellis and his ilk, “we should kill all chance of founding eugenics as an academic discipline.” Physicians were supplying considerable data for Pearson’s studies of human inheritance; Pearson worried that Ellis and his allies were “red rags to the medical bull” and that “if it were thought we were linked up with them we should be left severely alone.”

Setting himself a high standard of scientific rigor, Pearson was contemptuous of eugenic work that he considered careless or slipshod. In his opinion, the Eugenics Education Society indulged in too little science and too much rank propaganda. A prominent member of the society was Caleb W. Saleeby, a physician, medical researcher, and staunch temperance advocate, who preached that the evils of alcohol not only afflicted those who drank but devolved upon their offspring as well. Even before the storm that followed Pearson’s announcement, in 1910, that parental alcoholism had no adverse effects upon children’s intelligence, physique, or tendency to disease, Saleeby had attacked the Eugenics Laboratory as a waste of Galton’s money. Pearson fumed to Galton that “we are the only people who have really endeavoured to measure the relation of alcoholism in parents to the mental and physical condition of the children,” and that “only



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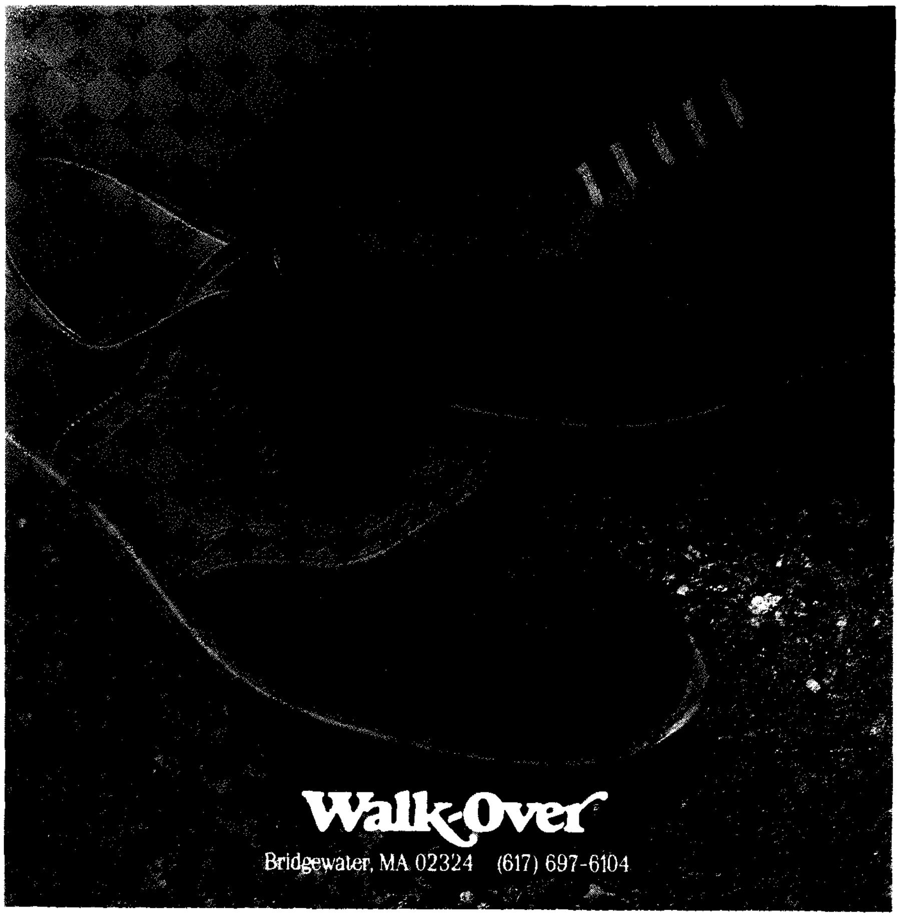

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in this laboratory is the relation of alcoholism to crime and insanity actually known." Pearson sneered at Saleeby's "rhetoric and fustian," and his opinion of the Eugenics Education Society as a group of mush-minded propagandists deepened. Yet the scientific fissure between Pearson and the eugenic activists was more fundamental. While Pearson was a zealous biometrician, organized eugenics tended to be dominated—in Britain as in America—by Mendelians.

The dispute between Mendelians and biometricians which so infected British genetics early in the century plagued British eugenics with almost equal virulence. The charges of unscientific propagandizing levelled by Pearson against the Eugenics Education Society were as much an assault on its Mendelian claims as on its lack of rigor. Particularly offensive to him was the society's embrace of the Mendelian heritability of mental defect. Pearson had not strayed from his own conviction that mental deficiency was inherited, but his belief rested on biometrical studies, which he thought reliable compared with, for example, the American studies popularized by Charles Davenport. In 1913, a study published by the Galton Laboratory concluded about Davenport's data that they had been "collected in an unsatisfactory manner" and "tabled in a most slipshod fashion," and that "the Mendelian conclusions drawn have no justification whatever." Amid the acrimonious cockfight that followed, thoughtful observers could hardly be blamed for concluding that not a great deal was known for certain about the heritability of mental defect. The dispute, pitting Pearson, the principal eugenic researcher in the land, against his colleagues, undermined the scientific authority with which British eugenicists could speak. On behalf of the society, Leonard Darwin kept trying to reach some sort of rapprochement with Pearson; repeatedly failing, he deplored the sharp rift in the camp of British eugenics. Yet if that rift became perhaps the chief weakness of the British movement, British eugenic activism was also hampered by a rift within its own ranks on the appropriateness of pressing for eugenic legislation.

The principal opposition to legislative action came from the social-radical wing of British eugenics. Havelock Ellis salted his eugenic writings with warnings against it: "Public opinion is the only lever at present, and legisla-

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tive action must be impossible—and futile—for a very long time to come." Ellis drew for support upon the distinguished Mendelian geneticist William Bateson. Sympathetic to eugenics but thoroughly opposed to enforcing it by act of Parliament, Bateson declared, in the Herbert Spencer Lecture at Oxford in 1912, "It is not the tyrannical and capricious interference of a half-informed majority which can safely mould or purify a population." Ellis was reluctant to resort to compulsory sterilization. Not offended by sterilization as such, he thought it possibly a useful and effective method of preventing the procreation of the unfit, and particularly of the mentally deficient. He was convinced, however, that in almost all cases sterilization must be voluntary rather than coercive. Voluntary submission to the procedure was to be accomplished by educating the subjects to their civic duty, their responsibility to the race. Compulsion was to be applied only to that tiny "irreducible nucleus of the incapable group," and then only after the use of such social inducements to foster voluntary avoidance of procreation as the group might be amenable to. The opposition of Ellis and other social radicals probably tempered whatever inclination the Eugenics Education Society may have had toward compulsory sterilization; though it had flirted with the idea in the period before passage of the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913, it refrained from advancing a mandatory program in the years that followed.

In the American eugenic movement, there was no social-radical counterpart of the group identified with Havelock Ellis. Many American social radicals—Max Eastman, John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, Mabel Dodge, and the like—seem not to have been drawn to eugenics, undoubtedly because the mainline position was so anti-feminist, anti-birth-control, and, above all, anti-immigrant. American radicals who did dabble in eugenics, like Emma Goldman, were outside the eugenic movement's organized leadership. American eugenics included numerous progressive reformers, of course, but many seem to have been drawn from that wing of progressivism which tended toward an anti-immigrant racism. To the reformers as well as to the conservatives in American eugenics, sterilization went hand in hand with immigration restriction and was just as defensible.

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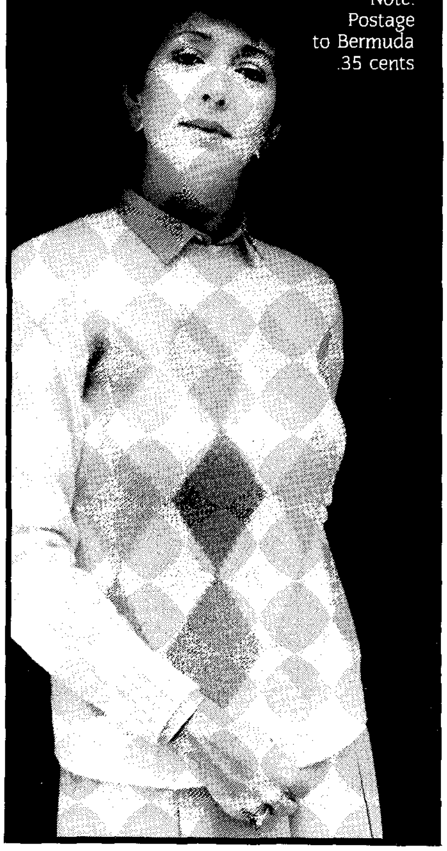

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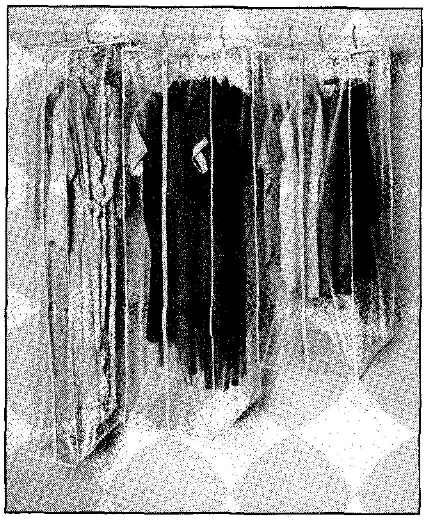

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"unfit." From 1907 to 1928, fewer than nine thousand people had been eugenically sterilized in the United States, as against a "feebleminded menace" of—in Henry Goddard's estimate—between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand people. Nevertheless, American eugenicists seemed to have few misgivings about sterilization. Indeed, they were confident, even enthusiastic, about the policy—enthusiastic enough to make one speculate about the psychodynamics of their attitudes.

Eugenicists gave a good deal of attention to the sexual behavior of the "feebleminded," some authorities discerning excessive sexuality among the males, others claiming that mentally deficient males were actually undersexed. Whatever the disagreement about the males, there had long been none concerning the females: they were reputed to be sources of debauchery, licentiousness, and illegitimacy. In the eighteen-eighties, the trustees of the New York State Custodial Asylum for Feeble-Minded Women argued, typically, that retarded women required special care because they were "*easily yielding to* lust." Henry Goddard, although he suspected that the feebleminded were not as sexually promiscuous as was generally believed, attributed any overdevelopment in the sexual instinct to a lack of inhibition. Mary Dendy, one of Britain's leading workers with the mentally deficient in the decade before the First World War, remarked in a letter to Francis Galton, "The weaker the *Intellect* . . . the greater appears to be the strength of the reproductive faculties. It is as though where the higher faculties have dwindled the lower, or merely animal, take command."

For all the scientific theorizing, there was a good deal of circularity to the analysis. Immoral behavior was taken ipso facto as evidence of feeblemindedness, which, in turn, was claimed to produce immoral behavior. The circularity arose from the tendency of eugenicists to identify as depravity most sexual expression that fell outside the bounds of prevailing middle-class standards. Why such distress at social deviancy? An entire sociopolitical movement can hardly be put on the analyst's couch, but the attention given eroticism, the denunciation of feminism, and the genital attack implicit in sterilization all suggest the possibility that mainline eugenics was driven in part by the psychic energy of a repressed discomfort with sexuality.

Lionel S. Penrose, a British physician who was a world authority on mental deficiency, knew of little evidence that the retarded male or female had an abnormally strong sexual drive. Just why the respectable classes should think that such people did, and should want to sterilize them for it, stimulated the young Penrose to advance in the early nineteen-thirties a Freudian speculation: "It is a well-known psychological mechanism that hatred, which is repressed under normal circumstances, may become manifest in the presence of an object which is already discredited in some way. . . . An excuse for viewing mentally defective individuals with abhorrence is the idea that those at large enjoy themselves sexually in ways which are forbidden or difficult to accomplish in the higher strata of society. The association between the idea of the supposed fecundity of the feebleminded and the need for their sterilization is apparently rational, but it may be emphasized by an unconscious desire to forbid these supposed sexual excesses. It has been pointed out that the advocates of steril*ization never desire it to be applied to* their own class, but always to someone else."

Dr. Harry Sharp first experimented with sterilization in Indiana partly for eugenic ends but also to reduce sexual overexcitation in delinquent boys. Dr. Charles V. Carrington, surgeon to the Virginia Penitentiary, sterilized a dozen men by vasectomy around the turn of the century and reported, "In every instance but two, the subjects were insane, persistent masturbators, and in every case masturbation has ceased [and] patients have invariably improved mentally and physically." In reality, vasectomy did not diminish male sexual desire. Neither did tubal ligation diminish the female sexual drive. Indeed, some of those opposed to sterilization emphasized the point that it would foster rather than diminish sexual license, because pregnancy could not follow indulgence. The problem made some knowledgeable eugenicists, including Charles Davenport, ambivalent toward sterilization, but not Harry Laughlin, who thought that "it ought to be a eugenic crime to turn a possible parent of defectives loose upon the population." There was no more passionately outspoken advocate of sterilization in America than Laughlin, who had made himself an authority on the subject, including

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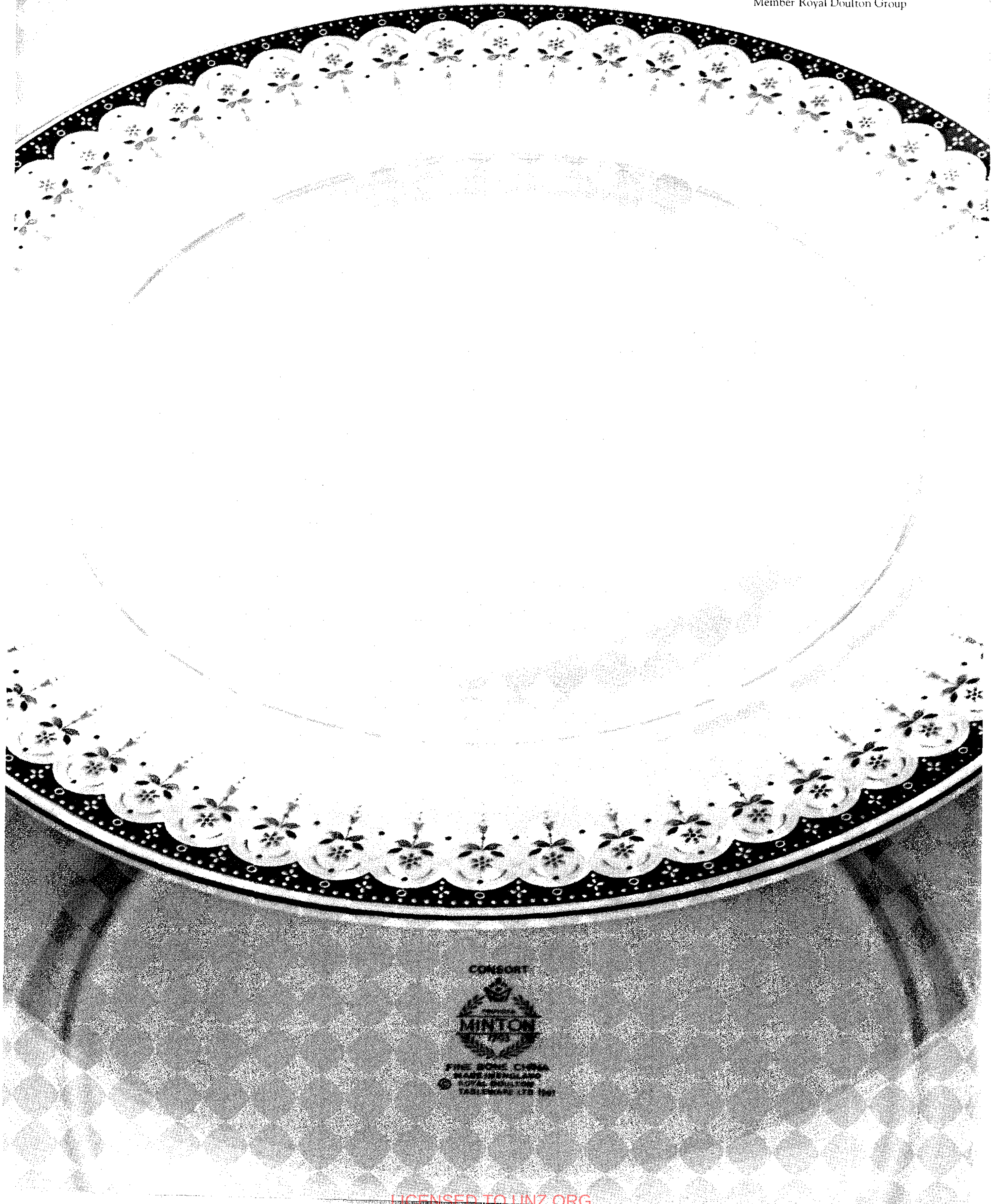

its legal as well as its biological intricacies. The prevailing popular tendency seems to have been to confuse sterilization with castration, and to assume that sterilization reduced sexual energy. According to a 1932 study by Jacob H. Landman, an authority on the legality of sterilization in the United States, sexual offenses or moral degeneracy figured explicitly in the grounds for sterilization found in almost half the state statutes then on the books. In the rest of the state sterilization statutes, sexual license was implicitly covered in provisions concerning "feeblemindedness." A review in 1938 of sterilizations performed at the Virginia Colony for Epileptics and Feebleminded noted that two-thirds of the inmates sterilized had been in trouble with the law, with sexual infractions ranking third among the offenses committed by the males and first among those committed by the females. In California, three out of four of the women subjected to sterilization had been judged sexually delinquent prior to their institutional commitment.

In many states, sterilization measures ran afoul of the courts, of legislative opposition, of executive refusal to enforce, and of gubernatorial vetoes. Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker rejected the sterilization bill of the Pennsylvania legislature with the ringing broadside "It is plain that the safest and most effective method of preventing procreation would be to cut the heads off of the inmates." (Not long afterward, Pennypacker wisecracked down a raucous political audience: "Gentlemen, gentlemen! You forget you owe me a vote of thanks. Didn't I veto the bill for the castration of idiots?") Many of the laws were couched in punitive rather than eugenic terms. Most did not provide elementary procedural protection to those singled out for possible sterilization. Most also confined eligibility for sterilization to people in state institutions. Hence, the objections centered on violations of the constitutional safeguards against cruel and unusual punishment, due process of law, and equal protection of the laws.

One of the most biting critiques of the sterilization statutes was published in 1913 in the *Journal of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology* by the prominent New York lawyer Charles A. Boston. Boston's numerous distinctions included the vice-presidencies of the New York Council of the American Bar Association and of the Society of Medical

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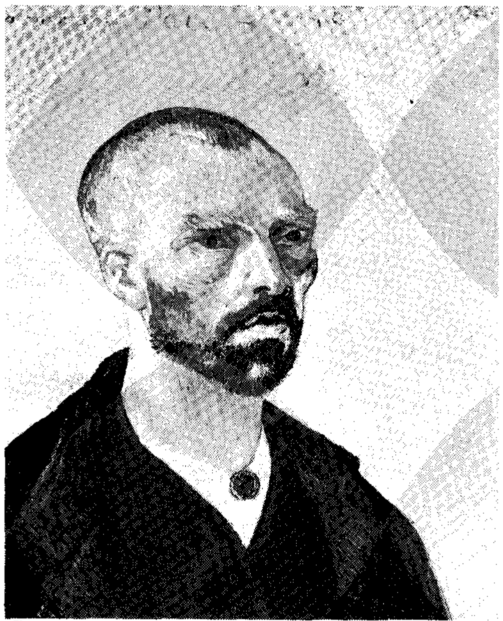

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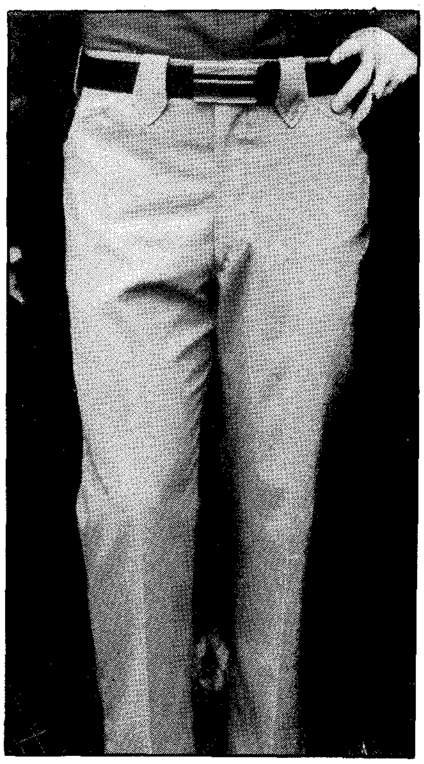

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Jurisprudence, whose Committee on the Law of Insanity he chaired. To the principal constitutional objections to the statutes Boston added the prohibition against bills of attainder and against double jeopardy. Holding up to scrutiny the Indiana law, which began, "Whereas heredity plays a most important part in the transmission of crime, idiocy and imbecility . . .," Boston charged that the legislature had "accepted as established fact the finest shading in the laws of heredity, which are not yet established as a fact in their very broadest outlines." Boston guessed that the number of convictions for rape annually in Indiana must be smaller than the number of persons killed by automobiles, and reasoned, "If criminal tendencies were hereditary, then there would be more substantial reason for sterilizing reckless chauffeurs than 'rapists.' " He indicted the law as without practical effect, having calculated, on the basis of the number of sterilizations carried out in Indiana, that the number of children prevented from being born in that state during a half century would amount to only one-half of one per cent of the population. And that at considerable threat to civil liberties. "If a legislature can *constitutionally* sterilize a criminal or an insane person . . . it could sterilize multi-millionaires," he wrote, ". . . for it might declare in a preamble that the sons of these tend to become a menace to the community, as an idle and licentious class; similarly it could sterilize clergymen, pursuant to a preamble that their sons are frequently charged with being, on the average, worse than other men's sons." In all, Boston deemed that sterilization laws belonged to that class of legislation better "left behind in the cast-off junk of ignorant efforts, with which the past is filled."

By the outbreak of the First World War, sterilization laws were in such dispute as to have been effectively suspended in a number of states. The courts also declared unconstitutional not only the stringent Iowa statute but less sweeping measures in six other states. Advocates of eugenic sterilization, frustrated at the legal impasse, wanted to take the issue to the Supreme Court. In Virginia, eugenicists helped draw up a sterilization measure designed to meet the constitutional objections, which passed the state legislature in March of 1924. The opportunity to press a test case appeared in June, when a seventeen-year-old girl named Carrie Buck, who seemed de-

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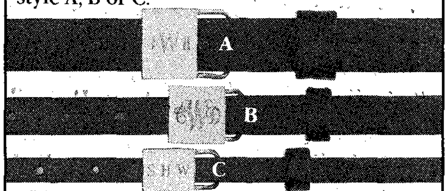

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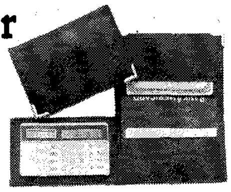

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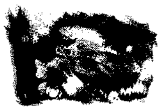

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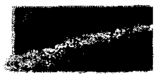

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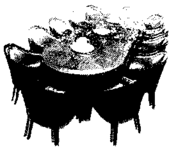

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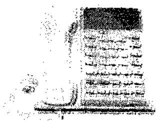

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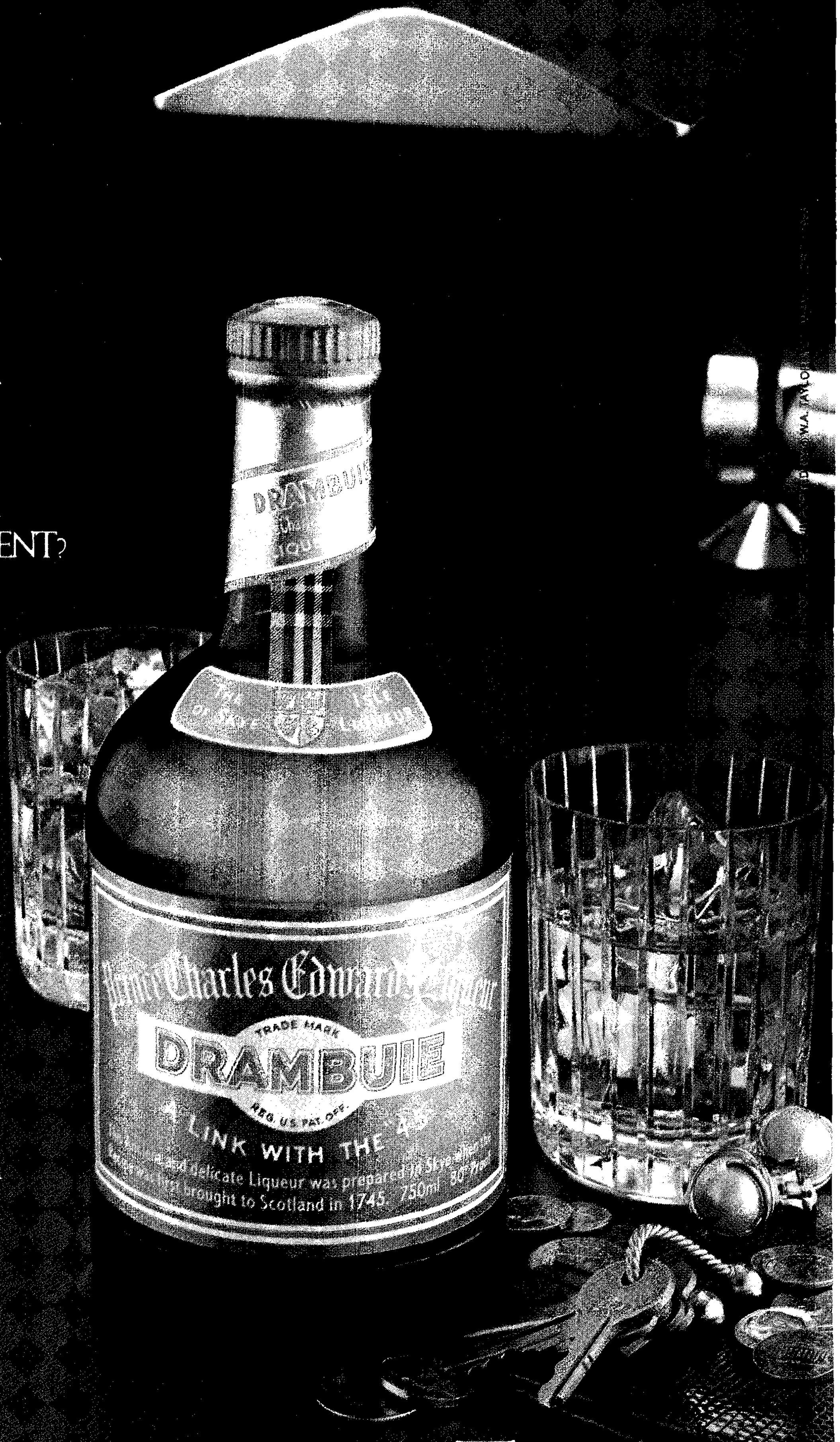
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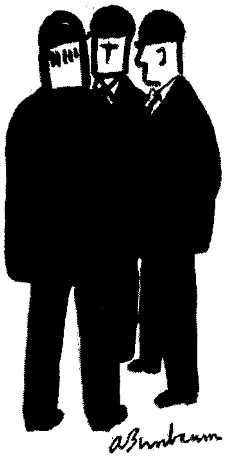
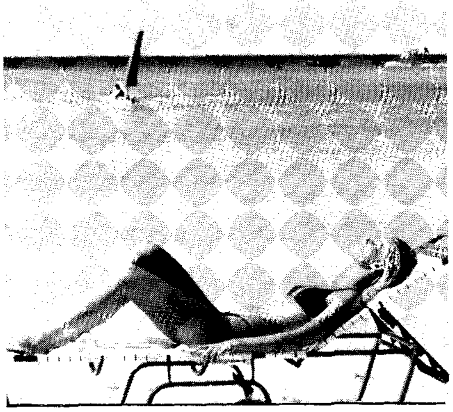
finable as a "moral imbecile," was committed to the Virginia Colony for Epileptics and Feebleminded, at Lynchburg.

Carrie's mother, Emma, had lived at the Colony since 1920 and was also certified to be feebleminded. Carrie herself had conceived a child out of wedlock, and shortly before her commitment she gave birth to a daughter, Vivian. Carrie was given the Stanford revision of the Binet-Simon I.Q. test, and was found to have a mental age of nine years—well within Henry Goddard's definition of "moron." Carrie's mother was found to have a mental age of slightly under eight years. Thus, according to these results, there was mental deficiency in two successive generations. If Vivian could be shown to be feebleminded, too, Carrie would be a perfect subject for a test of the Virginia sterilization statute. In September, the Colony's board of directors ordered Carrie Buck sterilized, and a court-appointed guardian initiated legal proceedings by appealing the order in a suit on Carrie's behalf against the head of the Colony, Albert S. Priddy.



In preparing their case, Virginia officials consulted Harry Laughlin at the Eugenics Record Office. Laughlin examined the pedigrees of Carrie, her mother, and her daughter, and information about them given him by Colony officials, and—without ever having seen them in person—provided an expert deposition that Carrie's alleged feeblemindedness was primarily hereditary. Carrie and her forebears, Laughlin submitted, "belong to the shiftless, ignorant, and worthless class of antisocial whites of the South." At the time of Laughlin's deposition, however, there was no evidence at all that Vivian was mentally deficient. To clarify the matter, Caroline E. Wilhelm, a Red Cross worker who had placed Vivian in a foster home, was prevailed upon to examine her there. At the initial hearing, in the Circuit Court of Amherst County, she testified that there was "a look" about Vivian (who at the time of the visit was seven months old) that was "not quite normal." Evidence also came from Arthur Estabrook, of the Eugenics Record Office, who had subjected Vivian to a mental test for an infant and had concluded that she was below average for a child her age. In the court proceeding, Estabrook testified that the feeblemindedness in the Buck line conformed to the Mendelian laws of inheritance, and the judge upheld the sterilization order.

The case—now known as Buck v. Bell, because Priddy had in the meantime died and been replaced as the defendant by John H. Bell, the new superintendent of the Virginia Colony—was carried to the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals in 1925, and the sterilization order was again upheld. In April of 1927, it was argued before the United States Supreme Court. Carrie's defense counsel, I. P. Whitehead, who was a former member of the board of directors of the Colony, attacked the Virginia sterilization statute, warning that under this type of law "a reign of doctors will be inaugurated and in the name of science new classes will be added, even races may be brought within the scope of such regulation, and the worst forms of tyranny practiced." Nevertheless, the Court was persuaded not only that Carrie Buck and her mother were feebleminded but also—because Vivian was, too (or so all the experts said)—that the feeblemindedness was heritable. The Court, whose membership ranged in political conviction from William Howard Taft to Louis D. Brandeis, upheld the Virginia statute by a vote of eight to one. The sole dissenter was Justice Pierce Butler, a conservative, and he kept his minority opinion to himself. The decision affirmed that sterilization on eugenic grounds was within the police power of the state, that it provided due process of law, and that it did not constitute cruel or unusual punishment. The Court's opinion was written by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, an enthusiast of science as a guide to social action, who managed to find a link between eugenics and patriotism: "We have seen more than once that the public welfare may call upon the best citizens for their lives. It would be strange if it could not call upon those who already sap the strength of the State for these lesser sacrifices . . . in order to prevent our being swamped with incompetence. . . . The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes." With deliberate punch,



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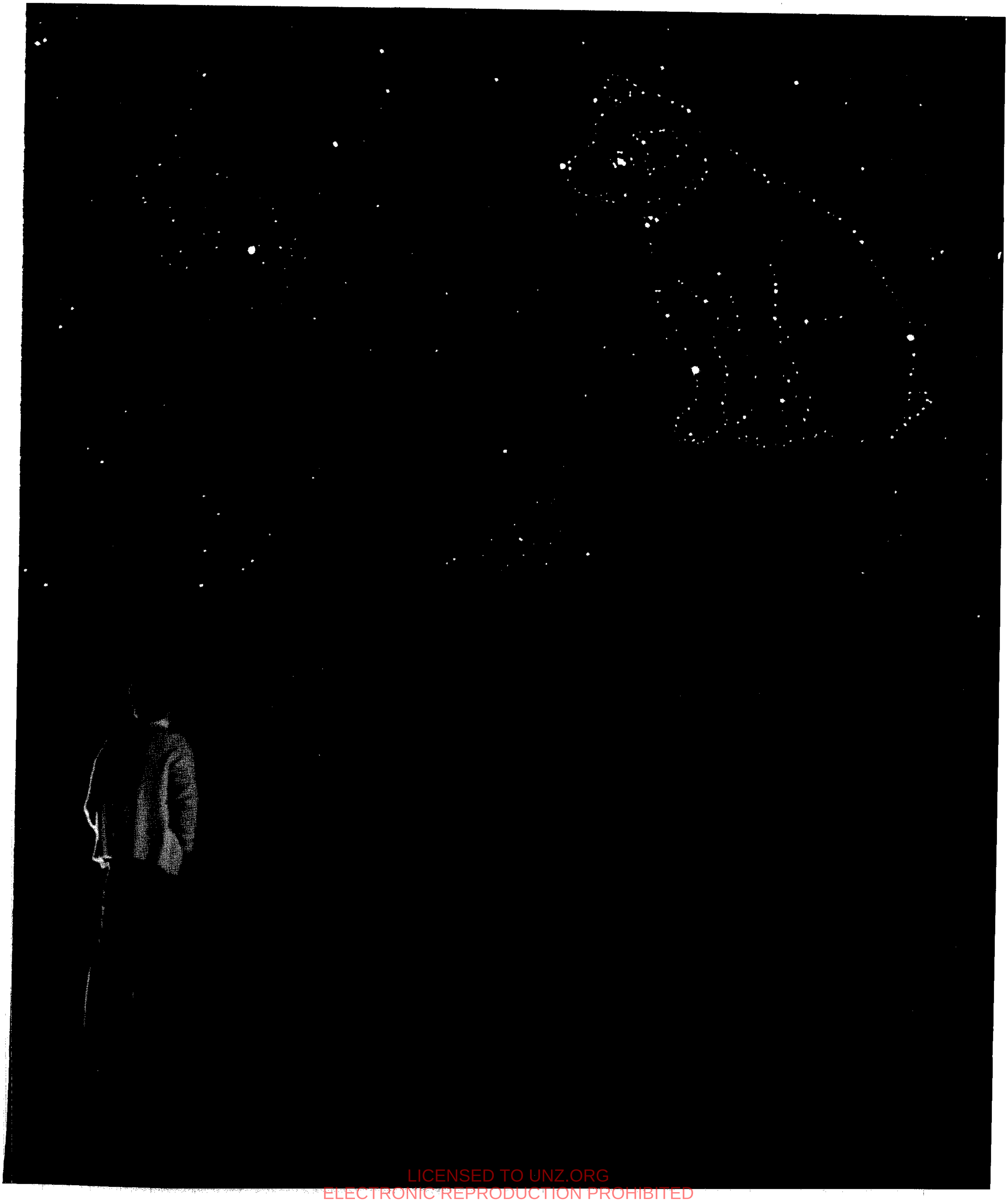

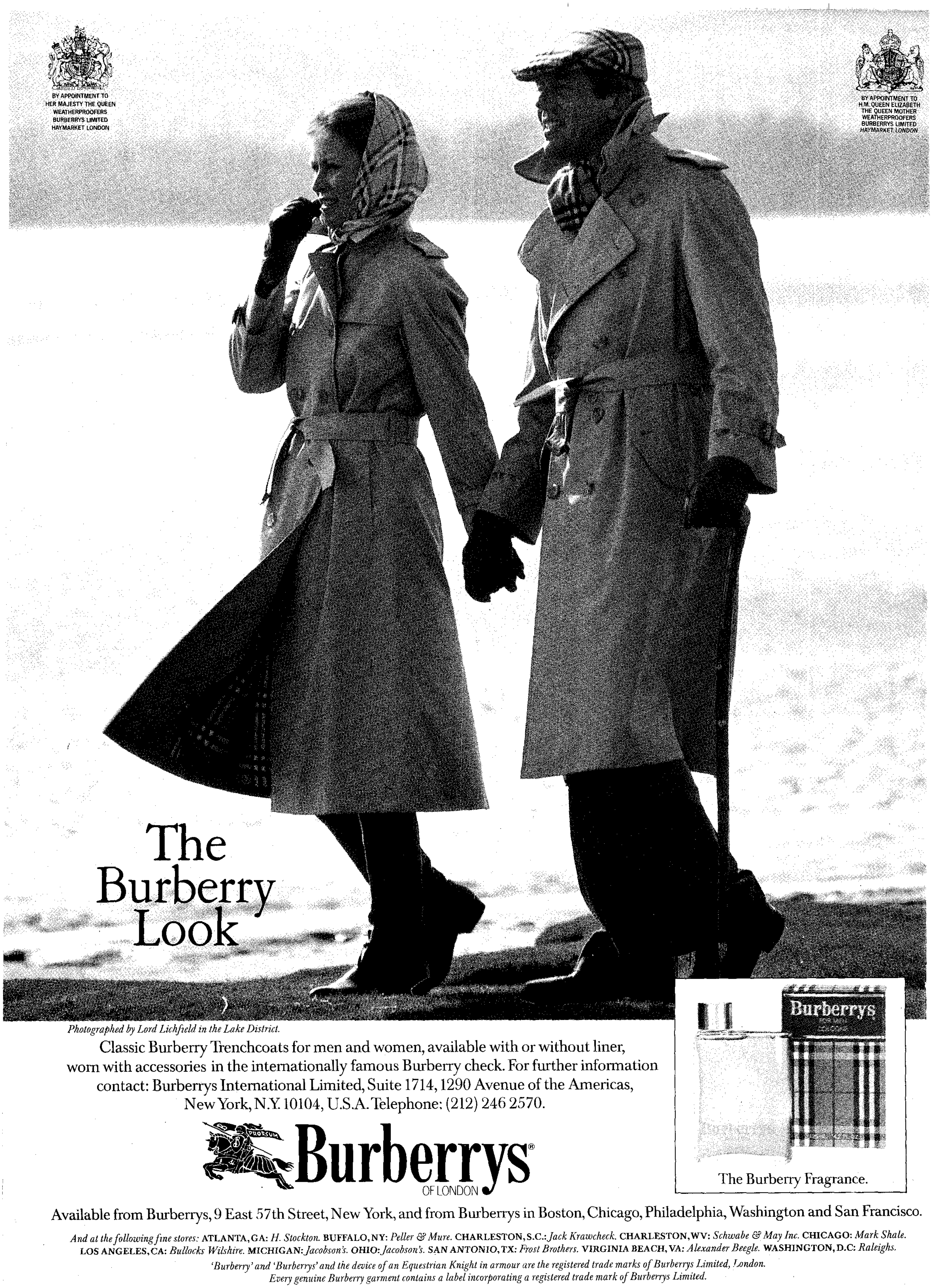

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Holmes asserted: "Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

Eugenicists naturally rejoiced at Buck v. Bell. For some years prior to the decision, the American Eugenics Society had promoted what it thought might be a constitutional revision of the faulty sterilization statutes. Apart from procedural and technical changes, the revisions centered on making the laws eugenic rather than punitive in intent. After Buck v. Bell, what was constitutional was clear. By the end of the nineteen-twenties, sterilization laws were on the books of twenty-four states, and the South was no longer a regional exception. (Though severely restricted by federal regulation, they are still on the books of twenty states today.) Carrie Buck was sterilized soon after the Court's decision, and officials at the Virginia Colony subjected a total of about a thousand other inmates to the procedure in the next ten years. The sterilization laws were not uniformly enforced, but by the mid-thirties, some twenty thousand sterilizations had been legally performed in the United States.

Buck v. Bell generally stimulated either favorable, cautious, or—most commonly—no editorial comment. Few, if any, newspapers took notice of the impact of the decision on civil liberties in the United States. The I.Q. tests used in the Buck case have long since been discredited as indicators of general intelligence. With regard to the allegedly hereditary nature of mental defect in the Buck line, it is of interest that Carrie's daughter, Vivian, went through the second grade before she died, at the age of eight, of an intestinal disorder. Her teachers reportedly considered her very bright.

—DANIEL J. KEVLES

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

•

Youssef M. Ibrahim, *Wall Street Journal*, won a special award for reporting on the ecopolitical ramifications of efforts by OPEC countries to adjust to journalist-author William Lawrence Shirer.—*Editor & Publisher.*

Always a tough story.

•

If you had said in 1924 it would be possible to watch the Super Bowl in your own house people would have laughed.—*Adv. for Glenrothes in the magazine Area Development.*

Or suggested you sit down at the piano.

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THE ART WORLD

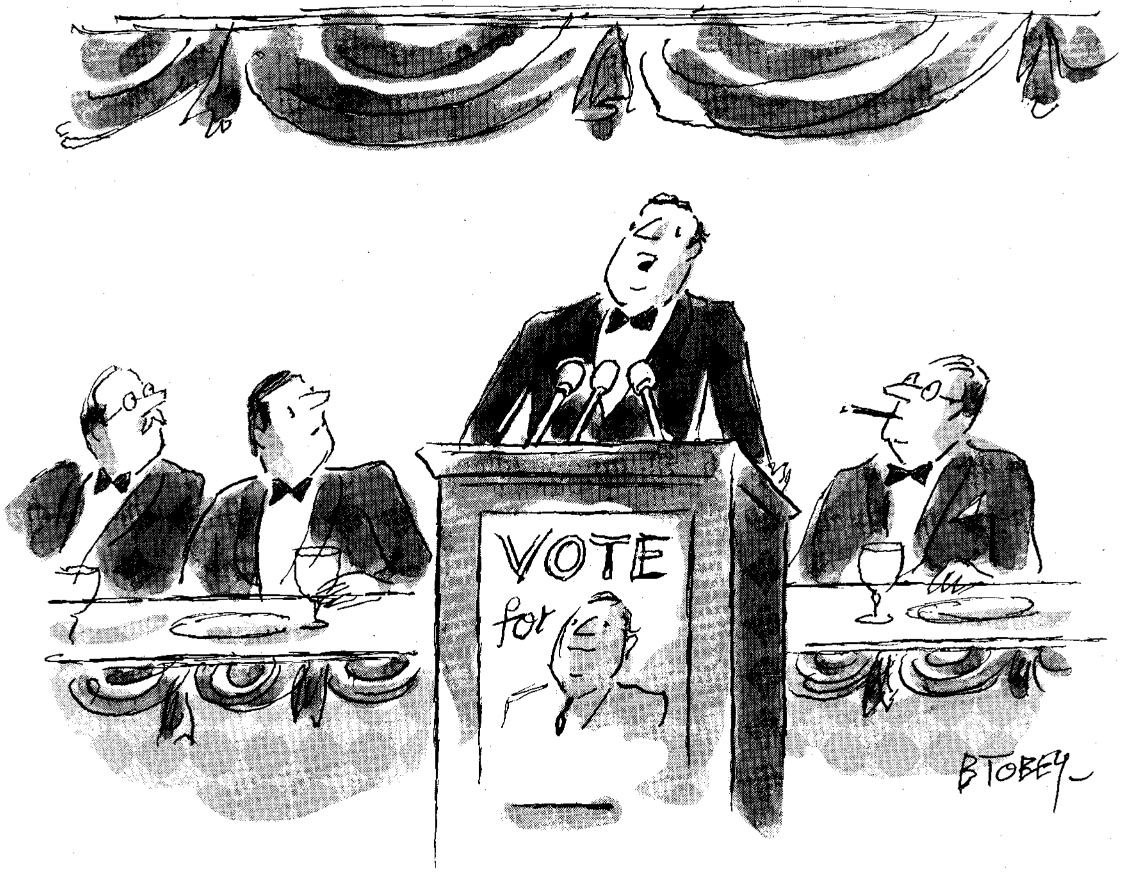
Agora

ALL summer, the newly reopened Museum of Modern Art had a festive, holiday look. Tourists in jeans, in playsuits, in saris, in alarmingly short shorts milled through the galleries and rode the escalators in the light-filled Garden Hall, conversing in a dozen languages. It was almost like being at the beach. The temperature was fine, the crowds were large but not oppressively large, and after a bracing dip in the sea of modern art you could relax in the sun or the shade of the outdoor sculpture garden, whose semi-sacred purlieus have changed very little. After four years of restricted operations while the expansion and renovations were carried out, and five months during which the museum was closed altogether, the new MOMA is clearly a smash hit with the public, and it has even found favor with some architecture critics and art professionals. Cesar Pelli, the architect whose job it was to double the museum's exhibition space in ways that would harmonize with the original museum building and its subsequent additions, and to integrate the whole with a forty-four-story residential tower that would not immolate the museum or cast a pall over its famous garden, has received a good deal of praise for his ingenious and self-effacing solutions. Most people are very happy with the new museum. Some people are absolutely furious.

The harshest criticism comes from artists, art critics, and other aesthetes who were deeply involved (professionally and emotionally) with the old museum. "The pictures have lost their souls" in the reinstallation, one influential MOMA trustee said the other day. There have been endless complaints about the reframing of paintings in the permanent collection; taking them out of their old frames, which in some cases were elaborately carved works of art in themselves, and putting them into uniform, minimal wood frames may serve the didactic purpose of William Rubin, the Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture and the man responsible for the reinstallation, but it does not, according to these critics, serve the interest of the individual paintings.

The New York art community came down hard on "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture," the big international group show, organized by the curator Kynaston McShine, with which the museum inaugurated its new temporary exhibition galleries on the ground floor and the lower level. Although the show was similar to several large international surveys in Europe during the last few years, McShine's decision not to include work by artists who had had major museum exhibitions in New York was widely misunderstood, and some of his choices were fairly bewildering. (The exclusion of Keith Haring and other prominent graffiti artists was interpreted, rightly or wrongly, as a measure of the museum's unrelenting hostility to the graffiti artists' principal dealer, Tony Shafrazi, the man who sprayed paint on Picasso's "Guernica" in 1974.) The museum has been criticized during the last decade for neglecting contemporary art. McShine's huge survey (a hundred and ninety-five works by a hundred and sixty-six artists) was the first large group exhibition of new work there since his own 1970 "Information" show, which marked the emergence of Conceptualism, and there is not much in the schedule of forthcoming exhibitions at MOMA to suggest an increased emphasis on contemporary work.

The issue of what to do about the most recent art has been under debate since the museum was founded, in 1929. Artists, dealers, and collectors of contemporary art always hope to enlist MOMA's enormous prestige in the validation of what they believe to be the current mainstream. As Rubin pointed out in a recent interview in *ARTnews*, though, "the exhibition program of this museum is responsible to the entire history of modern art, not merely—or even primarily—to what is happening today." For much of its own history,



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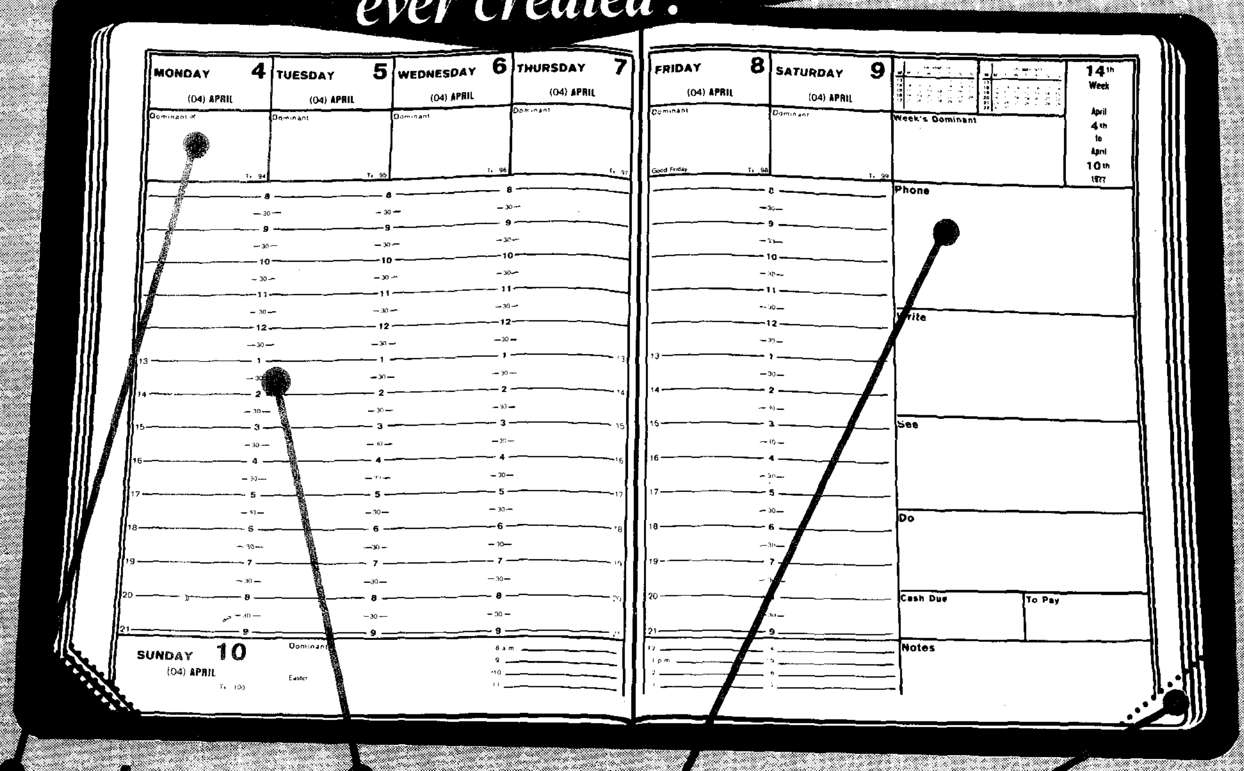

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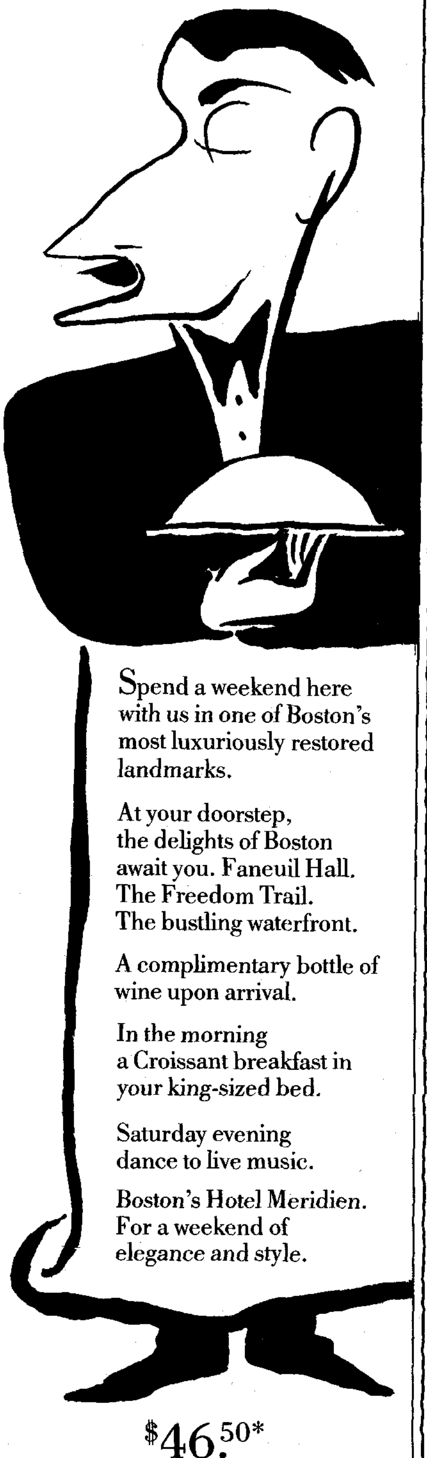

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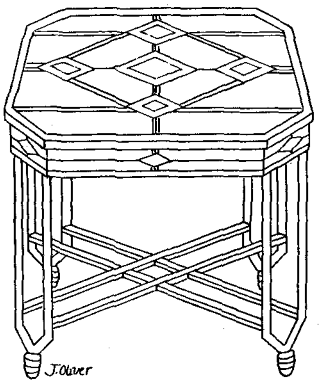
MOMA has been the evangelical church of modernism. Its missionary fervor touched all artists in the days when many people looked on modern art with scorn or suspicion, and it is natural for today's young artists to feel that they belong there. But Alfred Barr, the museum's guiding spirit, believed in staying "a respectful distance" behind the contemporary artist; if you got too close, he thought, you would not be able to exercise the "conscientious, continuous, resolute distinction of quality from mediocrity" that he considered to be the museum's primary function and responsibility.

The church of modernism is preserved intact within the enlarged museum. It is found in the galleries of painting and sculpture on the second and third floors, where the permanent collection that Barr and his associates and successors built has been installed with reverence and in far greater depth than was possible in the old museum. Rubin likes to stress the "synoptic" aspects of MOMA's unrivalled collection—the fact that it is the only modern-art collection in the world that represents all the national schools and does so in some sort of equilibrium—and what he has given us in this linked series of galleries is the synoptic gospel of modern art according to MOMA. The visitor does not wander at will in the new painting and sculpture galleries. Each room leads directly and exclusively into the next, in a strict and generally chronological sequence, beginning, on the second floor, with Cézanne and the Post-Impressionists (among whom the Douanier Rousseau is now firmly ensconced), and including all the major developments of a century of modernism and an astonishing number of the miracles wrought by its preëminent saints, Picasso and Matisse. In the galleries on the third floor, the scene largely shifts from Paris to New York. The rise of Abstract Expressionism is shown in detail, thanks to Rubin's success in acquiring early works by Pollock, Gorky, and others whom his predecessors had hesitated to acquire when they were new (and relatively inexpensive). Rauschenberg and Johns, Pop Art, and color-field painting make a strong showing, along with Jean Dubuffet and Francis Bacon, the only Europeans MOMA seems willing to put on a par with American artists in the post-1960 period. The pilgrimage ends in a very large gallery devoted to recent or contemporary work on a temporary basis—the installation will be changed every three months. Currently, this space is devoted to the "affinities" section of " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art," a fascinating exhibition about which I will have more to say in a future issue.

There are those who dispute the priorities and emphases of the gospel according to MOMA, and those who take issue with certain aspects of the installation. On the whole, though, the works of art are so compelling in themselves and the installation shows them off so well (with many a telling comment made by one picture upon another) that any doubts seem to suggest a lack of faith.

Even on crowded days, a persevering pilgrim can still receive the message. Most of the galleries are fairly small, as they were in the old museum; MOMA's curators were determined to preserve the intimate scale of a private home or apartment—the scale in which modern paintings, according to Rubin, are seen to best advantage. Carpeting reduces the sound level, and the one-way directional flow works against overcrowding in all but the first two galleries on the second floor, where visitors tend to loiter and bunch up in front of van Gogh's "Starry Night" and Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy." Even here, though, there is not the sense of a vast, buzzing multitude which you get at the Centre Pompidou, for example, or in the André Meyer galleries of nineteenth-century painting at the Metropolitan. A. Hyatt Mayor, the Metropolitan's late curator of prints, and one of the most delightful men who ever lived, observed once that you can only *see* works of art for half an hour. For the next half hour, you simply "check off the existence of things," he said. "After that, you just wander about hoping for some indecency." It seems to me, though, that museum fatigue is quite often the result of being in large, undifferentiated spaces, with too much to look at and too many distractions. I



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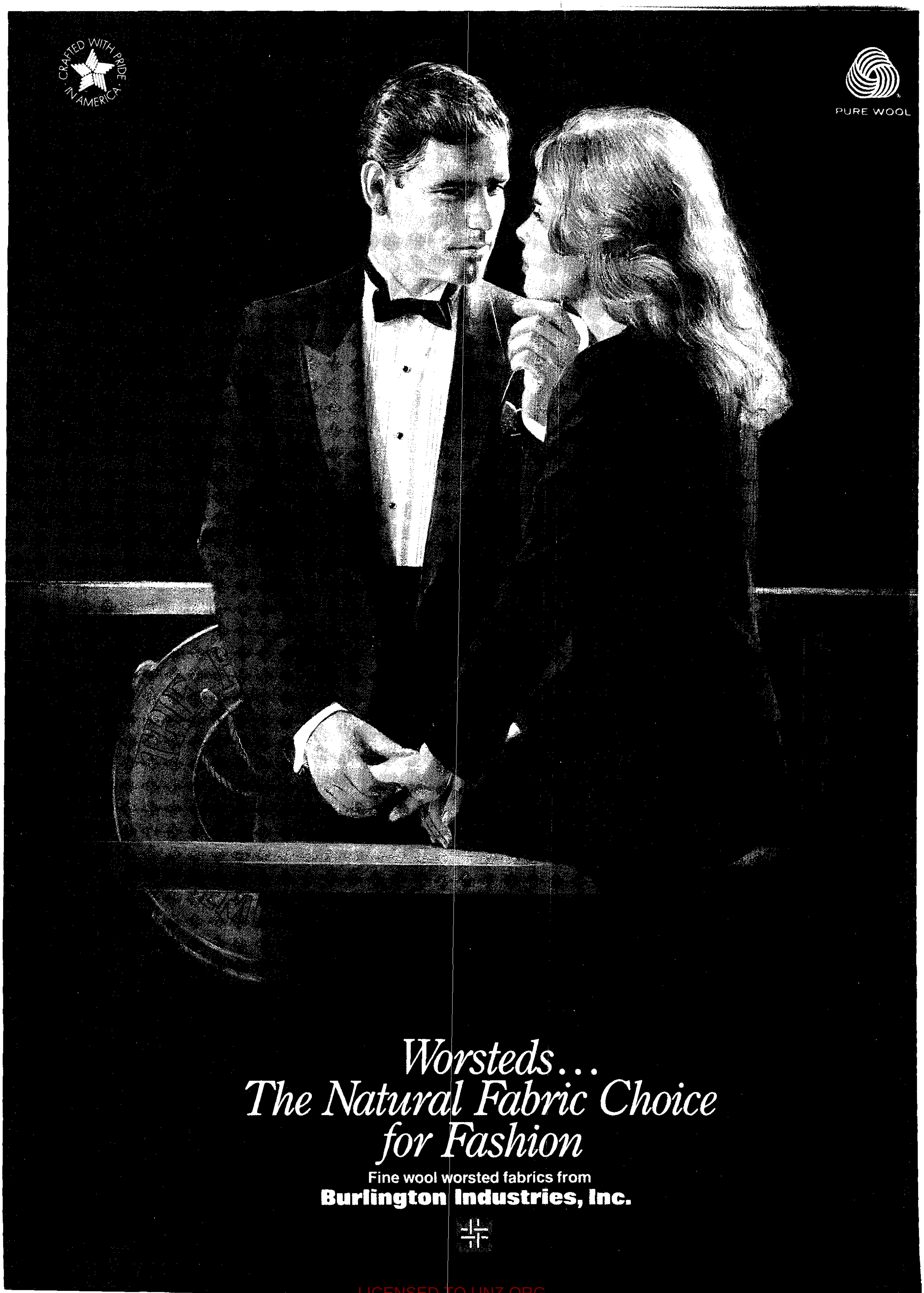

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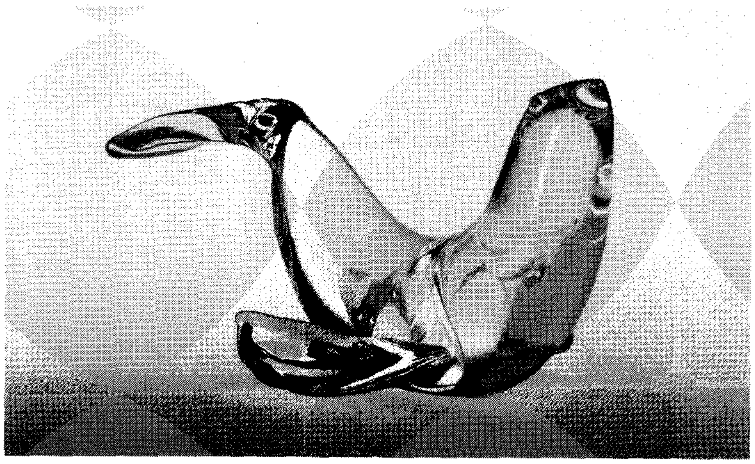
think that you can spend more than half an hour really looking at the paintings and sculptures in the galleries of the permanent collection at MOMA, and that the experience can be a coherent one, enlivened by one or two modest indecencies. Not many people want to look at paintings with this degree of concentration, of course, but for those who do the opportunity exists.

IF large public spaces work against the individual's ability to respond to works of art, why have so many new museums in this country and in Europe spent so much money to provide them? I. M. Pei's East Building of the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., Richard Meier's High Museum in Atlanta, Edward Larrabee Barnes's new building for the Dallas Museum of Art all have as their most prominent features vast open areas in which only the most outspoken works of art can begin to hold their own, and the new Museum of Modern Art has its spectacular, glass-enclosed Garden Hall. The reason is obvious. Every museum today faces the problem of what to do about the mass public. The Museum of Modern Art was designed originally to accommodate five hundred visitors a day; right now the daily average is about fifty-three hundred. People come to museums for many different reasons, and with many different expectations, but they come in ever greater numbers, and their presence has changed the essential nature of museums. Traditionally, in this country (although not in Europe), the primary function of a museum was thought to be educational—the museum was a temple of knowledge and an arbiter of taste. No museum has played that role more effectively than MOMA, of course, and MOMA's teachings, refined and codified, are now enshrined for all time in the galleries of the permanent collection. But MOMA has also played other roles through much of its history. More than any other museum in the city, it has served as an agora, a gathering place, and it is this function that the new Garden Hall, incorporating and extending the garden itself, is destined to enhance. The importance of the agora should not be underestimated. New York has relatively few gathering places of this nature, and no city can ever have too many of them. The pleasures that such an environment offers, moreover, are by no means unrelated to the experience of looking at



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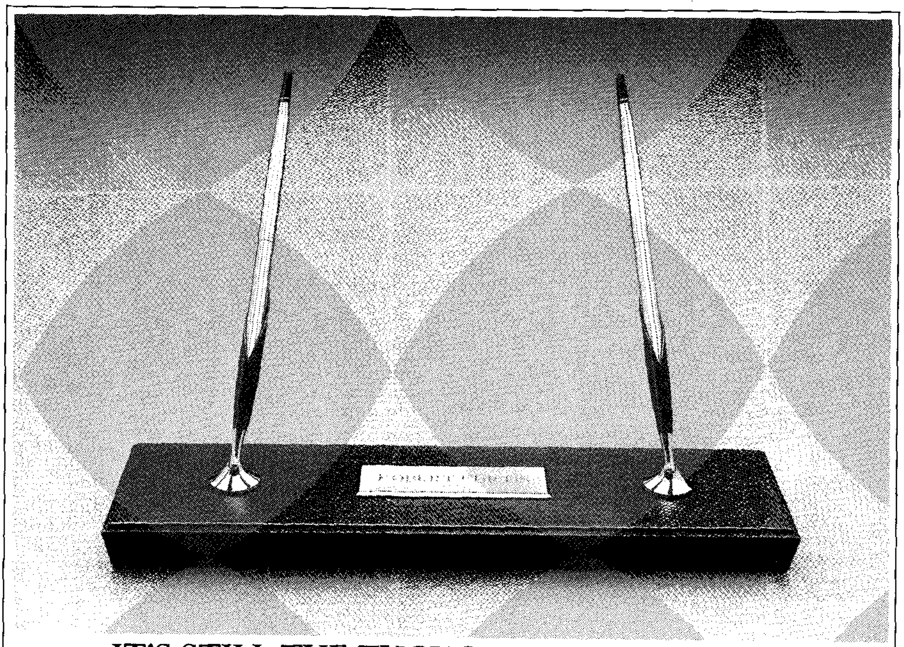

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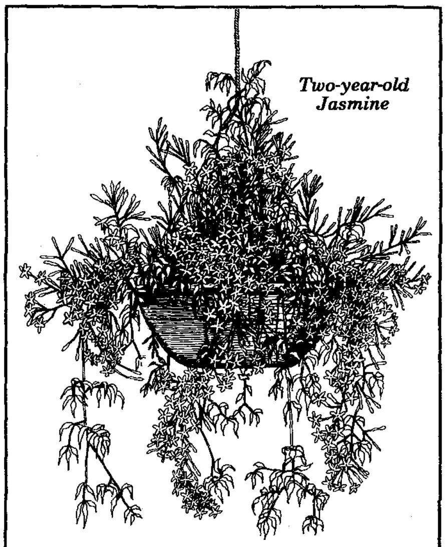

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works of art. It is perfectly possible to approach art on a level that has nothing to do with education—or with reverence, for that matter—and everything to do with pleasure.

In a recent special issue of *The New Criterion* which was devoted to MOMA, Hilton Kramer observed, with his customary gloom, that "the museum is now hostage to the new public it has created for itself." What museum in the world is not? The mass audience for visual art is not going to give up visiting museums, however fervently some people wish it would, and since that is the case it seems to make sense for museums to accommodate that audience on as many levels as possible. Ideally, it should accommodate the browser as well as the pilgrim, without playing down to either one. No small order, to be sure, but the new MOMA is making a serious effort in that direction.

The problem of the mass public connects in an odd way with the perennial problem of what to do about contemporary art. In the new, very showy catalogue of its collections—"The Museum of Modern Art, New York" (Abrams)—William Rubin writes that "contemporary art has recently become, to a certain extent, a public art." Most of the paintings in Kynaston McShine's "International Survey" were huge in scale, and highly aggressive either in subject matter or in style. These works, to put it mildly, are not seen to best advantage in small galleries; perhaps they do not belong in a museum at all. Where do they belong, then? Some of them could do wonders for a suburban shopping mall or a stadium parking lot. The possible sites for public art have scarcely been tapped as yet, but the subject is receiving more attention all the time.

Some of the most interesting work of the present period is being done by artists who have broken away from the dealer-collector-museum network in order to collaborate with architects and developers in the creation of new public spaces—parks, town squares, waterways, theatres, monuments. Robert Irwin, Nancy Holt, Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Richard Fleischner, Mary Miss, George Trakas, and several others are engaged primarily in this sort of activity, and their work has become a powerful incentive for further development in the public area. Modern art was introspective, and sometimes hermetic. It seems to me that much of the most vital work be-

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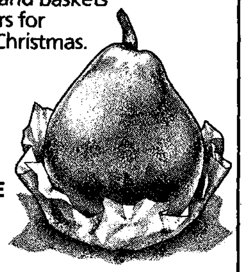

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ing done today refers neither to the artist nor to past art but to the world outside art. Whether this sort of work can be shown in a museum context is an open question. The Los Angeles County Museum of Art is planning a show next winter called "The Artist as Social Designer," which will present work in public spaces by eighteen artists. The museum has enlisted several of the artists to help design the exhibition, and their approach to this tricky assignment—photographs and scale models do not tell us very much about what makes a public space work—should be of considerable interest to other museums, MOMA included. The distinguishing of quality from mediocrity is still a good definition of the museum's basic purpose, and its application to the new art of public spaces is overdue.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

●

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The broth must be very perfumed and can be favoured with spices. Pour the cooked couscous into a deep plate, undo the balls, which eventually could have been occured, in stirring with fresh butter.

Serve the couscous, vegetable and meat, broth, in 3 different plates. Each companion will accomodate the couscous according to his taste, i.e. more or less of the broth and of the pungentsauce, as well as the vegetable of his choice.

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Hold on a minute—we're still trying to join the chick-peas.

●

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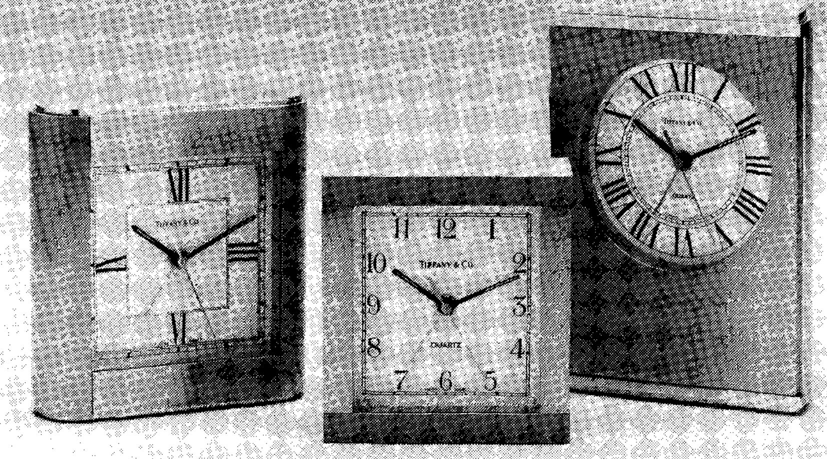
We preferred his earlier book, "Oozing Down the Poconos."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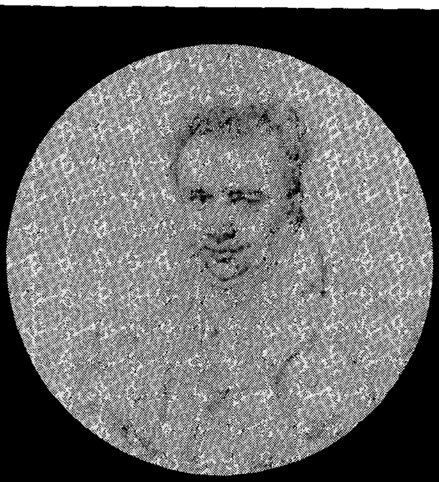
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CHRISTIE'S

LETTER FROM TURKEY

RELICS of vanished supremacy impart to Istanbul, and by extension to the rest of Turkey, the aspect of civilization in decay. Crumbling bits of the walls undertaken by Constantine in 326 to protect the city still stand. Hagia Sophia, the great church erected by Justinian and dedicated in 537, is a central tourist attraction. Another attraction, better known because of the film of the same name, is Topkapi, the vast palace, with its famous harem, that is associated with the reign of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent, in the sixteenth century. On a recent visit, I learned that the military prosecutor in the case of Mehmet Ali Ağca, the Turkish terrorist who tried to assassinate the Pope in 1981, works out of a building that was used as a military hospital by Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War.

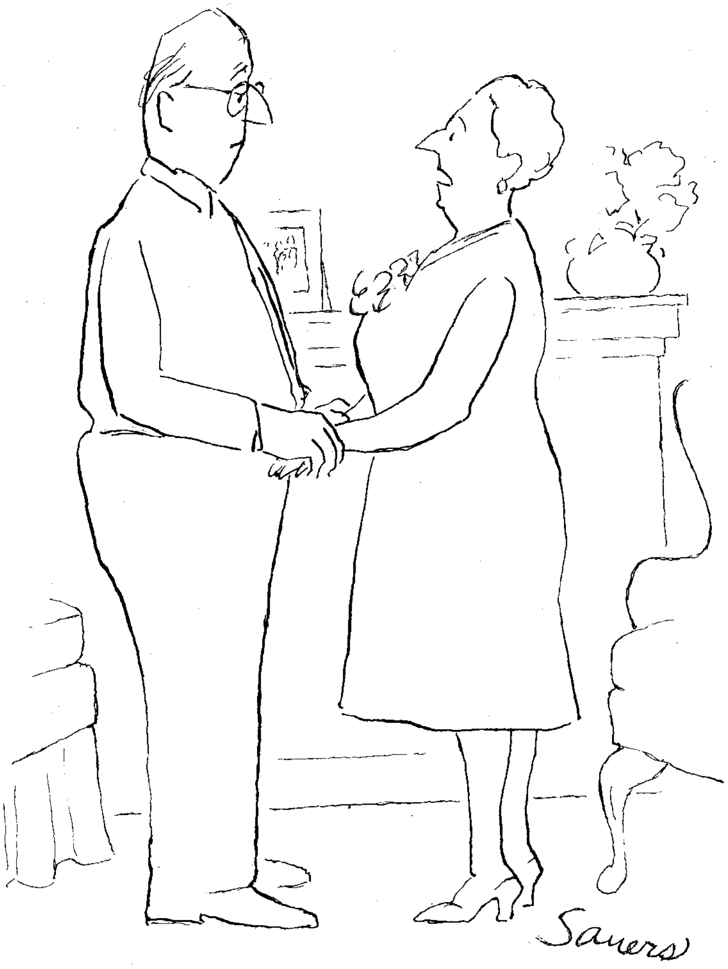
But there is one legacy from the Turkish past that retains glory and power. Thanks in large measure to the Ottoman tradition, the Turkish Army is a force to be reckoned with in domestic politics and in international affairs. After the United States, Turkey—with five hundred and fifty thousand men under arms—has the largest army of any country in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Since the ouster of the Shah of Iran, the Anatolian hinterland of eastern Turkey is what mainly stands between Russia and the Middle East. Accordingly, the United States and Turkey now have under way a major military buildup, which includes the construction of a vast new airbase within striking range of Soviet and Iranian territory.

Three times in recent years—in 1960, 1971, and 1980—Turkish military leaders have intervened to take power from the civilian rulers. Unlike their tin-pot counterparts in much of Africa and Latin America, the Turkish generals—and the colonels and captains, too—have handed power back to the civilians in a disciplined way. The latest intervention ended a period of chaotic gang warfare, civil strife, and terror that yielded as one remote by-product the assassination attempt against the Pope by Ağca. A new constitution was adopted in 1982, with a powerful President—Kenan Evren, the general who led the coup of 1980—designated for a term of seven years. Since then, however, parliamentary elections have brought to power a civilian leader not particularly favored by the military—Prime Minister Turgut Özal. Özal has initiated a strategy for economic development that clashes with the model established by the founder of the Turkish Republic, Mustafa Kemal, or Atatürk. If Özal succeeds, Turkey will have fused what the British scholar Andrew Mango calls its "two cultures." It will have harmonized the European sophistication of the coastal cities with the traditions of the Anatolian hinterland. It will have found a new identity—an identity fit for the era of Ronald Reagan and Ayatollah Khomeini.

My starting point for some modest research into these matters was General Evren, whom I visited at the Presidential palace, in Ankara. He is a short, spare soldier with a markedly plain style. His desk is bare except for a couple of pens, a clock, scissors, a blotter, and—as if some visitor might be in doubt—a nameplate. His expression is genial, and his supporters claim that the ninety-one-and-a-half-percent vote that approved the new Constitution, with Evren as President, on November 7, 1982, reflects genuine personal popularity. After shaking hands, I remarked that he looked relaxed. He responded, in a jovial tone and with a reference to the Prime Minister, that he had found somebody else to do the work. But he turned serious and plunged into detail when I asked him about the role of the military in Turkey.

"As men differ from other men, so nations differ from other nations," he said. "Inevitably, these differences find their reflection in the armed forces. When the Turks came to Anatolia and started to build their empire, they immediately understood the critical nature of the territory. Because of this, and for self-defense, they had to give priority to the army. They created a permanent armed force—better known as the Janissary Corps. With a strong army, our forefathers were able to keep the Ottoman Empire going for over four hundred years."

There followed a disquisition on the Janissaries—their practice of toppling the occasional sultan "but maintaining the order of succession," and their decay ("because of personal interests" and "the influence of extreme religious circles"), which "shook the empire." The Janissary Corps was abolished in 1826, and the Army was then reorganized along European lines. In the First World War, Evren pointed out, "the Ottoman Army had to stop fighting only because our ally, Germany, gave up." Atatürk, the hero of the Turkish defense at Gallipoli, then used the Army as the instrument for transform-



"John, do please stop calling me a wench."

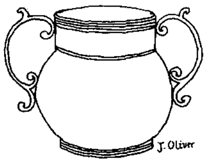
ing the old empire into the modern republic. "In Turkey, all the major reforms were initiated by the Army," Evren continued. "The first engineering and medical schools were established in the Army. The civilian sector then followed that example. The Turkish armed forces have always been the vanguard for reform and Westernization of this country."

As for current politics, Evren mentioned the interventions in 1960, 1971, and 1980, and said that the military "did not cling to power." He continued, "Here lies the peculiarity of the Turkish armed forces. Our armed forces are well instructed and trained. They hold Western ideas. They know what democracy is all about. They also know from history and experience that if the Army gets involved in politics this would harm the Army and also the nation. Therefore, our main concern is not the disruption of democracy but its survival."

In concluding, Evren referred with some acerbity to the Western democracies. "The democratic process is not easy," he said. "If we take a look at Western democracies, we can see that they had centuries of experience." He asked for the same kind of patience for Turkey. "We have come a long way in a difficult process," he said, adding, of the 1980 coup, "I hope ours will be the last intervention."

I said that impatience with Turkey—in the United States, at least—was based much less on the fact of military rule than on particular practices. I cited harsh prison conditions, including torture, political trials, and—above all—unilateral action, including military action, on Cyprus. I said that the Turkish military occupation of northern Cyprus in particular was a bone in the American throat, and enabled the Greek lobby in Congress to attach conditions to military aid for Turkey.

The President pointed out that his regime was the first in Turkish history even to acknowledge torture. He offered legalistic defenses for the trials. My impression—later confirmed by members of the Socialist opposition—was that zealous prosecutors and policemen were more to blame for excesses than the chief of state, and that a progressive softening was likely. On Cyprus, however, Evren was absolutely adamant, and he added some complaints about sympathy in France and other Western countries for attacks on Turkish diplomats by Armenian terrorists. Having dealt off most of the old empire, he said, Turkey would not now "give up a single pebble of territory." Concerning outside pressures, he cited strong Turkish reactions to the American arms embargo of 1975, and the tough letter against Turkish military action on Cyprus written by President Lyndon Johnson in 1964. He acknowledged that, especially compared with Greece, Turkey did a poor job of selling itself in the United States. "We don't feel comfortable praising ourselves," he said. But he strongly implied, without mentioning any names, that, unlike Greece or France or Germany or Britain, Turkey could not be bought by American aid. "It is better to give us no aid than to attach conditions," he said dryly.



A FEW minutes after my chat with the President, I called on a European Ambassador, long resident in Turkey, who is known for his expertise on the country. I gave him a brief account of the conversation with Evren.

The Ambassador nodded, and said, "The President is a reasonable man. He studies his dossiers, and he is not hard to deal with. I think he really means it when he expresses the hope that there will be no future military interventions. Already, the military have swallowed a lot. They didn't want Turgut Özal as Prime Minister. They got him. They wanted one of their own as Speaker of the Grand National Assembly. Instead, they got a civilian. They tried to suppress the old political parties. Now the old parties are beginning to come back.

"But I wonder how long the coöperation can continue. Underneath the calm of the surface, there is great turmoil and tension—a historic conflict, really. Atatürk tried to solve the problem of the Ottoman Empire by ceding Turkish claims to the Balkans and the Arab lands and letting nation-states grow up there. He wanted Turkey to be a nation-state, too—a single country, with a single people and a single leader. But there is no single people here, and there never has been. The ancient Greeks used to think of the coastal lands of Asia Minor as soft, rich pickings—the cities where Croesus and other fat cats waxed rich. Behind them, on the Anatolian plain, were tough warriors and peasants—the fighters of Xerxes and Darius. In Anatolia today, you can still see the same people—brown people living in brown houses in brown villages set in brown fields. Along the coasts, you see the softer Europeans. Racially, they are Turks, of course, but they absorbed Western ways from the Greeks and the Serbs when Turkey ruled a cosmopolitan empire. Even after the empire collapsed, and many came back home, they retained the Western outlook, and they have run the republic ever since. Evren, for instance, was born near Izmir, but he looks European, and he is. His parents came from Macedonia. Between the Anatolians of the plain and the cities of the coast there is constant battling. Atatürk himself is a mystery. He was born in a Greek city—Salonika. He did away with the sultanate and the wearing of the fez. He eliminated the religious authority—the caliphate. He introduced Latin script in place of Arabic. In most of his pictures, he appears in gleaming formal dress—immaculate white tie and tails. But did he have on underwear?"

The Ambassador paused, and then said, "Of course, the Turks themselves can't ask that question. They can't admit the degree of difference inside their own country between the Anatolian villagers and the city people of the coast. They don't like to acknowledge that there are different minorities, like the Kurds and the Armenians, and various Muslim sects. To assert those differences inside Turkey is to open the way to further dismemberment. The Turks won't allow that. They still feel something of an imperial tradition. They even felt uneasy when the Pope went to Vienna to mark the three-hundredth anniversary of the defense of the city against the Turks in 1683. They remember that once—not so very long ago—they ruled from Baghdad to the Atlas Mountains and from the steppes of Russia to the Persian Gulf."

But while nobody advertises it to the outside world the clash between the traditional folk of the Anatolian uplands and the more modern élite of the coast dominates daily life. The postwar era has been marked by a huge rise in population (from nineteen million to forty-seven million) and a vast movement of people inside Turkey. For nearly forty years, Anatolian peasants have been coming off the land and into the provincial capitals and the cities of the coast. The million and a half Turks who went to West Ger-

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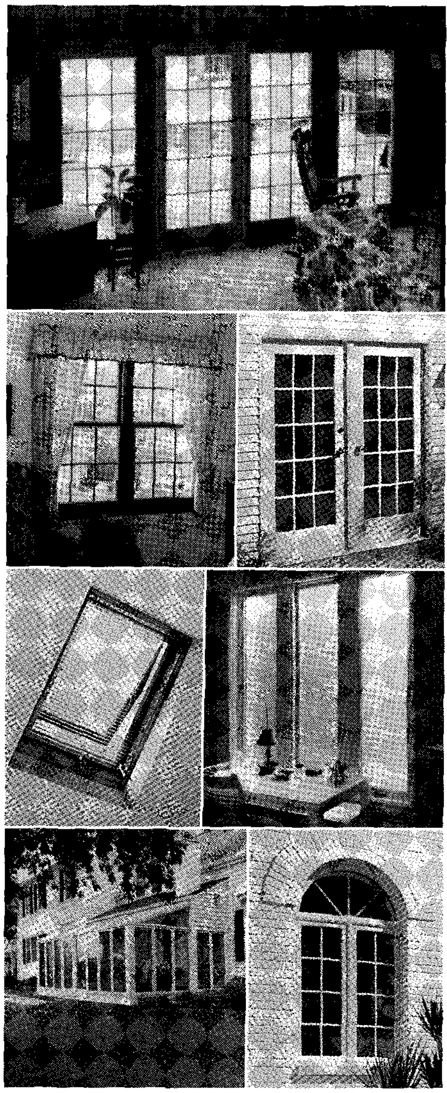
many as "guest workers" and still do much of the heavy labor there are only the farthest reach of that great Anatolian wave. The impact has been felt most strongly inside Turkey itself. Population in all the major cities has soared. Istanbul, about one and three-quarters of a million twenty years ago, now numbers over five million. Izmir, which is on the Aegean, southwest of Istanbul, is up from four hundred thousand to two and a half million; Adana, the Mediterranean port of southern Turkey, from three hundred thousand to nearly two million; Ankara, the capital, about two hundred miles southeast of Istanbul, on the edge of the Anatolian plain, from nine hundred thousand to nearly four million.

All social services—including water, electricity, health, and education—have been strained. But the most visible pressure has come in housing. In and around all the large Turkish cities lie sprawling tracts of jerry-built shelters. While these shantytowns are slightly more solid than the *favelas* of Rio or the *bidonvilles* of North Africa, they have only the most primitive sanitary conditions. They often provide but a single bedroom for a family of five or six. Because their legal status is often in doubt, and because they are usually built hurriedly and on the sly, they are called *gecekondus*, which means, literally, "set up overnight."

The role of the *gecekondus* in the period of terror at the end of the nineteen-seventies has stirred a considerable controversy among Turkish and Western scholars. Turkish Socialists tend to ascribe the outbreak of violence to reaction in the slums against exploitation by big companies in Turkey and their "masters" in Europe and America. Conservatives in Turkey and some American writers on the Ağca case emphasize manipulation by outside agitators connected with the Soviet Union. There has also been advanced by a number of Turkish sociologists, including Şherif Mardin, of the University of the Bosporus, in Istanbul, a less political explanation of what happened.

This theory starts from the recognition that Turkey, like many other countries in the world, enjoyed a halcyon period of economic growth in the postwar years. Far from being forced off the land by pitiless exploitation, some of those who migrated from the villages were drawn by visions of opportunity and advancement. While some were disappointed, others realized their dreams. Lucky or unlucky, however, people from the same villages tended to stick together in their new abodes. They thus formed discrete clans of semifamilial groups, knit together by ties of kinship or region or sect. The *gecekondus*, as one Turk put it, using a phrase from Western anthropology, became a museum of ethnic types. For example, a study of a *gecekondu* in Istanbul by a successful candidate in the latest parliamentary elections showed four different groups: one of migrants from the Black Sea, the so-called Lazes; another linking Kurdish elements from southeast Turkey; a third, also from the southeast, composed of Shiite Muslims, who are known in Turkey as Alevis, and are a minority among the predominantly Sunni Muslim population; and a group made up of recent immigrants from Bulgaria and Rumania. Mere social mobility put the groups in invidious competition with one another. When the palmy conditions of the postwar years yielded to stringency after the great oil-price rise of 1973-74, the jostling for status deepened into feuding—particularly among the younger generation. Outsiders—including Communist agents but also right-wing nationalists allied with criminal elements—escalated the feuds to gang warfare. The cycle of settling scores by daily acts of violence intensified steadily and yielded the reign of terror that ended only when the military intervened in the third coup, on September 12, 1980.

Support for that thesis comes from a recent novel entitled "Dear Impudent Death," by a young woman named Latife Tekin. The novel tells the story of an Anatolian family that migrated to Istanbul in 1957. The father was a steamfitter who had made some money on construction jobs in Kayseri, a provincial capital in Anatolia. In Istanbul, he seeks similar work but cannot find it. He turns down a job as a common laborer, on the ground that it is beneath his dignity: word would get back to the village, and he would become a laughingstock. After searching in vain for a skilled job, he finds solace



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in a return to Islam. He becomes very religious—or, as the novel puts it, takes the Green Book. Having substituted for the cares of this world those of a higher world, he exempts himself from family responsibility.

The mother, a strong, active woman, takes over and pushes her children to advance themselves. The oldest boy becomes a skilled worker, but then falls ill and has to sell his tools to pay for medical care. He takes to hanging out at a local coffee shop that is frequented by young toughs unable to find work. Eventually, he becomes part of the gang and earns his living squeezing protection money out of small shopkeepers.

Another son starts by working in a barbershop as an apprentice. He drifts into the Turkish version of a numbers game. From there, he moves to hawking seedy books in front of a movie house. To push sales, he starts wearing a red mask and a cowboy hat. He becomes known in the neighborhood as Red Bill. When the third son, who has found a steady job in a factory, goes in search of his brother, he encounters Red Bill but fails to recognize him.

The daughter in the family, who is modelled on the author, finds no support at home for her interest in literature. He mother tears up her poetry, and she has to pour her heart out to inanimate objects—a water pump, a weed in the garden. She is taken seriously only when another marriageable girl in the family acquires a suitor. The young man, a travelling salesman of no great acumen, often calls, bringing along his unsold wares. One day, the whole family plays with kites he could not market. Another time, he shows up with leather diaries that can be locked. He gives one to the daughter, and writing in secret night after night, she acquires the skill necessary to excel in high school, a university, and a career. "The striking feature of the book is the resilience of the family," Şerif Mardin, who recounted the story to me over tea one day, observed. "It is like a cork. It stays on top of the waves no matter what storms blow. A great many bad things happen, but the book never denounces the system. There is always hope that the right combination of circumstances will produce success."

Whatever the merits of that view, there can be little doubt that a society so much on the move provides a lot of the right stuff for political extremism and a ready resort to crime and vio-

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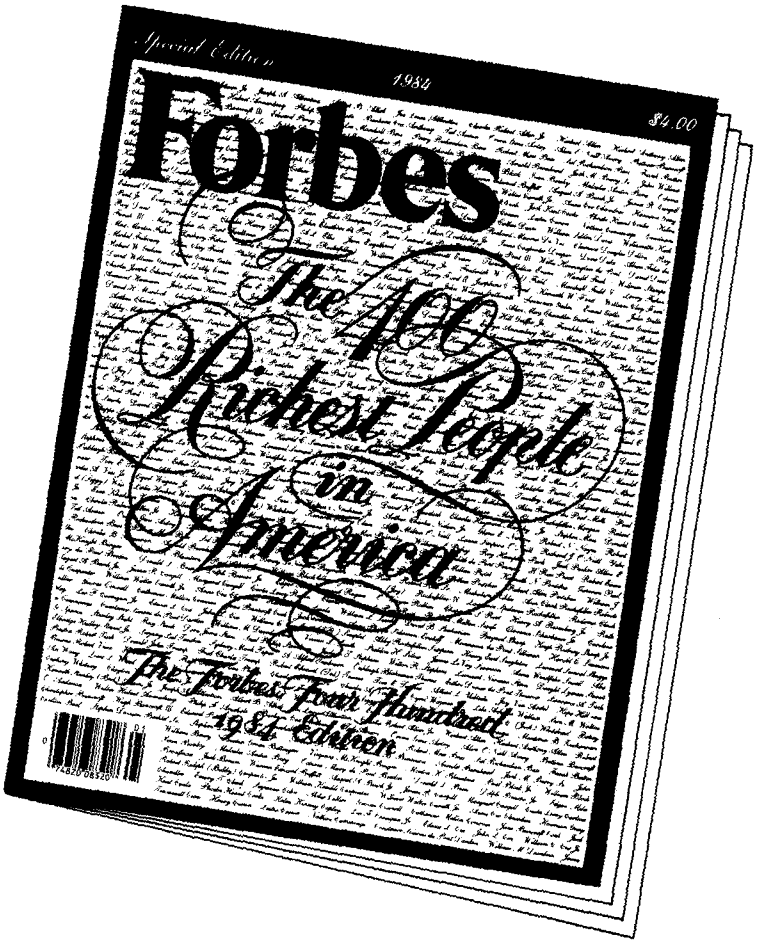
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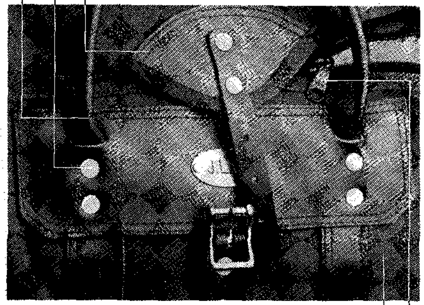

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lence. Aydin Yalçin, a conservative journalist and scholar with many American friends, once wrote, "There are, of course, deep-seated roots for the reassertion of political violence in Turkish society. Certain internal developments have produced suitable breeding grounds for would-be guerrilla recruits. Population movement from the poor, rural underdeveloped eastern sections of Turkey toward the more industrialized, urban, and developing regions of the country has accelerated. . . . The difficulty in adjusting to a completely new environment in big urban centers has created an ideal atmosphere for violence and political radicalism. The pattern of rural culture, deep-seated values of religion and extended family life, and the feelings of alienation experienced by eastern Anatolian people coming from a different ethnic stock must certainly have contributed to this process."

THE most notorious product of those conditions, of course, is a figure only incidental to the Turkish scene—Mehmet Ali Ağca, the man who tried to kill the Pope. Several serious American students of foreign policy—including the journalists Claire Sterling and Marvin Kalb, and the former White House aide and Central Intelligence Agency official Paul Henze—have examined the affair in detail and reached the conclusion that Ağca was acting at the behest of the K.G.B., the Soviet secret police, working through their Bulgarian colleagues. They have seen in the attack on the Pope a Moscow scheme to crush Solidarity, the democratic trade union in Poland, which John Paul II did so much to sustain in its earliest days. Their view has had at least indirect support from Italian authorities. Turkish officials and journalists, naturally, have stressed the local political background. Perhaps the best-known Turkish student of the Ağca affair is Ugur Mumcu, a lawyer turned investigative reporter (whose name is pronounced as though it were written "Ur Moomjew"). Mumcu's research into ties between terrorism in Turkey and organized crime in Bulgaria has led the authorities here to reopen their investigation of Ağca. Italian judicial officials have called Mumcu as an expert witness, and in that connection he confronted Ağca in prison in February of this year. His views of the assassination attempt differ strikingly from the most widespread American theories. So after calling on the military prose-

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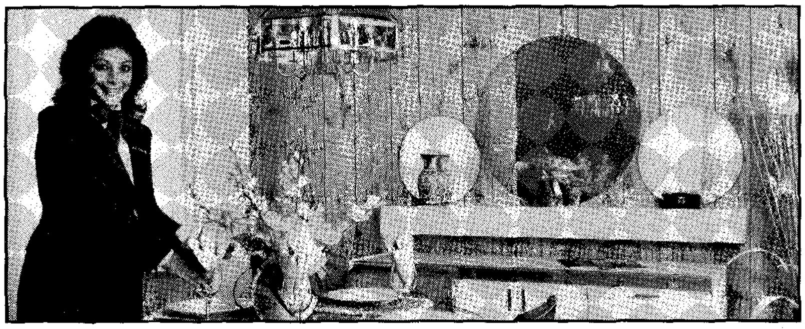
cutor in Istanbul I arranged to see Mumcu in Ankara.

Mumcu does not, at first sight, inspire confidence. He is short of stature, wide of girth, and weak of vision. Like many investigative reporters, he becomes obsessed by the details of his work and tends to lose sight of the forest for the trees—not to say the bark. His instinct is for the capillaries, not the jugular. But he has a good command of English, and is generous and patient in explaining his subject. Several sessions lasting several hours apiece and a reading in English translation of numerous articles he had written for the Istanbul daily *Cumhuriyet* yielded a coherent picture of his views of the attempt on the Pope.

Unlike the Americans, who tend to regard Ağca as a political innocent manipulated by the international left and given a right-wing cover, Mumcu believes Ağca entered politics early and as a convinced "right-wing militant." This is how he sees Ağca's career: Malatya, where Ağca was born, in 1958, is a highly politicized town in central Anatolia. It is distinguished by a legacy of tension between the Shiite, or Alevi, Muslims, who have tended to be very much leftist, and the Sunni majority, who have favored the right-wing National Action Party and its shock troops, the so-called Gray Wolves. On one occasion, in Malatya, according to Mumcu, Ağca asked a visitor whether the assassination of a prominent left-wing editor had not been a justified act. Ağca hung out almost exclusively with the Gray Wolves in Istanbul after he entered the university there, in 1978. On February 1, 1979, he was the gunman in the assassination of Abdi Ipekçi, the editor of the Istanbul daily *Milliyet*, who Mumcu says was anathema to the right as a liberal intellectual of purported Jewish descent. Other Gray Wolves from Malatya also participated in the assassination. One Gray Wolf, by his own confession, drove the getaway car. Another, according to Ağca, was at the scene and helped spirit him away. Still a third Gray Wolf gave him the gun. Immediately after the murder, Ağca, by his own confession, went to a Gray Wolf social center.

Ağca was captured on June 25, 1979, at a Gray Wolf coffee shop. From the beginning, he acted as though he would not serve time long. He escaped from prison on November 25, 1979, and the next day sent to *Milliyet* a letter threatening to assassi-



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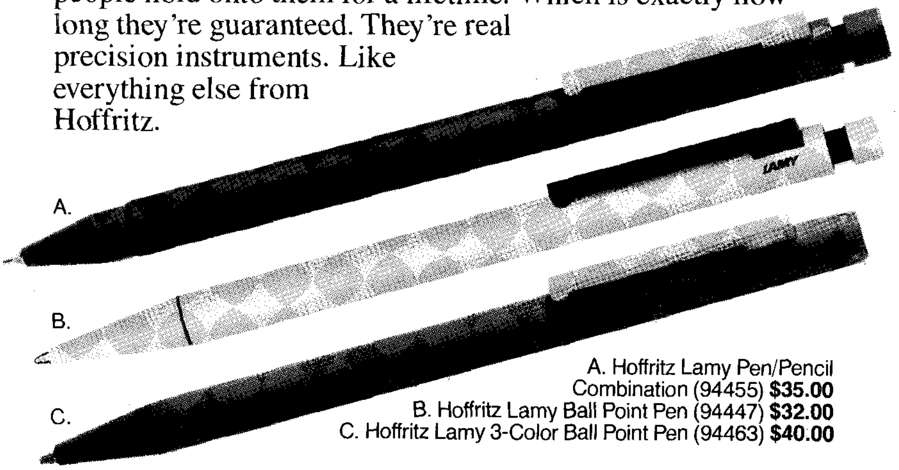

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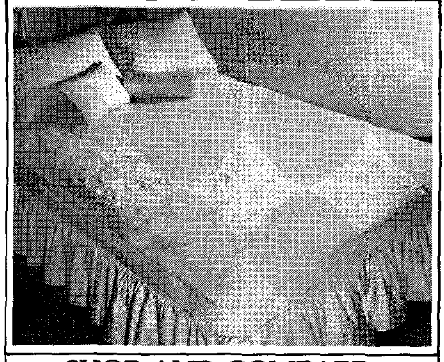

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nate the Pope, who was due to visit Turkey in the near future. The escape was made possible by a prison guard, who was subsequently convicted of accepting a bribe. Oral Celik, one of the Gray Wolves from Malatya who are thought to have been present at the Ipekçi assassination, helped with the escape from prison. Another Gray Wolf sheltered Ağca and provided him with the passport that he used to cross from Turkey into Bulgaria. Mumcu believes that the bribe to the jailer was paid by one Abuzer Ugurlu, a convicted smuggler, also from Malatya. Abuzer Ugurlu, who is awaiting trial for complicity in the Ağca escape, is known as the godfather of the Turkish Mafia and a generous supporter of the Gray Wolves. According to international police authorities, Ugurlu smuggled opium out of Turkey in return for arms. The traffic, initiated on a big scale in the early seventies, was with authorities of semiautonomous state institutions in Bulgaria. Ugurlu established for Ağca "the Bulgarian connection," which Mumcu believes he was the first to uncover.

In Bulgaria, Ağca made contact with one of Ugurlu's Turkish agents, Bekir Celenk, at a posh Sofia hotel, the Vitosha. Celenk put him in touch with another Turkish Gray Wolf, Omer Mersan, who arranged another false Turkish passport for Ağca. Celenk also passed Ağca on to Musa Serdar Celebi, a leader of the Gray Wolf organization in the community of Turkish migrant workers throughout Europe. Celebi arranged payments of money to Ağca and passage through various Gray Wolf establishments in Europe. At one point, Ağca went to Majorca, and there, according to a phone call he made to Celebi in Frankfurt that was intercepted by the police, he received a big payment. On the strength of that phone call, Celebi was arrested, and he is now being held in Rome as an accomplice in the assassination plot. Mumcu believes that the payment made in Majorca was connected with the smuggling of drugs and weapons on a large international scale. The assassination of the Pope, he thinks, may have been discussed at that time. Shortly after making the phone call, Ağca went to Rome. There he renewed his contact with Oral Celik. Mumcu believes that Oral Celik was with Ağca when the shots were fired at John Paul II, on May 13, 1981.

The motive for the killing is not

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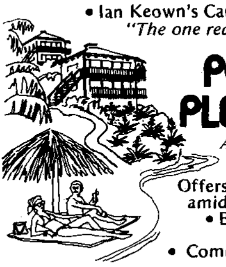

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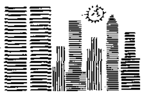

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clear to Mumcu, but he does not accept the view that the Bulgarians arranged it on behalf of Russia's Polish interests, taking care to cover their tracks by giving Ağca a "right-wing profile." Mumcu says that people who push that view have "theories, not facts." He thinks, as many Turkish officials do, that the Bulgarian connection was "mainly commercial." He believes that the prime political motive of the Bulgarians was the desire to split Turkey from the West by promoting internal strife, and he acknowledges that it would be consistent with that motive to have a Turk murder a leader of Christendom. He would like to know more about the ties between the Bulgarians and the Italian Mafia. He thinks it possible that the Mafia feared that the Pope was about to expose certain illicit transactions between the Vatican bank and the Italian banker Roberto Calvi, who was found hanged in London on June 18, 1982, after the collapse, amid high-level scandal, of his own Banco Ambrosiano.

But while Mumcu has no final answer, he has developed a view of Ağca suggesting that he was far from being merely a passive agent. Mumcu sees Ağca as a megalomaniac. He says that at their meeting in February Ağca boasted that he was a more important terrorist than the most notorious of them all—Carlos, the Venezuelan hit man reputed to have kidnapped the oil ministers of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries at their Vienna meeting in December of 1975. Mumcu believes that although Ağca confessed to killing Ipekçi, the murder might have been done by somebody else. He thinks that the letter threatening to kill the Pope was a similar bid for attention, and that the actual attempt could have been undertaken in the same spirit. Once during our discussions, Mumcu pointed a finger at me and said, "If you were world-famous and somebody shot you and Ağca was nearby, he'd claim the credit."

Detractors of Mumcu note that he is himself a left-winger. He was arrested for Marxist associations in 1971, tried, and found innocent. He calls himself "a Turkish socialist," and equates that with being "a Spanish socialist, a French socialist, or an Italian socialist." In our discussions, he repeatedly denounced Russian moves in Afghanistan and Poland, and he criticized the Communists in Turkey as well. He scorned Bulgaria as a "gangster state." While those comments may

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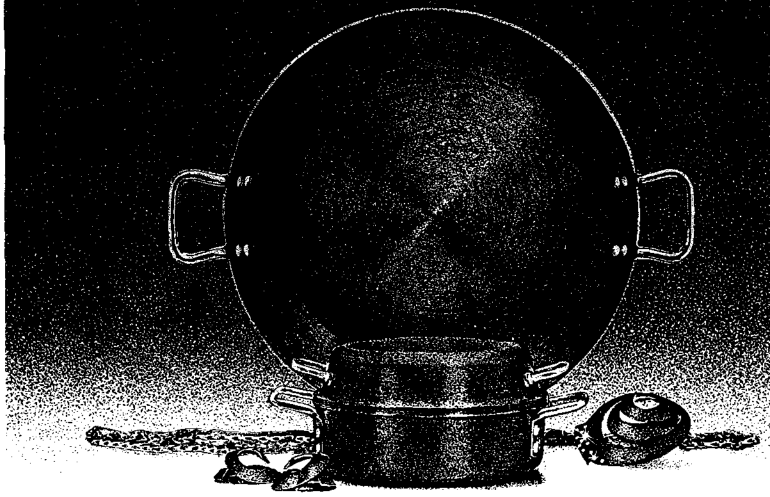

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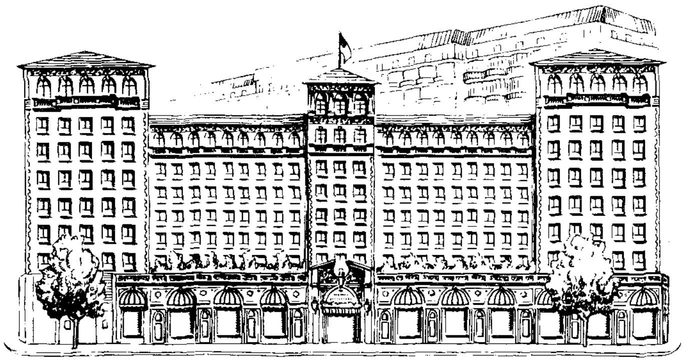

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have been staged, Mumcu made one remark that rang true. He said, "My work does not make the authorities here or anywhere else look very good. But nobody interferes with me. I write my articles, and they are published. There may be tensions in Turkey, and limitations on individuals and groups, but it's not an iron dictatorship. It's a relatively free country."

FREE or not, the country at least has a clear line of political development. Since the establishment of the republic, in 1923, the central axis of Turkish politics has been tension between the more sophisticated Turks of the coastal cities and the cruder Anatolians. During most of this period, power has gone to the coastal cities, but the Anatolians have repeatedly mounted challenges based on traditional religious feeling and the enterprising spirit of the small-town bazaar. The military interventions have all aimed at holding the fort for the modernized coastal interests. But each time the soldiers go back to the barracks the Anatolian wave rises anew.

Atatürk set the pattern when he created the republic. He and most of the former generals who came to power with him were from the coastal cities. He established Turkey as a national state on the Western model, and copied Western ways in trying to modernize Turkey and secularize its culture. When the Western countries turned to state intervention in economic affairs during the Great Depression, Atatürk did the same. With no foreign capital available, he created a set of State Economic Enterprises to develop railroads, communications, and industry. Foreign policy, in keeping with the Western model, struck a balance between rival blocs to maintain Turkish independence. Thus, Atatürk dealt with the Bolsheviks—in the Moscow treaty of 1921—while struggling to rid Turkey of British, French, and Greek forces left over from the First World War. Then, in 1923, he negotiated with Britain, France, and Greece the Treaty of Lausanne, which recognized Turkish independence. He died in 1938, at the age of fifty-eight, before the Second World War came, but his comrade-in-arms and successor as President, Ismet Inönü, followed the leader. He arranged a treaty with the British and the French in 1939, and then a non-aggression pact with Hitler in 1941. Only in February of 1945, when the

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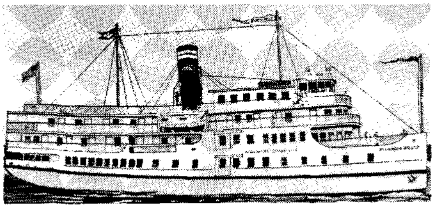

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German defeat was absolutely certain, did Turkey enter the war on the side of the Allies.

Stalin laid claim to two provinces of eastern Turkey after the war, as well as to what amounted to control over the Bosporus, the strait that bisects Istanbul and the Dardanelles, the strait that links the Black Sea with the Aegean. Inönü then took Turkey into the Western camp with a vengeance. He signed up for the Marshall Plan and NATO. After the European Economic Community came along, in 1957, Turkey joined as an associate member. Inönü, in keeping with the political views of his new allies, put into effect a Westernizing measure only entertained by Atatürk. The founder of the Turkish Republic had ruled through a single party, the Republican People's Party. Inönü allowed the creation of an opposition—the Democrat Party. The Democrats, stressing the twin themes of a return to religion and an escape from state control of the economy, won a majority in the 1950 parliamentary elections.

For the next ten years, the leader of the Democrats, Adnan Menderes, held sway as Prime Minister. He pushed money toward provincial businessmen (corruptly, it was said); retrenched on secularism in the schools; and tried to establish a foothold in the Army. The latter moves enraged the Kemalists, as Atatürk's closest followers in the military are called. On May 27, 1960, the soldiers staged their first coup d'état. The coup aimed at diluting the political power of the Anatolian masses once and for all. Menderes himself was tried on charges of corruption and hanged. A new constitution provided checks and balances on majority rule which James Madison himself might have envied. There was to be a Senate, elected on a weighted basis, with power to block legislation passed by the Assembly. The Prime Minister's authority was balanced by that of a President and a Constitutional Court. Various intermediate groups, such as universities and trade unions, were accorded considerable independence. As a final barrier to majority rule, election to the Assembly was by proportional representation.

The elections of 1961 brought Inönü and the Republican People's Party back to power. But the return of the mandarins was not popular—particularly after it became known that they had deferred to President Johnson in 1964 in not providing military support for the Turkish community in the

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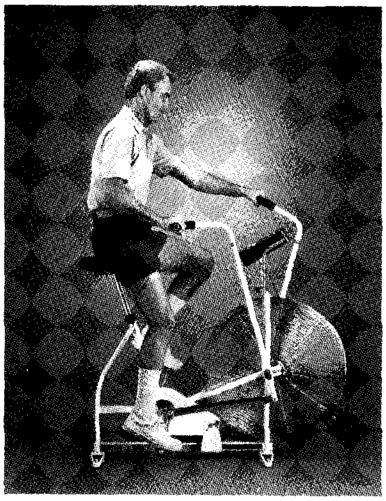

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newly independent republic of Cyprus. In 1965, the commercial and religious opposition centered in Anatolia came back to office under a new rubric—the Justice Party (implying justice for Menderes). Süleyman Demirel, the new leader, strongly favored the commercial interests over the religious purists. The religious wing broke off, leaving Demirel at the head of a regime and a party that looked to be the tool of grasping private business. The Republican People's Party, to take advantage of that weakness, moved to oppose Demirel with a social-democratic ideology embodied by Bülent Ecevit, a Harvard-trained intellectual. Strong nationalists split off from Ecevit because of his leftish views, and there followed a chaotic period of maneuvering among four parties: the Justice Party, under Demirel; the Republican People's Party, led by Ecevit; a religious bloc, the National Salvation Party, under Professor Necmettin Erbakan; and a jingoist authoritarian party, the National Action Party, under Colonel Alparslan Türkeş, the leader of the Gray Wolves. Technically, Demirel still held power, but his legitimacy was contested by many kinds of agitation—especially on the part of student groups following the pattern established in the United States, France, Germany, Japan, and many other countries in 1968. On March 12, 1971, the military issued a "memorandum" deploring unrest and demanding "Kemalist reforms." Demirel resigned, and a non-party government was set up, with martial law applied through much of the country. Thus the rule of the Anatolians was thwarted by the military for a second time.

Under martial law, the military authorities jailed hundreds of political extremists—particularly Marxists of all kinds. But in 1973 the military withdrew again. New elections, under the proportional-representation system, put Ecevit's Republican People's Party on top, with Demirel's Justice Party second and the balance of votes required for a parliamentary majority spread among the religious and the nationalist parties. After a long period of maneuvering, Ecevit tried to bridge the two political cultures. He formed a coalition government with the National Salvation Party. The coalition's program denounced contempt for religious values as "a historic mistake," and attempted to fuse social justice with religious attachment. But the coalition fell apart when the traditional-

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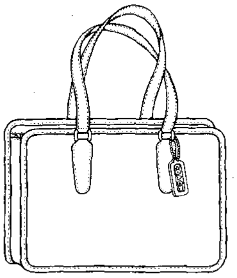

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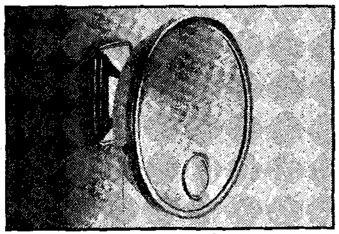

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ists would not include leftists in a general amnesty.

By giving the military the green light for the invasion of northern Cyprus in 1974, Ecevit managed to hang on. The play of events had fingered him as a left-of-center leader, however, and Demirel gradually collected around the Justice Party the disappointed militants of the smaller religious and nationalist parties. Ecevit hoped to win a fresh mandate in new elections, but when he tried to force the dissolution of the Assembly he lacked the necessary majority.

In 1975, without new elections, the slippage of deputies supporting Ecevit brought a right-wing coalition to office under Demirel. Polarization on the classic model ensued. Ecevit did everything he could—including patronizing a left-wing peace movement and supporting wildcat strikes—to destroy the government. Demirel winked at right-wing groups that took street action against the leftists. Elections in 1977 were indecisive, only prolonging the agony, and in 1980 the Assembly, despite efforts lasting months, proved unable to elect a new President. Economic activity slowed, and as oil prices rose anew, following the overthrow of the Shah of Iran, drastic shortages developed. High officials had to work in their overcoats in winter, and farmers lined up for miles to buy gasoline for their tractors. Violence rose to the level of perhaps a score of murders a day. Large numbers of ordinary citizens, including businessmen, professionals, and students, began to carry guns. And on September 12, 1980, the military, now under General Evren, intervened for the third time.

The soldiers have thoroughly purged the old political system. Under the new Constitution, the President, elected, on the French model, for seven years, has extensive powers. He can dissolve parliament, call new elections, and, unless he is overruled by a three-quarters majority, veto legislation. He can convoke the Cabinet, and he has special powers over the university system. The military is given added authority through a National Security Council, which has statutory authority to communicate its views to the Cabinet. The four service chiefs (Army, Navy, Air Corps, and Gendarmerie) who took over with Evren have been retained, along with other officials, as a Presidential Council, which will continue through Evren's term.

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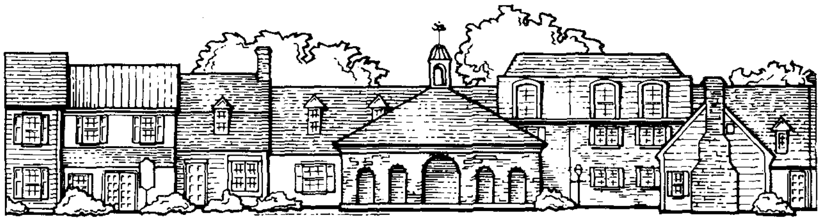

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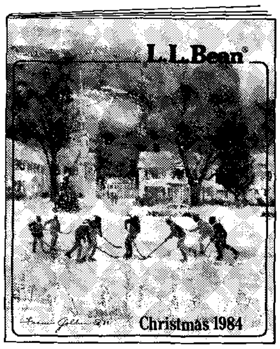

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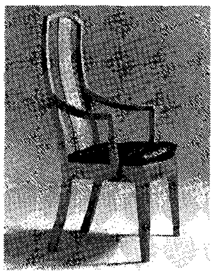

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past, the soldiers banned from active political life for ten years some two hundred and fifty former civilian leaders, including Ecevit and Demirel. The two leading parties were dissolved, and thousands of militants—including the leaders of the National Action and National Salvation Parties and members of the peace movement and the left-wing unions—were tried and sent to jail. Martial law still exists in twenty-six of the country's sixty-seven provinces.

In the first post-coup parliamentary elections, called for November 6, 1983, the military tried to re-create tame versions of the two original parties. One, slightly right of center and clearly favored by the military, was the National Democracy Party, headed by Turgut Sünalp, a retired general. The other, slightly left of center, was the Populist Party, headed by Necdet Calp, a civilian official in the military regime. But that artificial division left a void for the Anatolian masses, with their special commercial and religious instincts. The void was filled by a new party—the Motherland Party, created by a roly-poly economic expert and former deputy to Demirel named Turgut Özal. In the vote, despite the open opposition of the military, the press, and much of the Istanbul business community, the Motherland Party won a clear majority—two hundred and twelve seats in the four-hundred-member Grand National Assembly. It took 45.15 per cent of the popular vote. Thus, Özal, the new Prime Minister, came onstage as the foremost civilian leader in Turkey, and a truly original figure in world politics.

"It was a matter of destiny," he said—not immodestly, but perhaps not wrongly, either—when I asked him how he had developed his views and made his way. He was very much at ease, a jolly fat man with a broad smile of perfect teeth below a mustache of medium size. His tie was askew, and he sat, as I am told he likes to do, at a small table in the Prime Minister's office, in Ankara. Two and then three aides sat in, making frequent comments as the interview proceeded.

The initial emphasis was on personal history. Özal was born in 1927 in Malatya. His father was a bank official, and the family moved around a good deal. Besides Malatya and Ankara, they lived in two other towns of the Anatolian heartland—Konya and Kayseri—and in Mardin, on the Syrian border, and Mersin, on the coun-

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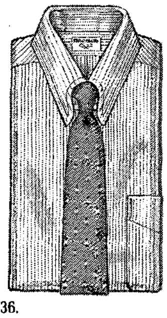

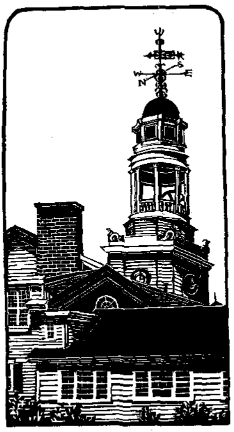

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try's southern coast. Özal's mother was a schoolteacher, and, much as the father drilled home the commercial outlook of the small-town businessman, she instilled the religious pieties. Özal, a practicing Muslim, carries worry beads at all times, and does not drink or smoke. He ran for office in 1973 as a parliamentary candidate of the National Salvation Party in Izmir, and was defeated. His younger brother, Korkut, was a leading member of that party and a Minister, and has been banned from active political life.

Professionally, Özal was educated as an electrical engineer at the Technical University of Istanbul. On graduation, in 1950, he took a job at the Electrical Power Survey Administration. There he met and became friendly with another engineer, who was just embarking upon a political career—Demirel. He also encountered the American aid program, which was keenly interested in developing hydroelectric power for Turkey. The first Turks sent to the United States for technical training under the aid program were a group from the Electrical Power Survey Administration that included Demirel, in 1950. Another group went in 1952, and Özal was in it. After a crash course in English, which he now speaks fluently, he spent more than a year in firsthand study of the electric-power industry in the United States.

Özal visited, as an observer, the Hoover Dam, on the Colorado River; the Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dams, on the Columbia River; and the Tennessee Valley Authority. He also spent some time at the regional office of the federal Bureau of Reclamation in Denver. He studied the private side of the business with Detroit Edison, one of the foremost American utilities, and with both Westinghouse and General Electric. By the time he was through, he was a master of cost-benefit analysis and an accomplished statistician. He had found a kind of Bible in a work called "Principles of Engineering Economy," by Professor Eugene L. Grant, of Stanford. He had also overcome any sense of inferiority to the Europeanized Turks of the coastal cities. "In those days, Europe was as far behind the United States as Turkey was behind Europe," he told me.

Back in Turkey, Özal alternated between the Electrical Power Survey Administration and the State Planning Organization. He even did his com-

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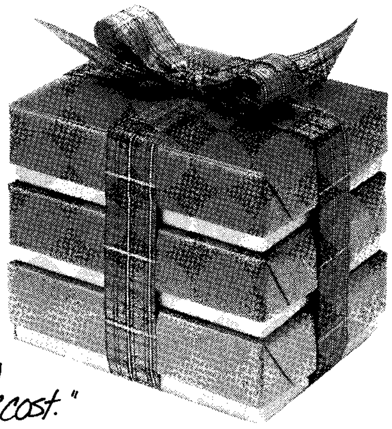

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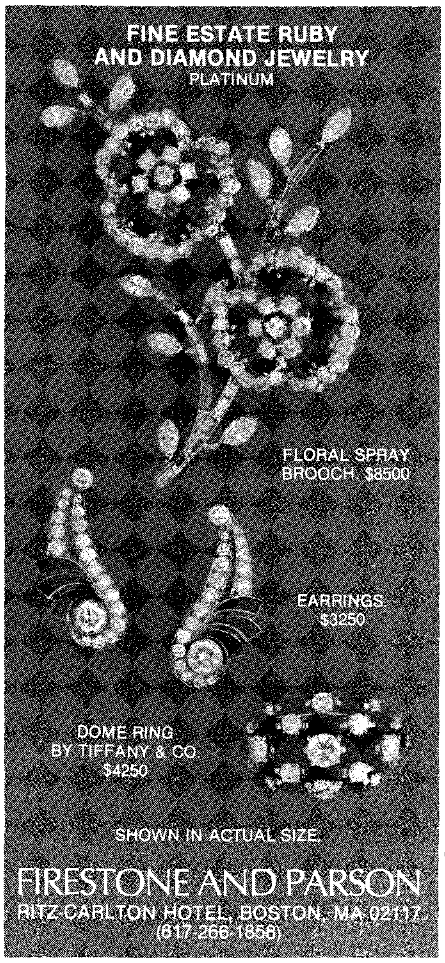

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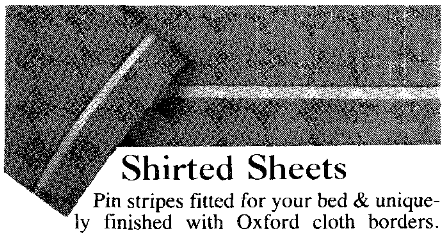
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pulsory military service on assignment to the State Planning Organization. One of his major tasks was to prepare a three-year investment plan for presentation to the visiting Economics Minister of West Germany, Ludwig Erhard. Özal and some others worked up, in fairly casual fashion, a thirty-page proposal. To his surprise, he found that it was taken seriously by the Turkish government and the German authorities. "I learned that serious planning should be serious work," he recalls. "I also learned that it often was not."

When Demirel became Prime Minister in 1965, and again in 1975, Özal went with him as technical adviser. In the Ecevit interlude, he worked in Washington for the World Bank, on problems of capital formation, and then worked in Istanbul for the private sector, mainly as a labor negotiator. "I learned that workers want jobs, whereas union leaders want higher wages for those who have jobs," he said. "Once when a union threatened a strike, I said we would lock out the workers and shut down the plant. There was no strike."

At the time of the third military coup, Özal was serving as chief economic adviser to the Demirel government. The generals asked him to stay on as their economic czar, and he became Deputy Prime Minister and a Minister of State. A banking scandal in 1982 led to the resignation of the Finance Minister, Kaya Erdem, a protégé of Özal's. Özal used the occasion as a pretext to resign himself. Thus honorably free of authority, he founded the Motherland Party, which swept to victory in the elections of November, 1983.

As Prime Minister, Özal has organized a government very much in his own image. Twelve of a total of twenty-one Cabinet members are engineers. Many come from the Anatolian heartland. Kaya Erdem is back, this time as Deputy Prime Minister, with general supervision over the economy. Another Özal crony, Ekrem Pakdemirli, is in charge of foreign economic affairs. Agriculture, which has been merged with rural affairs to become an extremely important Ministry, is in the hands of a cousin of Özal's, Husnu Dogan. A younger brother, Yusef Özal, has come back from a job in Washington with the World Bank to the State Planning Organization. But these appointments only tighten a grip already in place. Except for sixteen months, Turgut

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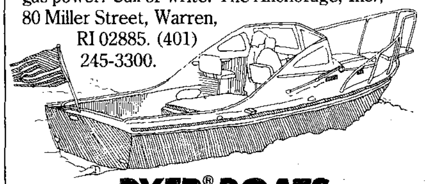
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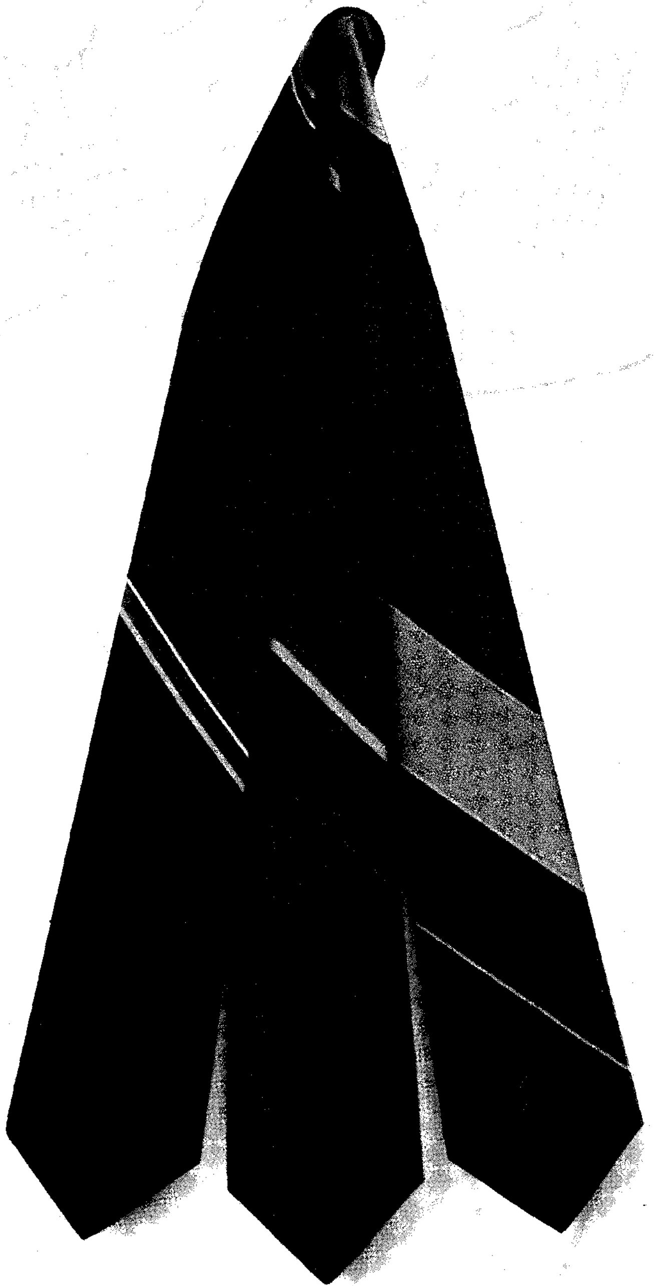

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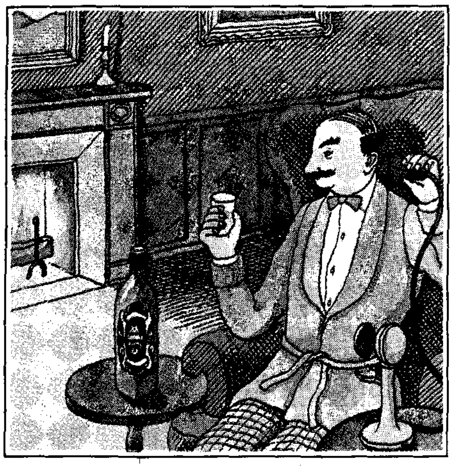
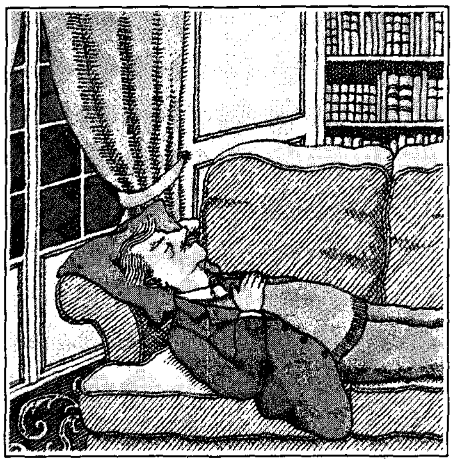
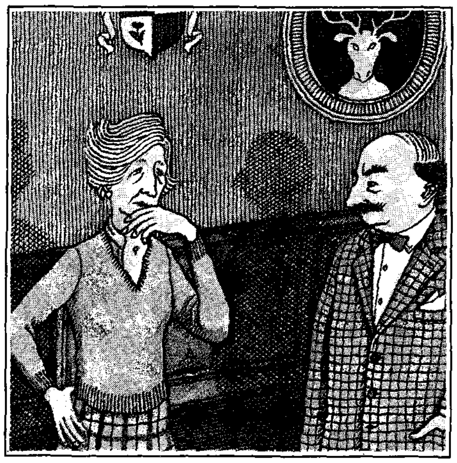


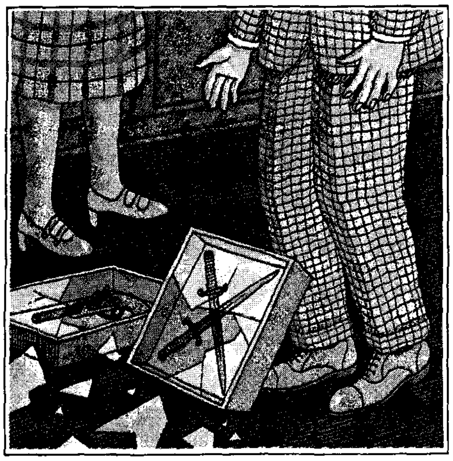
I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband…the gun or the dagger."



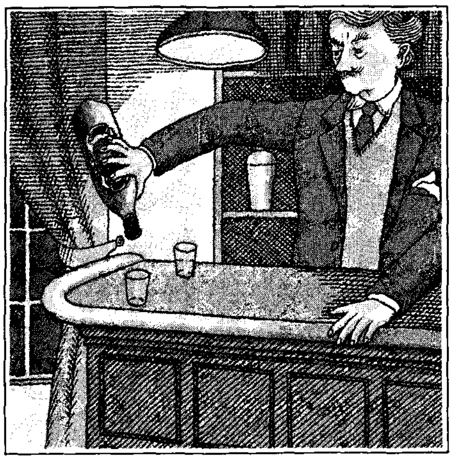
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



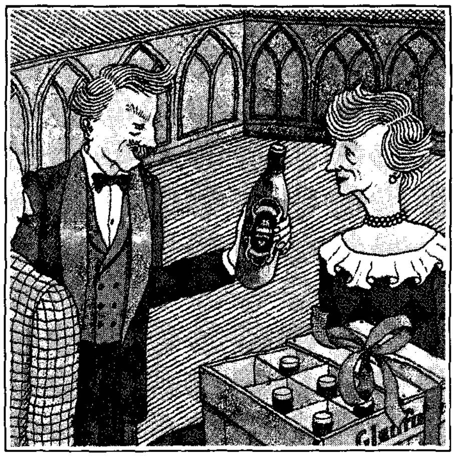
I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactly what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for his birthday!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich*, but we seem to be out."



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THE classic form of development follows a pattern that was initiated by the United States in the last century and was subsequently copied by the rest of the non-Communist world. A country accumulates capital by selling raw materials to more developed countries and by borrowing from those countries. The capital goes into public works and into local industry, which is helped to its feet by protection from foreign competitors. When industry can stand on its own and sell first to the internal market and then on world markets, the developing country has reached the takeoff point. Growth is self-sustaining, and the newly developed country then begins investing in nations that are more backward.

Difficulties in that process cropped up repeatedly in the nineteenth century. It often happened that developing countries borrowed heavily, found that they could not sell their products abroad, and were unable to pay off their debts. Defaults, notably by state governments in the United States, were not unknown. Efforts to collect unpaid debts provided entrée for imperialistic actions by Britain and most of the countries of the European continent. Many of the countries in the rest of the world, including Egypt, China, India, and the Ottoman Empire, thus came to see themselves as victims of imperialism.

After the Second World War, with the United States acting as global banker, and with Western Europe and Japan picking up some of the burden after their recovery, in the nineteen-fifties, the process worked smoothly. Many developing countries, including Mexico and Turkey as well as the famous Gang of Four (Singapore, Taiwan, South Korea, and Hong Kong), averaged real growth of seven per cent a year. But the quadrupling of oil prices in 1973-74, and the inflation and recession that followed in the industrialized countries, created havoc among many of the developing nations that lacked oil.

In the case of Turkey, import costs —mainly for oil—quadrupled. Reception of Turkish "guest workers" was cut off as recession drove unemployment up in Western Europe. Turkish industry—particularly the State Economic Enterprises—proved un-

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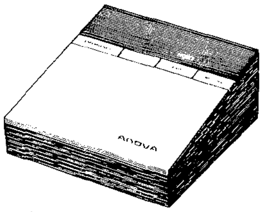

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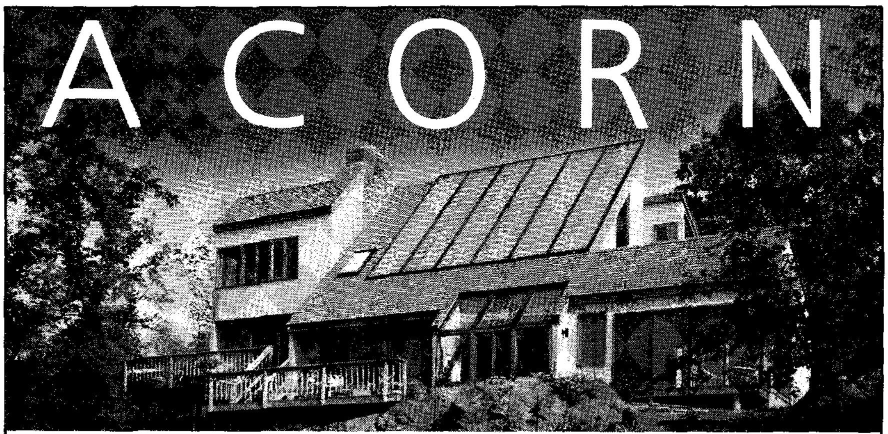

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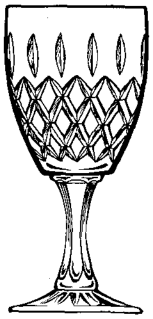

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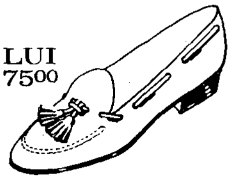

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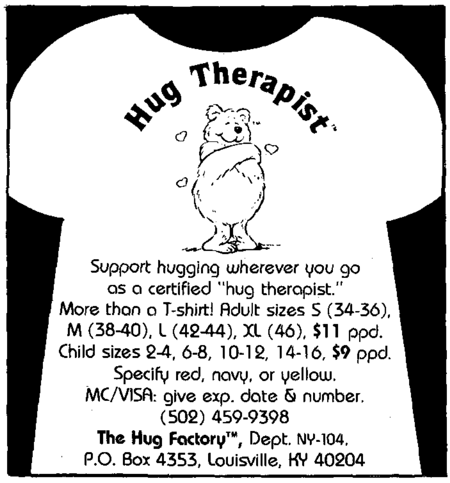

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able to export. A balance-of-payments crisis developed, and in 1978 Turkey agreed to an International Monetary Fund stabilization program that made it possible to reschedule its debts. The I.M.F. procedure was to impose on Turkey, as on other countries in similar straits, an austerity program designed to right the balance of payments. Against that background, Özal put forward, in bits and pieces, a new strategy for development that, in effect, one-upped the I.M.F.

Achieving growth by exports instead of by sales of protected products on the home market is the essence of Özalism. To that end, the Prime Minister has turned the Turkish economy toward new markets in the oil-rich lands of the Middle East. Turkish exports to those countries have risen from four hundred million dollars in 1980 to three billion dollars today, and now account for forty-two per cent of all Turkish exports, against only twenty per cent in 1980. While sales of textiles, machinery, and foodstuffs make up most of the commerce, construction with a Turkish presence on the spot is another major item. Around a hundred Turkish construction firms—including some giant consortiums—are engaged in projects in the Middle East and North Africa. Some two hundred thousand Turkish workers are on the job, including a hundred thousand in Libya and sixty thousand in Saudi Arabia. Iran, with about forty per cent of the business, constitutes Turkey's best customer in the area, with Iraq, Libya, and Saudi Arabia following, in that order. Özal makes no bones about his personal commitment to the export drive. In May, he led a four-day trip to Teheran, with two planes bearing a thousand businessmen. Similar visits to Pakistan, Iraq, and Libya followed.

Making Turkish exports competitive with those of the United States, Japan, and Western Europe carries a price, however, and Özal has been much more prepared than most Third World leaders to pay it. The first requirement has been to cut inflation, which worked to price Turkish goods out of foreign markets. To that end, Özal claims to be a tiger in reducing government spending, notably on concealed subsidies that previous governments introduced to buy popularity and ease hardship. Özal has applied the cost-benefit principle to make everything, even necessities, pay their own way. The upshot is a staggering rise in the cost of basics. The prices of

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As a further stimulus to exports, Özal has ceased supporting the Turkish lira at an unrealistic rate against other currencies. Since 1980, the exchange rate has slipped from twenty-five liras per dollar to about four hundred. While Turkish goods are that much cheaper abroad, imports are, of course, more expensive. To compensate somewhat, Özal has removed restrictions that barred entry of almost all foreign goods. Turkish basic industry now has to compete, rather than sell in what used to be a closed market. Even tobacco, once a highly restricted state monopoly, has been opened to imports. The little boys known as Winstons, who used to hawk smuggled cigarettes on the streets of Istanbul, have disappeared.

In two ways, the main cost of these changes has fallen on industrial workers. First, wages have not kept pace with the increase in the cost of living. According to Turkish government statistics, the real earnings of workers and civil servants have been dropping ever since Özal's economic program was put into effect, in 1980. Last year, the basic cost of living rose by forty per cent, while wages increased by around thirty per cent. "The Özal miracle is achieved largely by driving down real wages," one foreign diplomat highly partial to the Prime Minister acknowledges. Second, with consumption down and foreign companies competing more intensely, Turkish industry is operating below capacity in such items as steel and automobiles, so unemployment is running at about twenty per cent.

Özal seems confident that a turnaround will come in 1984 and 1985. Though most foreign experts express reservations, he believes inflation will drop dramatically. He sees exports picking up and business activity reviving in a way that stimulates growth to the point of cutting unemployment. "We will slowly pave the way for a seven-per-cent growth rate," he told me. "I can't say this will happen in 1984, but I expect serious progress by the end of the year."

No one doubts that Özal has at least until the end of 1985 to make his strategy work. For one thing, the military leaders are keeping a firm hand on protests: martial law is being relaxed only very slowly, province by province. For another, the labor

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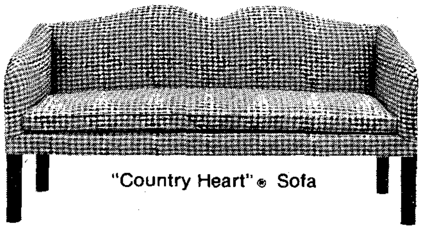

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unions, hoping for some gains through collective bargaining, are not in a strong position to contest the current economic policy. A leader of Türk-Iş, the Confederation of Turkish Trade Unions, told me that many workers had voted for Özal in the October elections. "Workers prefer stability to higher wages," he said.

Furthermore, the political weather is fair. Özal has a majority in the Grand National Assembly that can keep him in power until 1988. And his Motherland Party won forty-one per cent of the vote in the local elections in March of this year. In addition to the two official parties set up by the military, three previously banned parties ran. The Socialists picked up 23 per cent of the vote, and the True Path Party, a continuation of the old Justice Party, won 13.4 per cent. That gives both Ecevit and Demirel hope that in the next election they may, despite the present ban, make a comeback. Özal, though he is confident that the Motherland Party can hold on to power, keeps their hopes alive. "Our objective is to return to full democratic rule in the next five years," he says.

If Özal brings off his economic revolution, the scope of that achievement can hardly be exaggerated. Kemalism, with its emphasis on modernization along purely Western lines, will be buried. The "historic compromise" between the two cultures which was attempted by Ecevit will have taken place. A way to fuse traditional Muslim culture with modernization will have been established. By its closer ties to Iran, Iraq, and other Arab countries, Turkey will have established its place in the Middle East. While Western ties can be maintained, there will be decreasing internal need to keep sparring with Greece over Cyprus and with the Western democracies over the Armenian past. It is notable that Özal himself steers clear of Cyprus, and would like to put the rivalry with Greece on the shelf for a long cooling-off period. According to American officials, the Turks have reduced their forces on the Greek frontier to a "shadow army." Though tension with Russia continues, Özal's associates complain frequently about heavy defense expenses—twenty-three per cent of the budget, and six per cent of the gross national product. Nobody doubts that Özal would like to ease relations with Russia in an atmosphere of expanded commerce. Thus, what Özalism implies is a new place in the world for Turkey.

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A lot will have to fall into place for all that to happen. Turkey will have to stay calm internally and steer clear of troubles in the Middle East—especially the war between Iran and Iraq. It will have to avoid intense friction with Western regimes over Cyprus and the Armenian terrorists. Others will also have to do their bit. The Europeans, already edgy about Turkish exports of textiles and agricultural products, and sniffish about Turkey's progress toward democracy, will have to maintain open markets. The United States will need to keep Turkey's soldiers happy with continuing military aid. Finally, Turkey's generals—who worry about all these matters—will have to be convinced that Özalism is better than a fourth coup.

In the process of clearing these hurdles, extraordinary importance attaches to Özal personally. Apart from the Prime Minister, the present government is a collection of unknown engineers and accountants. Only Özal has sufficient reputation to make Turks swallow the bitter pills of his economic policy. Only Özal has good relations with the Western countries and financial institutions whose help is essential for Turkey. Only Özal has the experience necessary to hold off the military. "If he fails, there will be catastrophe," one Westerner here says. Özal himself says, "The next five years will be the hardest in the history of Turkey." —JOSEPH KRAFT

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[*From "New York 1900," by Robert A. M. Stern, Gregory Gilmartin, and John Montague Massengale*]

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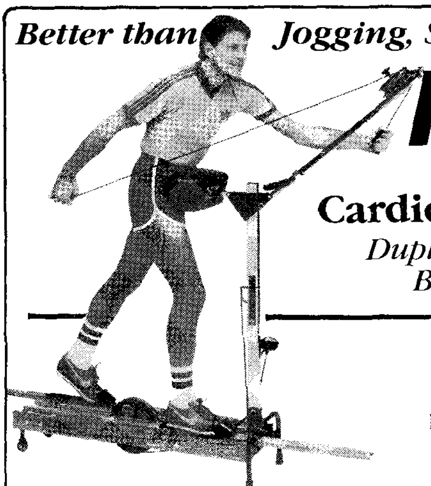

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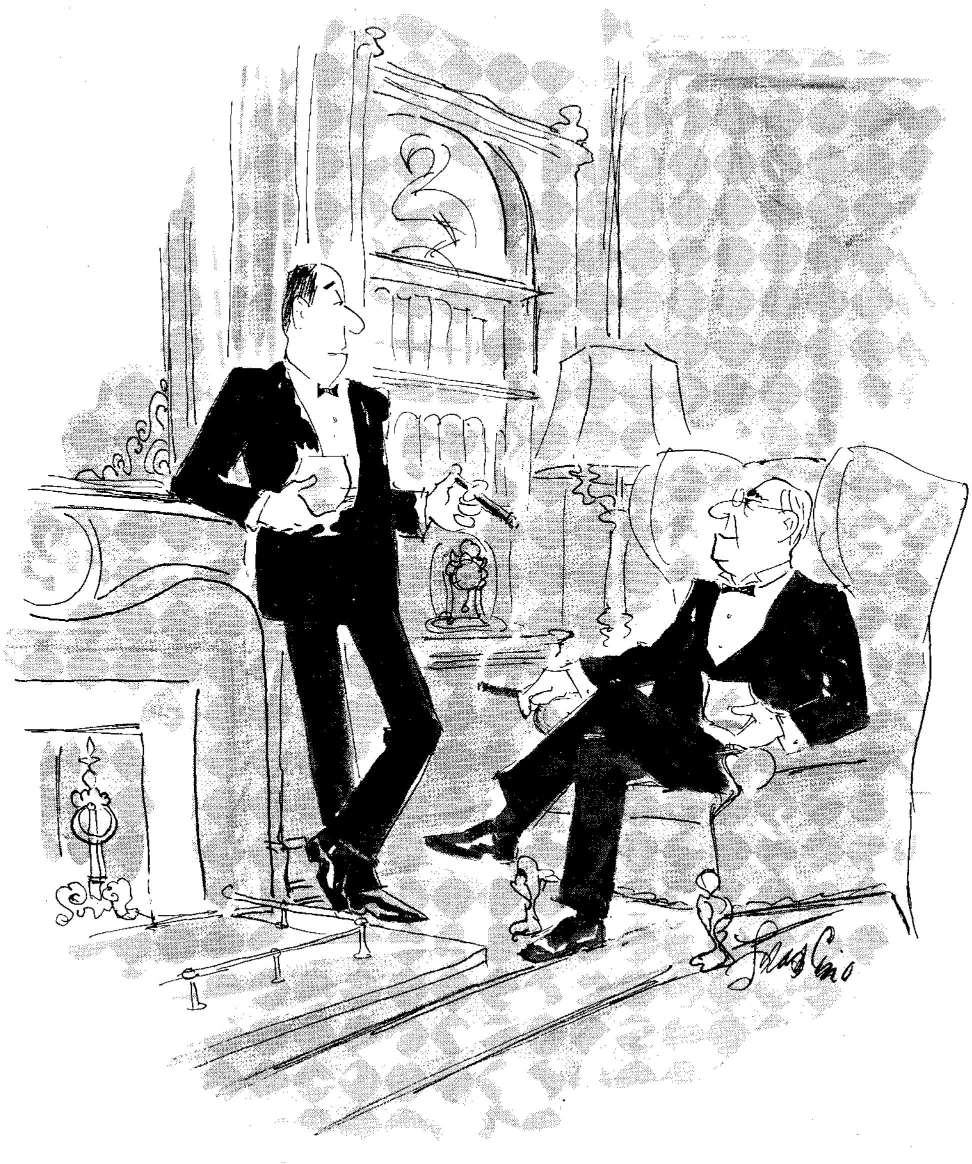
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE action of Arthur Miller's "After the Fall," which was first presented here in 1964, was revised, and reappeared last week at Playhouse 91, "takes place in the mind, thought, and memory of Quentin." The quote is from a script of the play, and the distinction between "mind" and "thought," which escapes me, is Mr. Miller's own. At any rate, Quentin is a middle-aged Jewish lawyer, who, as the play begins, walks downstage and, facing the audience, starts talking to an invisible listener—picking over his past, worrying and complaining about his inability to give or receive love or to mourn either his mother or his second wife, both recently deceased. The soliloquy continues, on and off, throughout. This Quentin, it must be said at once, is an extremely tedious fellow, and even the dynamic Frank Langella, who was not put on earth to be a bore, and who does everything possible to enliven the role, cannot redeem him. The scenes are, so to speak, embedded in the monologue, and they don't occur in chronological order. We see Quentin with his dissatisfied, unhappy first wife, who goes into psychoanalysis and then takes to telling him off in round, if familiar, terms. He must break the news of his mother's death to his father. He decides to defend a friend, a former Communist who has been subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee. He meets, in Salzburg, the Austrian woman who will eventually become his third wife, and visits the site of a concentration camp with her—an experience that he finds unbearable. Then, as the interminable first act is drawing to a close, he runs into Maggie, a switchboard operator and receptionist at his law office—and enter Dianne Wiest, doing, at first, an endearing imitation of Marilyn Monroe, who was, of course, Mr. Miller's second wife. The mimicry is temporary, though, and only incidental to a marvellous characterization of a fascinating character. With Quentin's courtship and their stormy marriage, the play comes intermittently to life; there is emotion, and even some humor, in their encounters. Their final scene, in which he tries to wrestle pills and booze from her in an attempt to save her life, is surely gripping, despite the presence of our dull, guilt-ridden, self-justifying hero. Miss Wiest makes every moment vivid—the volatile shifts of emotion, the bewilderment and self-abasement and destructiveness and sweetness of the girl as she moves to her tragic end.

John Tillinger's capable direction is a matter of camouflaging the weaknesses of a play so patently autobiographical that any criticism of it becomes, perforce, personal. The company is a distinguished one, and the performances are exceptionally good. Henderson Forsythe's is especially so, as the friend whose life collapses at the news that he must appear before the congressional committee. Mary-Joan Negro is fine as the rebellious first wife, and so is Laurie Kennedy as the Austrian woman who is to become the third wife. (Mr. Miller's present wife is, inevitably, Austrian.) Salem Ludwig and Tresa Hughes do very well as Quentin's father, who goes broke during the Depression, and his mother, who must adjust to the new circumstances. If only Quentin weren't such a garrulous bore! Again, Mr. Langella's efforts, against terrible odds, to make him interesting and occasionally sympathetic are positively valiant. The effective abstract setting of bare platforms on which necessary furniture and props are rolled in was designed by the redoubtable John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy; costumes are by William Ivey Long.

—EDITH OLIVER



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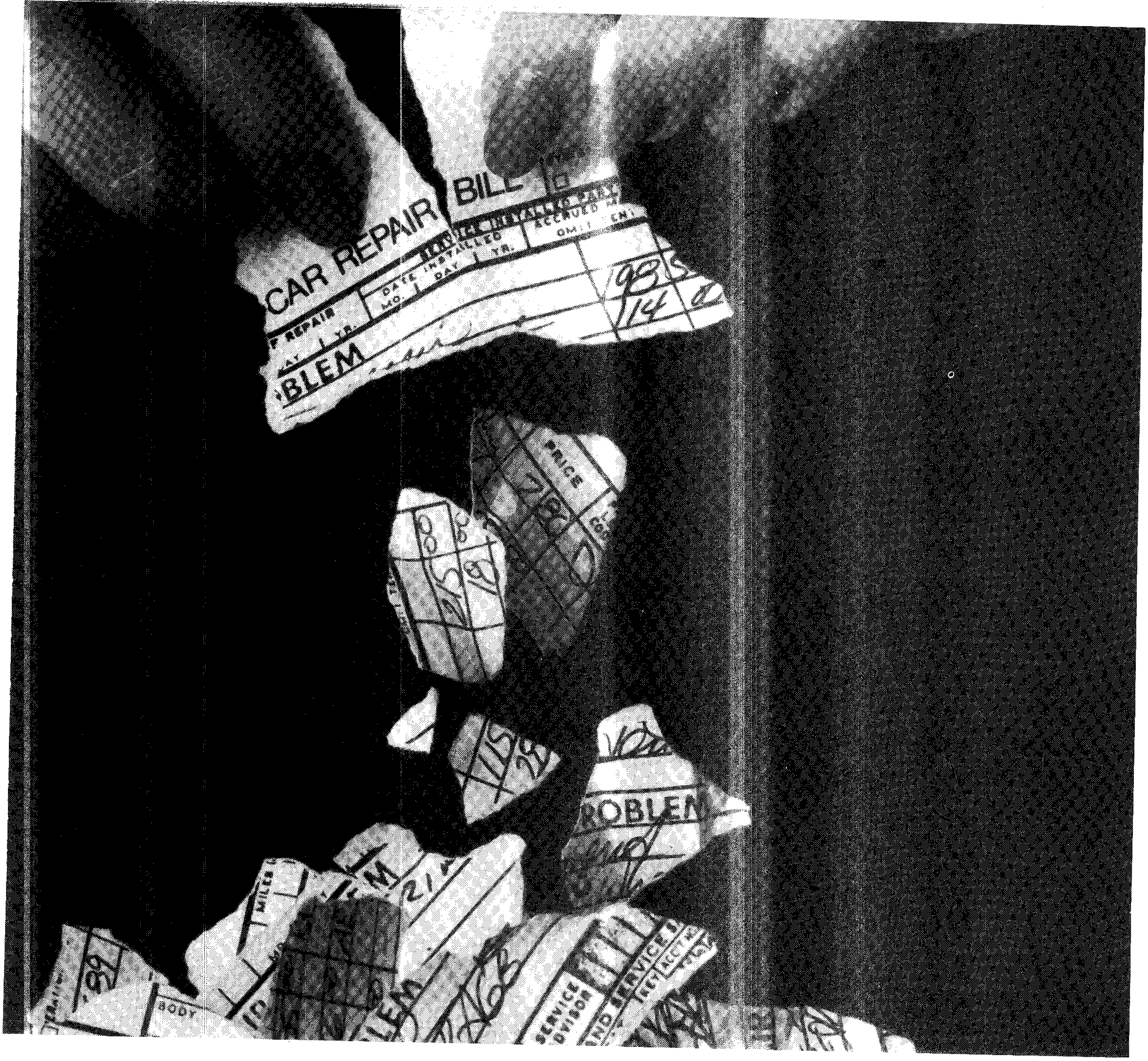

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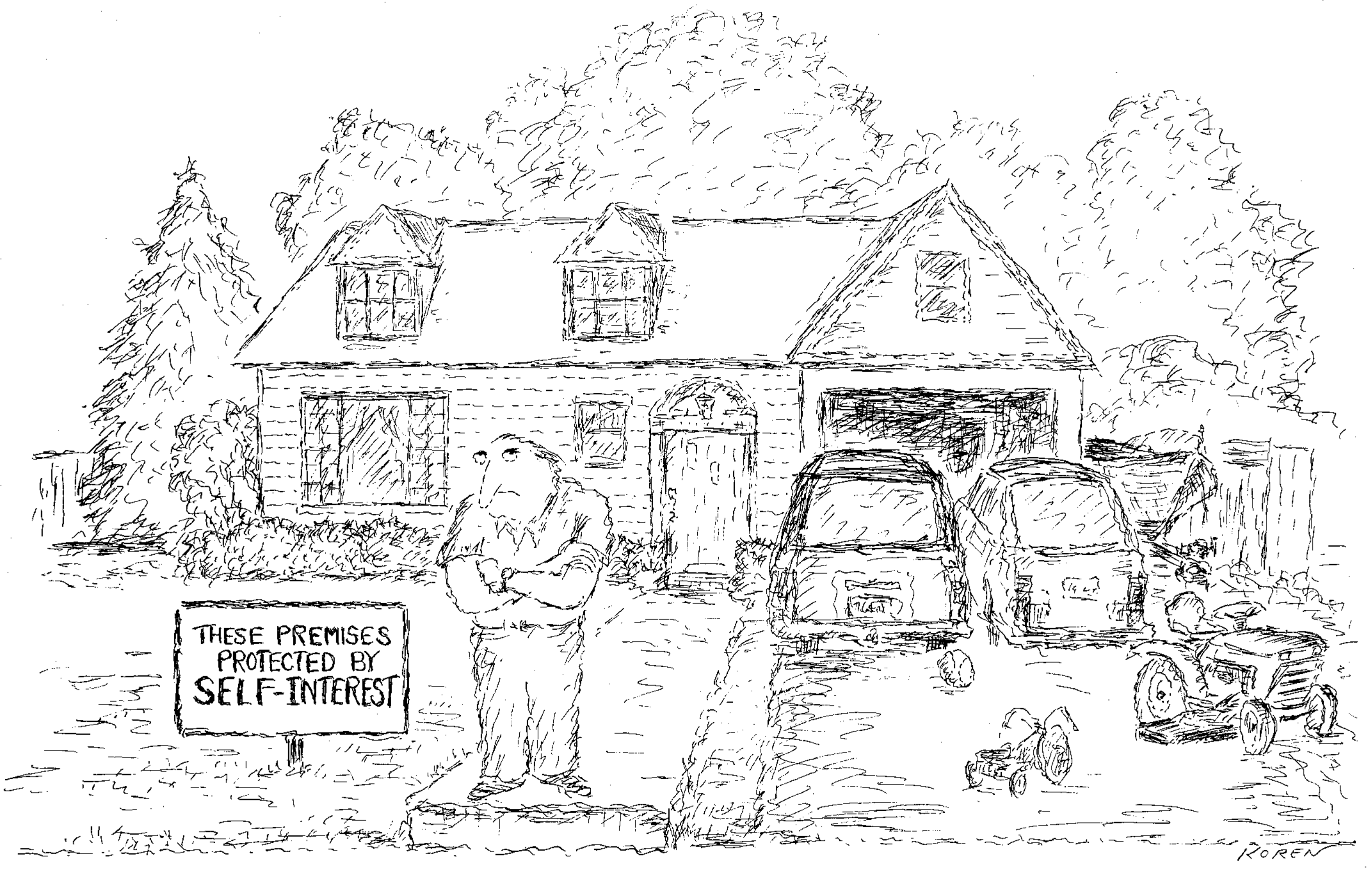
MUSICAL EVENTS

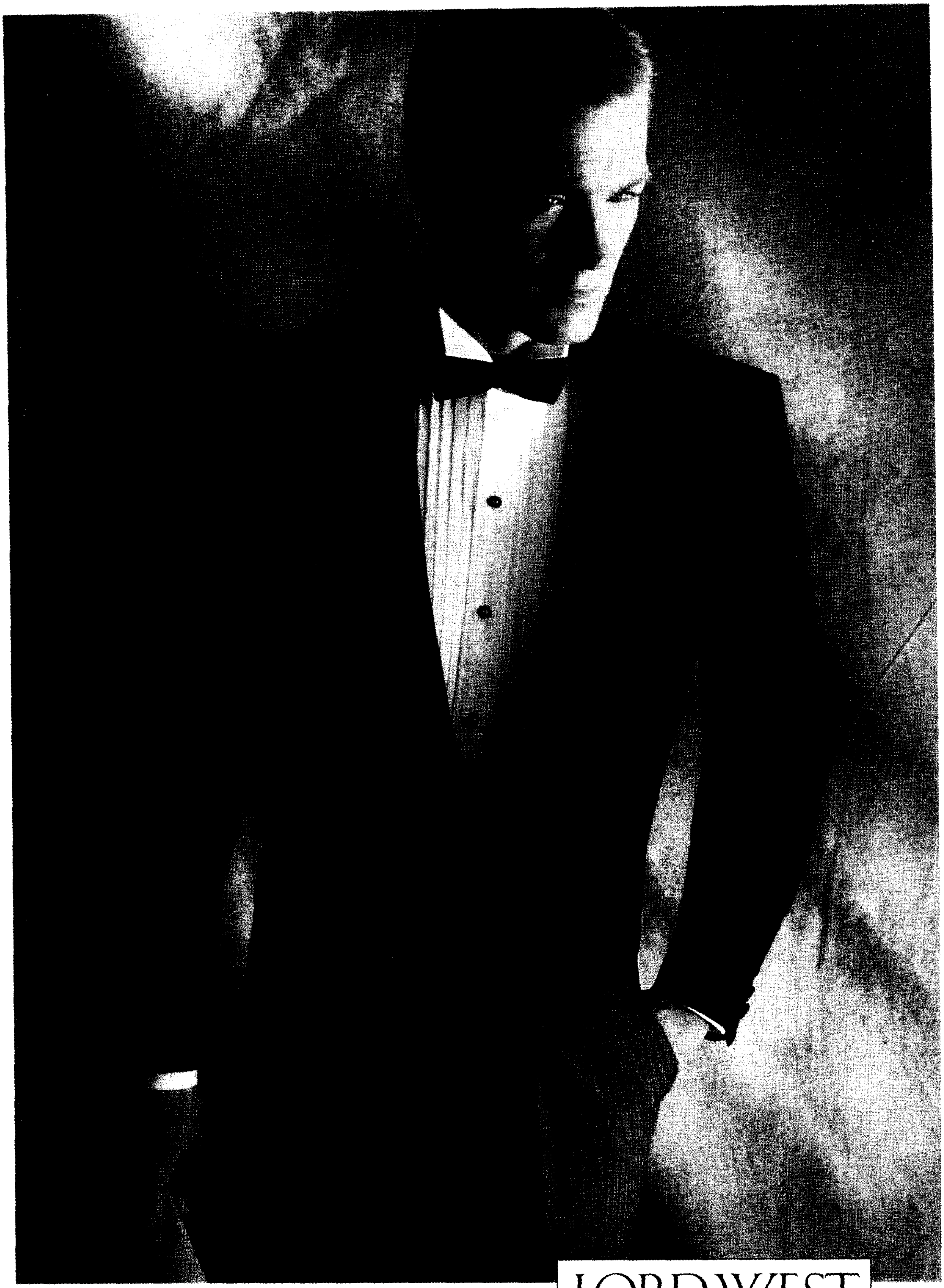
Transmutation

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN'S "Harlequin" (1975) had its American première last week at the League-ISCM concert in Symphony Space. A forty-five-minute solo for a clarinettist-dancer-actor, it was executed with high accomplishment by Jean Kopperud. It cannot be easy to warble while pirouetting, play a steady glissando while doing a split, keep a cantabile smooth while stumbling or tottering about the stage, pipe roulades en arabesque. Miss Kopperud made it all seem easy as without a puff or a pant she continued to phrase with aplomb and command a full palette of colors and dynamics. At the end, someone should have given her a gold medal: when Mary Lou Retton won hers, she didn't have to play the clarinet while going through her paces. (In December, Miss Kopperud gives the American première of Jean Barraqué's Clarinet Concerto, also in Symphony Space.) In Stockhausen's piece, Harlequin is reborn as a musician, and his traditional spiels are transmuted into melody. It's an entertaining, engaging, and sometimes poetic work, even if it does go on, rather. The choreography of this performance was by Jesse Duranceau, and some of his ideas were glib and repetitive—responsive to the chirpy moments but neglectful of the romance. The composer's demands are not light, and his aims are high. Of one episode he writes (in a program note), "Those who listen very quietly at this moment will be able to sing this melody eternally in their dreams and will be able to transform everything that is ugly into something of beauty." I did listen very quietly but have failed to acquire that useful transmutatory skill. The idea could be developed. One might add Columbine and compose a flute-and-clarinet pas de deux; add Pierrot, Brighella, and Pantaloon and set a full woodwind quintet capering. Peter Maxwell Davies' "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," a drama whose actors converse by way of their instruments, already does something of the kind.

The concert began with the American première of Davies' "Sea Eagle" (1982), a brief tone poem for solo horn. William Purvis played it with technical brilliance, but his "presentation" of the soaring, swooping music was plain. (The whole concert, not just "Harlequin," was given under theatrical rather than concert-hall lighting, of a kind that called for performers unreticent in manner.) Two other brilliant instrumentalists, the violinist Rolf Schulte and the pianist Alan Feinberg, joined Mr. Purvis for the American première of György Ligeti's Trio (1982)—an event eagerly awaited, for this was his first substantial composition after the opera "Le Grand Macabre" (1978). The inner movements, with their metrical intricacies, reflect the composer's excited discovery of Conlon Nancarrow's music; the elegiac finale, like the last scene of the opera, evokes a world in which old, familiar musical gestures have survived but have lost their formerly accepted relationships and meanings. Subtitled "Homage to Brahms," the Trio is a disquieting and beautiful piece—at once an individual's commentary on "process music" and on "neo-romanticism" and a new, exploratory composition. The players gave a poised, rapt performance.

The fourth work on the program was a classic: Boulez's Two Improvisations on Mallarmé, composed in 1957. A quarter century ago, these pieces broke on astonished and delighted ears, and gave rise to many other compositions using soprano filigree amid a delicate flicker and tintinnabulation of percussion. They grew into two movements of the mighty "Pli Selon Pli." In the original,





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chamber version, the combination of "Lakmé"-like charm and formal precision remains unfaded. They were very deftly performed by Margaret Ahrens and an instrumental ensemble conducted by Robert Black. It was a good concert for the start of the season. The hall was nearly full, and Ligeti's Trio was greeted with cheers.

Delibes's "Lakmé," a pretty opera, was a Met staple of the thirties and forties, with Lily Pons as its heroine. It's come to the City Opera in a performance laid out on acceptable, traditional lines but not, so far, quite graceful enough in execution. Gianna Rolandi, the Lakmé, sounds the notes accurately, and on the first night there was sweet pathos in her phrasing of the final scene. But her words were uncolored, not forward, and her features were inexpressive; they came to life only at the curtain calls. Barry McCauley's Gerald, also accurate, was dry, not sweet and winning, in timbre. Harry Dworchak's Nilakantha was strongly voiced. Imre Pallo conducted. It was all a little too full, musically overweight, Italianate, too far from opéra comique. (The version with sung recitatives—Delibes's own—was used, which is right for a large theatre, but the recitatives needed to be livelier.) Pasquale Grossi's scenery, originally designed for Trieste, looked far more attractive—like Gérômes brought to life—when I saw it in Dallas four years ago. As displayed in the State Theatre, it suggested warehouse stock, crudely painted, with strings of paper flowers hanging down. Fabrizio Melano's stage direction was modest to the point of verging at times on a parody of old-style opera. He made, however, two unhappy departures from tradition: in Act I the British party settled down, incongruously, to a picnic tea in the temple garden it was profaning; and "La Forêt," the entr'acte before Act III, was demoted to serve as an accompaniment to a pantomime.

The City Opera waited long to produce Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress"—some three decades while elsewhere the opera became pretty well standard fare. Having done it at last, the company has done it well, with an exceptionally strong and spirited cast. Last week, I caught the last of the four performances, and it played to a full and enthusiastic house. May the "Rake" henceforth be a house staple: it's written in American, it suits American singers, and besides being a masterpiece it's the freshest, most melodious, attractive, and exhilarating of modern operas. There have been dark productions, garish productions, steamy productions, productions foolishly or frivolously overelaborated. The City Opera production is bright and clear, with a clarity that lets the power of the parable shine through. The staging is based on Glyndebourne's second production, of 1975, which had three American principals and was directed by John Cox and designed by David Hockney. Mr. Hockney's elegant, sensitive scenery, hatched or crosshatched sometimes in clear colors, sometimes in black on white, looks as delightful as ever in its big-house version. (It has also been seen at La Scala and in San Francisco and Dallas.) The production, staged for New York by Robin Thompson (Mr. Cox's assistant in San Francisco), was no tired, dutiful copybook replica but a crisp, lively reworking that took account of the temperaments of the current cast. Jerry Hadley was the boldest and most cleanly sung Tom Rakewell I have heard—every word clear, every note firmly and truly struck—and he was an eloquent actor with his own approach to the role. This Tom was self-aware but not self-pitying. Frederick Burchinal's Nick Shadow was also cleanly and strongly sung but was a shade heavy, not witty enough. His words, while excellently clear, were clearly *pronounced* rather than, like Mr. Hadley's, supply and energetically used to determine the shape and the inflection of the musical phrases. (There's a difference between singing intelligibly in English and singing good English.) Baba the Turk's music, which lies awkwardly for many mezzos, rang out zestfully from Joy Davidson. She carried her chest tones uncommonly—I hope not harmfully—high. Her characterization was generous and flamboyant without being overdone. Jonathan Green's Sellem was nimble and precise. Erie Mills' Anne Trulove was the weak member. There was a moment of poignant emotion in the street scene, when Anne learned of Tom's marriage, but most of the time the voice sounded thin, lacking in body and in lyrical tenderness. The dense wig and overpainted eyes were unsuited to Anne. The small roles were cast at strength: Joyce Castle (Mother Goose), Mr. Dworchak (Trulove), and Ralph Bassett (Keeper of the Madhouse). The chorus was alert. Christopher Keene was an acceptable, if not a distinguished, conductor. If possible, a way must be found, before the revivals, to effect the scene changes more swiftly and less noisily; Stravinsky's score was broken by unwanted pauses.

d. ehrenberg

Davies' opera "The Martyrdom of St. Magnus" had its first performance seven years ago in the twelfth-century Orkney cathedral, in Kirkwall, where Magnus lies buried, and its New York première last month from a new troupe, Operaworks, in Larry Richardson's Dance Gallery, on East Fourteenth Street. (An evening of George Crumb and a version of "Figaro" are also on the bills.) "St. Magnus" recounts a historical tale, found in the Orkneyinga Saga, about the good, God-fearing Earl Magnus, who was treacherously murdered by his cousin, Earl Hakon, in 1117; and it is a timely parable about moral integrity in conflict with brute political expedience. The libretto, the composer's own, is a brilliant reduction for music of George Mackay Brown's poetic novel "Magnus." The one-act opera lasts about ninety minutes. Five singers play all the parts, and the orchestra is an ensemble of ten (the Fires of London sextet plus guitar, two trumpets, and horn). The music has its foundation in plainchant such as Magnus himself knew, but the chant, as Davies says in a program note, has been adapted and extended "to encompass as wide an expressive musical and operatic vocabulary as possible." It's a ruthlessly contemporary score with its roots in the fundamentals of musical expressiveness.

A few days before the "St. Magnus" performance in New York, I was wandering through Roman London, which now lies nearer to the surface of the commercial City than it has for centuries, and musing on cloud-capped towers, solemn temples (Wren churches are thick-clustered here; Mithras has yielded to Christ), and the fading of insubstantial pageants. In the clean Orcadian air, away

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from city din and city distractions, Davies has been able to clarify and formulate in music the vague thoughts about the past beating upon the present which can fill a musician's mind, and to reconcile opposed yet simultaneous views of the present as urgent and important and as no more than a speck drifting on the long stream of time. Nature, the seasons, the elements, ocean and sky, Orkney's awesome prehistoric monuments, its turbulent ancient history (racked by Norsemen and by Scots), and its modern history of attacks by invaders greedy for uranium and for oil play a large part in Davies' later scores, as they do in Mackay Brown's writings. Ligeti's Trio and "The Rake's Progress"—although that opera is by now itself a part of history—deliberately put imagery of the past into a modern context and test its applicability to contemporary life. Both the dramatic matter and the music of "St. Magnus" (not that the two are separate) do so, economically, directly, and potently, in ways that might perhaps affect—confirm, challenge—a listener's decision about how to vote in the forthcoming election. "All a poet can do is to warn": Britten used Wilfred Owen's line as epigraph to his "War Requiem." And that's probably all a composer can do. Warnings are not always unheeded.

The Operaworks performance was good and would have been better had the director, Joel Casey, tried harder to stage the opera Davies composed. Instead, Mr. Casey had tinkered with it. The cast was swelled to seven, and the carefully planned doublings were shuffled. Instead of ritual simplicity, there was elaboration of the action, the costumes, the setting. There was a sandbox at the center of the acting area. The instrumentalists were concealed behind a black screen, over the top of which the conductor, David Leighton, peeped. (Better if the players can see the singers; this is chamber music.) The nightmare sequence of dances, shouts, and commentary during which singers and players should move into the hall and mingle with the audience was prerecorded and was played through a loudspeaker into a dark hall. This scene whirls through the centuries. The subsequent scene, "The Sacrifice," should take place in the present and "in the place where the opera is performed." Mr. Casey gave it a Nazi setting. Much about the presentation was misconceived, jejune, and weakening to the work. Yet the

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performance was ambitious, serious, committed, and so in sum not unworthy. David Eisler gave a beautiful, quietly radiant account of the title role; his tenor is pure and unforced, and he uses words well. Hilda Harris was a vivid Blind Mary. Of all the chamber-opera companies that come and go in the city, Operaworks seems to me the most promising. The last performance of "St. Magnus" is on October 11th, but more performances are announced for next year. I hope Mr. Casey will rethink his production before then.

THE Finnish baritone Jorma Hynninen made his Carnegie Hall recital début last week, in a concert that confirmed neither his reputation nor the excellent impression left by his Frick recital last year. (I heard that recital broadcast and, having missed the opening announcement, wondered who the exceptionally fine new lieder singer might be.) In the first half, he sang four Yrjö Kilpinen and five Sibelius songs, one after another, rather as if polishing them off; a true lieder singer makes of each song something exquisite and distinct. His voice was not in focus. One presumed that he was nervous and had not got the measure of the hall. The second half, devoted to "Die Schöne Müllerin," was even more disconcerting, for he gave what seemed to be a thoroughly rattled and uncontrolled performance of the cycle. The fast songs were generally too fast; the slow ones tended to get slower and slower as they went on. Sometimes Mr. Hynninen crooned; sometimes he shouted. Many of the little notes were inaudible. All that could be praised was the rude vigor of the singer's response to the verses. The pianist, Ralf Gothoni, was a polished player but one given, in interludes and postludes, to grotesquely extravagant rubato. I'd pass over the whole disappointing event in silence had not Mr. Hynninen been acclaimed at the end as if he were a new Gerhard Hüsch and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in one. He may well be; the Frick recital suggested the possibility. But there was no evidence of it here.

—ANDREW PORTER

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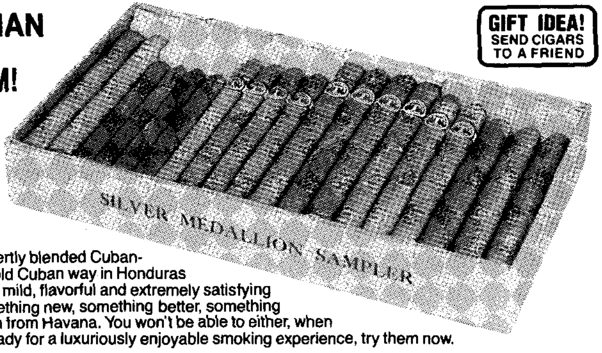

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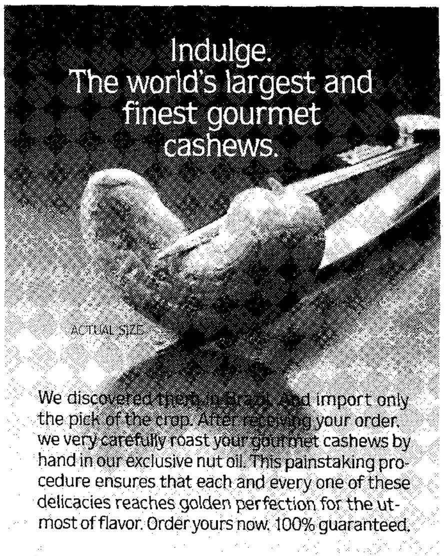

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mirrors

Geoff Murphy, the director of the New Zealand film "Utu," has an instinct for popular entertainment. He also has a deracinated kind of hip lyricism. And they fuse quite miraculously in this epic about the relations between the Maori, the dark-skinned Polynesians who started migrating to the volcanic islands that form New Zealand around a thousand years ago, and the British, who began to migrate there in large numbers in the eighteen-thirties. By 1870, the year in which the movie is set, the British were the government (and within the next few decades confiscated millions of acres of Maori land—much of it as "punishment for rebellion"). Murphy uses the conventions of John Ford's cavalry-and-Indians Westerns, but he uses them as a form of international shorthand—to break the ice and get going, and for allusions and contrasts. His primary interest isn't in the narrative; it's in how the characters think and what they feel. By 1870, the Maori, trained and educated in mission schools, speak English and are imbued with Englishness. And they certainly know how to mock the English—playing off the Englishmen's expectations that they will behave like ignorant savages.

Te Wheke (Anzac Wallace), the troublemaker at the center of the story, is a literate, Europeanized Maori with a taste for Shakespeare. He's a uniformed scout with the British colonial forces who returns to his tribal settlement—a village friendly to the British—and finds that the huts are still smoking: the calvary rode in and set them ablaze after casually slaughtering everyone there, leaving the bodies where they fell. In grief and rage at the death of his people, he feels the need to exact *utu*—the Maori word that means honor and includes ritualized revenge. Te Wheke's honor requires that he achieve balance through reciprocal acts—*utu* can be attained only by the shedding of blood.

By the thirteenth century, the Maori in New Zealand were having disputes over land, and warrior-cannibal tribes built fortified villages and ate or enslaved the enemies they defeated. Since the justification for the raids and killings was the need for *utu*, the members of the tribe that had been attacked would then have the same need, and the warfare was continuous—it was the normal way of life. Because of this tradition, the Maori weren't united even in resisting European encroachment on their land. Some were with the British troops, some tried to remain neutral, and by 1870 the hostile Maori were so demoralized by defeat and slaughter that they couldn't manage much more than occasional guerrilla raids. As more and more land-hungry British settlers arrived, the wars between the Maori and the British became wars of atrocities (on both sides).

Te Wheke prepares for his return to the barbaric, mystical heritage of the warrior tribes by having his face carved to symbolize his new purpose. In the Maori variant of tattooing, deep lines are cut, so that the skin in between stands out in ridges; Te Wheke, with curves and spirals covering his face, has a new aura. He's like a living version of the totemic figures that are now on exhibit in the Maori show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With his long, thick black hair and his mustache and elated eyes adding to the symmetrical pattern, he suggests the posters for the Broadway show "Cats." He's a commanding presence—a Maori Che Guevara. He's also engaged in a form of make-believe—he's a travesty of an ancient warrior. When he's dressed for *utu* in his red British Army jacket, and with a military cap perched on his matted hair, it's as if all the contradictions in the society were popping out of his skin—as if he couldn't contain them anymore. He formally announces his *utu* in a rural Christian church after chopping the pastor's head off. He challenges the bewildered white and Maori parishioners by assuming the openmouthed pose of the totems and jiggling his protruding tongue at them.

Joined by a band of guerrilla recruits, Te Wheke sets out on his rampage. The code that governs *utu* does not require that the specific perpetrators of the offense be killed; any members of their tribe will do—so all Europeans are fair game. When the guerrillas attack the idyllic farmhouse of the Williamsons—Bruno Lawrence (of "Smash Palace") and the fine actress Ilona Rodgers—they assault the two and proceed to desecrate everything European; they shoot up Mrs. Williamson's china, loot the place, and dance to the pounding of her grand piano before shoving it out the window. Picking up a volume of Shakespeare, Te Wheke entertains himself by reading a passage from "Macbeth" before setting fire to the house. It's an insane vandalization, and he knows it, but he's committed to this mad course of action because the history of his country appears to have left him with no other recourse.

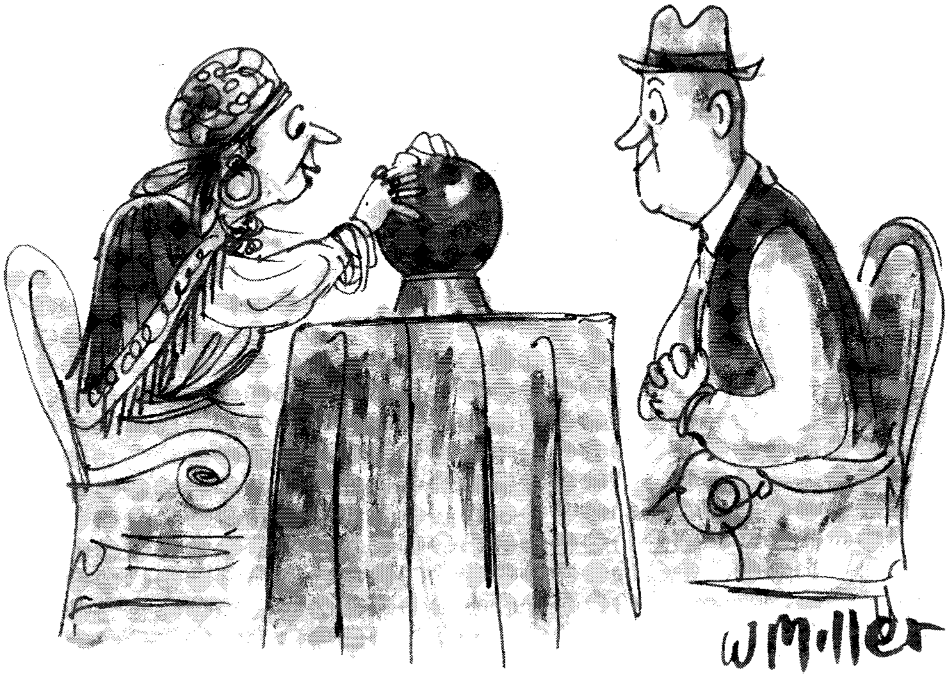
At times, when you're looking at Maori, with their beautiful broad, relaxed faces, you can't tell which side they're on; then you realize that this confusion is part of the subject. They're on both sides: almost everyone in the movie wavers in his allegiance from time to time—even the young Lieutenant Scott (played with a likable mixture of callowness and élan by Kelly Johnson), who has been posted here by the British War Office, because he has been with the Boers putting down the natives in skirmishes in South Africa and has learned new, experimental counter-insurgency tactics. He turns out to be a flop, because he was born in New Zealand and becomes attached to a lovely, fleshy Maori girl; he can't give his work the wholehearted, career enthusiasm he had in South Africa. And the girl (played by an eighteen-year-old Maori student, Tania Bristowe), who is tied in with Te Wheke's band, acts the part of dusky enticer to Scott but feels closer to him than she does to her Maori friends; she gets to the point where she's marked for execution by both sides. As for Te Wheke, he runs his army as a parody of the white man's army. He and his guerrillas deck themselves out in a ragtag assortment of parts of British military uniforms and scraps of Victorian clothing they've picked up in raids on farms, and have hatchets and knives and guns tucked into their belts and boots. They have turned themselves into the Europeans' images of them as butchers and buffoons. (They're like American blacks playing Jungle Bunny.) If that's what the Europeans think they are, that's what they'll be. That's all that's left for them to be. In murdering the British, they're murdering themselves anyway. In a trancelike sequence, Te Wheke's guerrillas take over a wagon full of supplies for the militia and use it to ride in for a surprise night attack; along the road, one of the men rips open a sack of flour, plunks his face down in it, and says, "I've only been one of them for a minute, and already I hate you Maori." As the wagon rolls on, his white face is almost phosphorescent in the moonlight—he's like a phantom.

Mimicry goes on at so many levels in this horror comedy of colonialism that the viewer may be laughing, exhilarated by constant discovery, yet be a little discombobulated and scared. Murphy throws you at the start—he may want to disorient you, as Te Wheke disorients people—and he keeps you in a state of suspension. A few scenes go by before it's clear that the movie is cutting back and forth between the trial of the captured pattern-faced Te Wheke and the events that led the smooth-faced man to transform himself. At the trial, when Wiremu (Wi Kuki Kaa), a smart, fair-minded Maori who's a mercenary with the British forces, explains what has been going on to the officers, Te Wheke yawns. Wiremu, who plays chess with the racist colonel and puts a crimp in his theory of Maori inferiority by winning, has noble twin arches in his upper lip (like V. S. Naipaul)—he's smiling even when he isn't smiling. (He has some of Naipaul's gravity, too.) I doubt if any other director has treated the conventions of this colonial-epic form with Murphy's offhand audacity. He turns the form into a mirror of racism.

Murphy uses an abrupt, lurch-ahead editing that works well (except at the beginning), and there are real streaks of madness in the pursuit story. This isn't an impassioned lament, like the great Australian film "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith;" the lamenting quality is implicit in the material. And "Utu" doesn't have a strong protagonist; there are a whole string of leading characters—Lieutenant Scott, the young Maori girl, and others—who take over for a sequence or two and then recede, but may return. Left for dead, Bruno Lawrence's bald, bearded Williamson gets on Te Wheke's trail with the obsessiveness of a man who has lost his wife and seen the destruction of everything he has worked for. He's in the same position as Te Wheke, and has only one desire: to kill him. Slogging through the countryside carrying a quadruple-barrelled shotgun that he has put together (it's the size of a baby cannon), going for days and nights without sleep, and speaking in a dry rasp of a voice that gets lower and lower, Williamson is the only other character with the intensity of Te Wheke, who keeps firing at him but can't seem to kill him. Williamson has the same trouble killing Te Wheke. One with too much hair, the other with hair in the wrong place, they're like the pairs of adversaries in Sergio Leone's "Once Upon a Time in the West," and we expect them to meet in a final shootout. But Murphy and his co-writer, Keith Aberdein, skewer your expectations, and you think, Of course, it's richer this way. Murphy throws you curves all through the picture: Te Wheke will suddenly be singing "Old MacDonald Had a Farm," or the soundtrack will make a satirical comment on the action, using "Marching Through Georgia," or Lieutenant Scott will casually survive being shot a few times, or Te Wheke's grimaces will remind you of Toshiro Mifune's Macbeth in "Throne of Blood." (Anzac Wallace's performance as Te Wheke—his first acting—may owe something to his own experiences as a wild, sociopathic thief; he spent fourteen years in prison before becoming reconciled to living with other people, leading an industrial strike, and becoming a union organizer.) There are other reminders of Kurosawa, and of "Macbeth," too, when Te Wheke stages his own version of moving Birnam wood to Dunsinane.

Te Wheke's Shakespearean flourish in the Williamsons' vandalized home may be somewhat fancy and more than somewhat trite, but Geoff Murphy has the popular touch to bring it off. This fellow, who in the late sixties was a scat singer and trumpet player in Bruno Lawrence's rock group and travelling road show, and also its visual-effects man, seems to be directing with a grin on his face. (After years of working in film, Murphy had a big hit—relative to a country of only three million people—in 1980, with "Goodbye Pork Pie," which played around the world; that's probably what enabled him to get hold of the three million dollars it took to make "Utu.") The score, written by John Charles, who was also with the road show, and recorded by a traditional Maori flautist and the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra, takes risks, and most of the time the risks come off gloriously. The film has sweep, yet it's singularly unpretentious—irony is turned into slapstick.

As the militia ride out to go after Te Wheke, young Lieutenant Scott asks Wiremu, "Whose side are you on?" Wiremu answers, "Same side as you, sir. I was born here, too." The fatalistic, pragmatic Wiremu knows there's no side to be on; there's no justice. It's obvious that the British will win, and just as obvious that Te Wheke is a folk hero. He's a hero even when he has become so cruel that he is more like a bug than a man, and his



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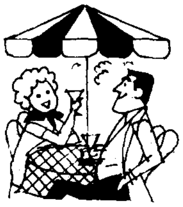

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own followers are disgusted by him. No doubt Murphy was conscious of taking a balanced, nonjudgmental position, but you feel that the material itself—and his own instincts—dictated it. He couldn't have made this movie any other way, because it's a comedy about the characters' racial expectations of each other, which come out of the tragedy of their history—a history too grotesque for tears. In one sequence, the soldiers are tracking the guerrillas, and Te Wheke, catching their scent, sniffs the air; his dogs, also sniffing, turn their heads this way and that. Murphy's absurdism is a matter of temperament—it's part of the texture of the movie, which appears to be a reasonably accurate version of a totally crazy birth of a nation.

Probably what Murphy does that makes a viewer respond so freely is that he distances us—very slightly—and makes comedy out of the distancing. (He's a joshing, razzing director.) And because we're not asked to respond in the banal ways that action-adventure movies usually impose on us—there's no one we could conceivably root for—we're free to respond to much more. We're turned loose inside this epic, and the freedom is strange and pleasurable. Some of it has to do with the Maori, who have the placid features of Gauguin's Polynesians but appear to be completely expressive, and have such a fluent, unaffected wit that they seem to be plugged into the cosmos in a different way from the British. (In a scene out in a remote woodland area, Lieutenant Scott, talking companionably to a Maori soldier, says that Maori laugh at things that aren't funny. He gives as an example a horrible prank that some Maori played on the British—adding human meat to a barrel of pickled pork. When he finishes the story, the Maori laughs.) And some of the pleasure has to do with the quality of the light and the uncanny splendor of the New Zealand landscapes. There's a vista of an army encampment—small white tents dotting the pale-green hills—that's like a child's dream of outdoor living. Much of the film was shot in high country in wet weather, and the cinematographer, Graeme Cowley, lets us see the mountains and forests and mist-covered farms as if we just happened to look up and there they were. In New Zealand, no one is ever more than seventy miles from the sea, and maybe that helps to account for the feeling of exaltation and spirituality that hovers over this film. We know this basic

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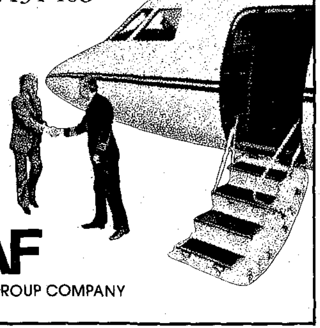

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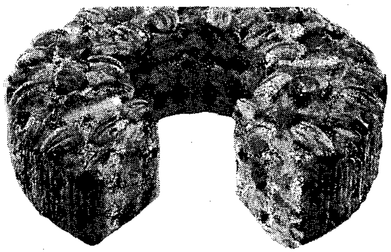

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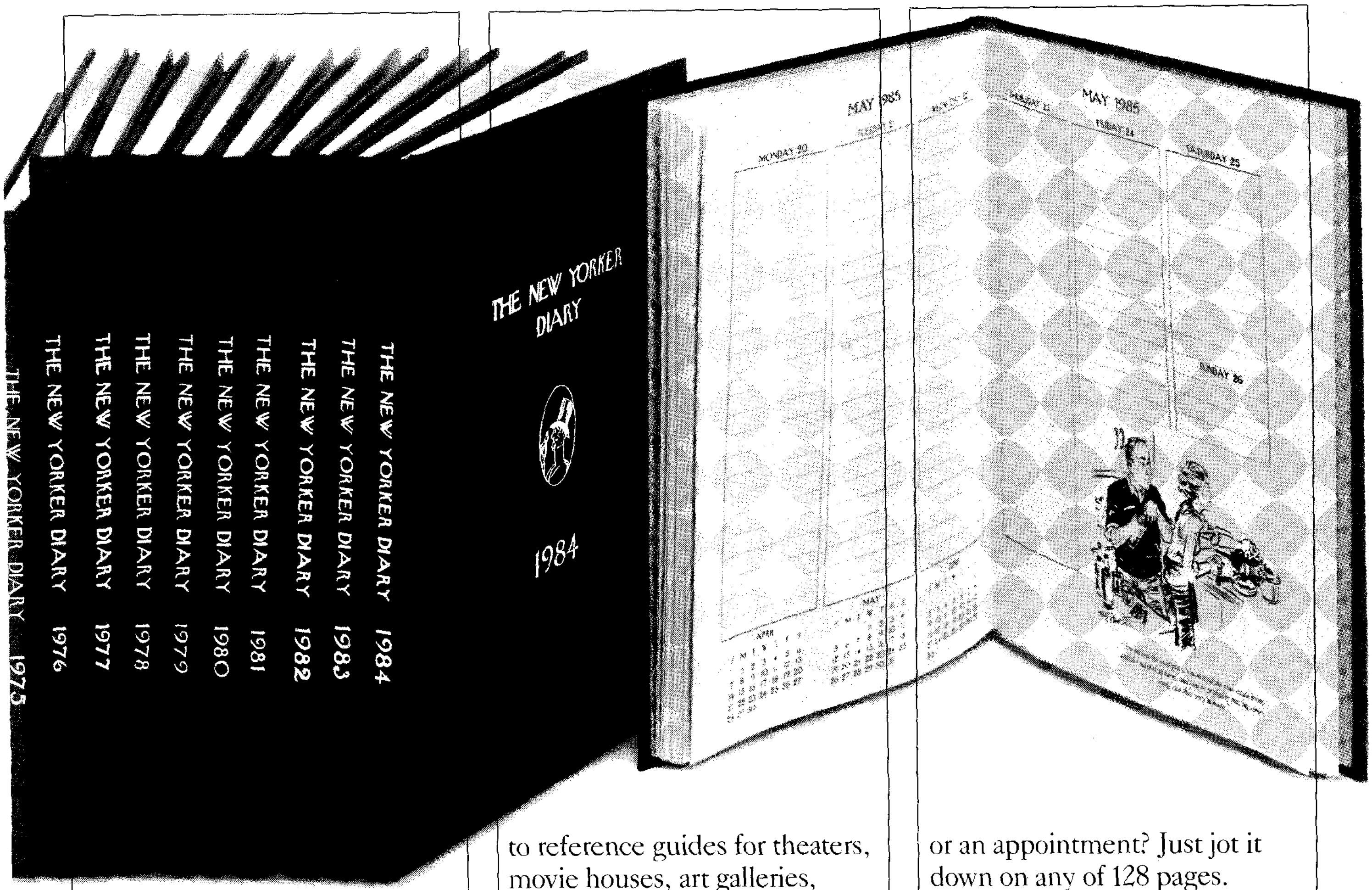
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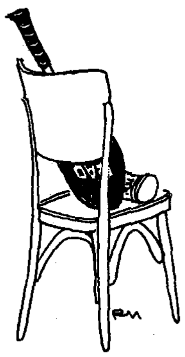
story of colonialism from books and movies about other countries, but the ferocity of these skirmishes and raids is played off against an Arcadian beauty that makes your head swim.

THE smooth meticulousness of "Places in the Heart"—what some might call its craftsmanship—drives me a little crazy. And since I have an aversion to movies in which people say grace at the dinner table (not to the practice but to how movies use it to establish the moral strength of a household), the opening montage of Sunday-night supper in one home after another in Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935—a whole community saying grace—made me expect the worst. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness—that's where the pristine, courteous style of the writer-director Robert Benton comes in. This is another movie, like "Tender Mercies" and "Terms of Endearment" and "On Golden Pond," that has a positive human message; a lot of people are calling it a masterpiece, and it's likely to be around for a while and rack up a few Academy Awards. (God knows it's got heart, but it doesn't need that slopes-of-Parnassus title. What places? A ventricle? An atrium? It turns out that the places are where we lived as children—where our roots are. But those places may not be in our hearts.) Sally Field is Edna Spalding, a homebody in the town, thirty miles south of Dallas, who has been married for fifteen years and has been busy taking care of her sheriff husband and raising two kids; widowed suddenly, by a stray bullet, and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment, she holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The film isn't just about Edna, though; it's about the lives of Edna's family and friends, and about the community. And more than that it's about America, and about Christian love, and about forgiveness of those who fail to live up to it. It's about decency.

The story, I'm afraid, centers on a cotton-pickin' contest. Gallant little Edna goes after the money to save the farm by trying to win the hundred-dollar prize that goes to the one who brings in the earliest harvest of the season. (This may be the first time the movies have given us white folks pickin' cotton, sweatin' in the sun, and havin' their hands torn, right alongside black folks.) Edna has the help of two men who become part of her household: Moze (Danny Glover), an itinerant black laborer, whose efforts on her behalf get him in trouble with the local branch of the Ku Klux Klan, and Mr. Will (John Malkovich), a blind First World War veteran, whom she takes in as a boarder. Floating around the edges of Edna's life are her sister (Lindsay Crouse), who runs a small beauty parlor, and the sister's weakling husband (Ed Harris). He has been having an affair with his best friend's wife, an elementary-school teacher—played by Amy Madigan, who gives the most persuasive performance in the film. She has a passionate delicacy, and her guilt takes the form of making her recoil just a trace from all human contact—she looks as if she were withdrawing into herself. It's a small role, but Amy Madigan, with her precisely modelled, tiny features and dark, wavy hair, suggests a major presence. Except maybe for pink, shiny-faced Bert Remsen, who turns up as a hymn-swinging musician at the local dances (he lip-syncs "Cotton-Eyed Joe" to a Doc Watson record), she was the only person in the movie I wanted to see more of, though there are two other impressive performances. Danny Glover has greater vitality than anyone else onscreen and gives the all too endearing role of Moze a humorous, eccentric force, and Malkovich is certainly attention-getting as Mr. Will.



Whenever Malkovich is on, he creates a stillness—a hush—and Benton clears other things out of the way so we can admire his great acting. He has a soft, rather high voice and a large, rounded forehead with a slightly receding hairline, and as Mr. Will he holds his lips small and puckered, and, with his almost expressionless face and empty gaze, he's so touching he's creepy—he's spectral. Malkovich succeeds in conveying the impression that blindness has made him unsure of things, and that his mind is always teeming with incompletely developed ideas. He's affecting, but Mr. Will's hush doesn't vary—it's as if there were a brief patch of blank film before

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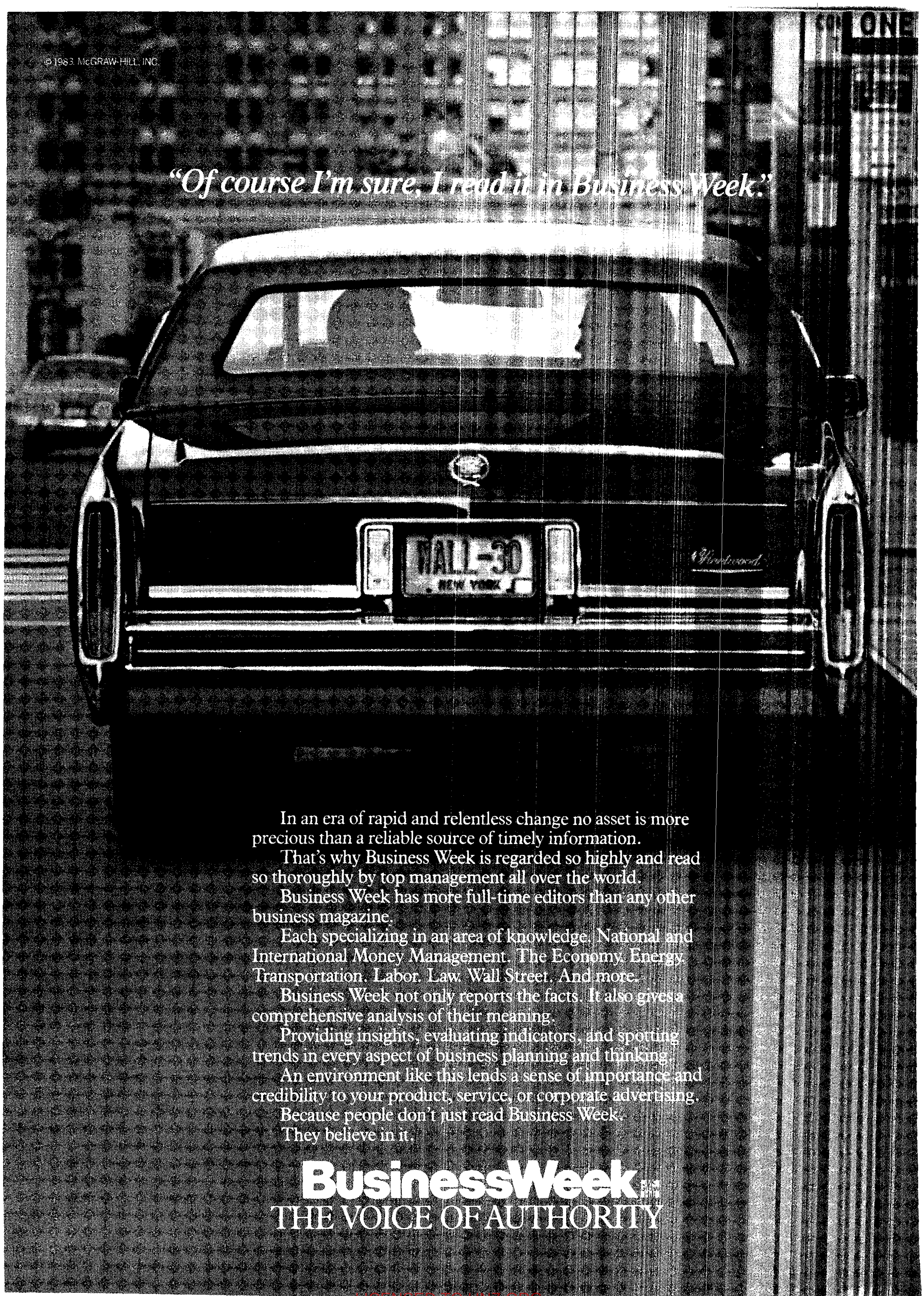

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and after his appearances, and it gets to be dead space. And he's too sensitive. Benton has conceived Mr. Will as if blindness purified him and drove out ordinary faults; blackness does the same for Moze.

As for Edna, who's based on Benton's great-grandmother (her sheriff husband was shot in 1882), she's a good Christian woman, firm in her faith from the word go. The movie is a tribute to what Edna represents, and Sally Field seems to have got the Jane Fonda bug—she's being earnest and archetypal (and she doesn't seem to enjoy acting, the way she used to). She gives us her all, but that doesn't include much depth or subtext. She's a one-emotion-at-a-time actress, and her face is always floodlit with whichever one it is. Fortunately, when Sally Field, our leading exemplar of gumption, holds the thought "careworn and anxious" she's likely to look plain rattled. She doesn't really have a star presence here, and so she isn't a pain. She has a saving kind of giddiness: she's playing the equivalent of the role that Gregory Peck had in "To Kill a Mockingbird," but she's not a Lincolnesque lawyer—she's more like a sweet, light-headed woman working in a small-town five-and-dime or stationery store. It's easy to forget about her. And the kids are just standard-issue movie kids.

"Places in the Heart" is a series of set pieces of the utmost conventionality; it's like a remake of a prestigious movie of the forties about "the home front" and what we're fighting for. There is even the scene that was popular in twenties and thirties films—the one where the blind man asks the heroine "What do you look like?" and the audience always gulped. Here the music gulps for us, swelling with emotion as Edna describes herself for Mr. Will (though, oddly, she doesn't say what color her hair is, which you might expect would come first). Mr. Will listens wistfully. That's the closest Edna ever gets to a love scene. The quotes in the ads say "Places" is about growing up American, but it's about growing up at American movies. Benton seems to have put together family stories he remembered from childhood and scenes from naïve, prettied-up movies, and blended them into a mythological view of the American past, scrubbing them (in this movie the Ku Klux Klansmen wear the crispest, whitest sheets you've ever seen) and shaping them into an expression of the very highest innocuous values. Humility comes easy to Sally Field; that must help to explain the casting. And she can stand for land and church and family without putting an audience off.

When Benton plays with characters and ideas, as he did in the script of "Bonnie and Clyde" and in "The Late Show" (which he wrote and directed), there's more of him at work than in the projects, like "Kramer vs. Kramer" and this one, where he's "sincere." The sincere Benton falls back on hollow craft and tastefulness and restraint. They serve as a neutralizing force, a form of protection. It's quite a mean town, Benton's Waxahachie. Except for Edna Spalding and, to a lesser degree, her sister, and Mr. Will and Moze, and possibly the other black people, there isn't a true Christian around. The bank manager uses a form of blackmail to dump Mr. Will (who's his brother-in-law) on the destitute widow. Nobody gives her a helping hand. The merchants and traders try to cheat her, and when Moze prevents it they get into their KKK robes and go after him, and when Mr. Will rushes to his aid they're not above threatening a blind man. These people aren't above anything: a mob of white men lynch a black teen-ager. But somehow Benton's gentle presentation muffles all this. His craftsmanship is like an armor built up around his refusal to outrage or offend anyone; it's an encrusted gentility. A friend of mine says that Benton knows how to swim. There may be something to that: he goes with the currents. In the sixties, he (and David Newman) wrote "Bonnie and Clyde" and other scripts with an impudent countercultural tone. In the seventies, he wrote and directed "Kramer vs. Kramer," a primer for sensitive men in the "Me" decade. And now he's out there with this subdued, inspirational vision of a righteous America, healed by love and decency. (All it lacks is Lassie.) He's the same Robert Benton who (with Harvey Schmidt) wrote that guide to staying *au courant* "The In and Out Book." I don't mean to suggest any conscious deception; I'm sure he believes in what he's doing. But he has exquisite feelers. —PAULINE KAEL

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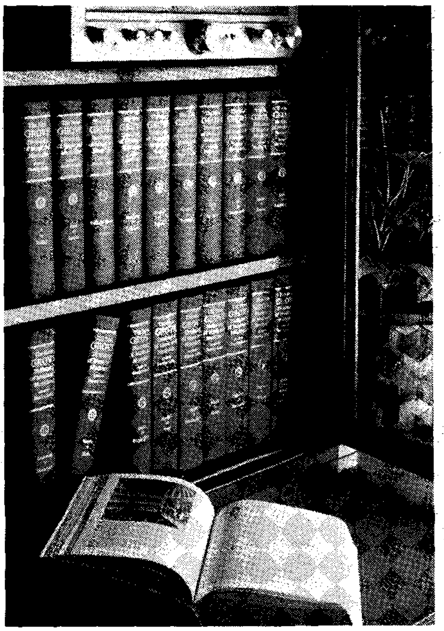

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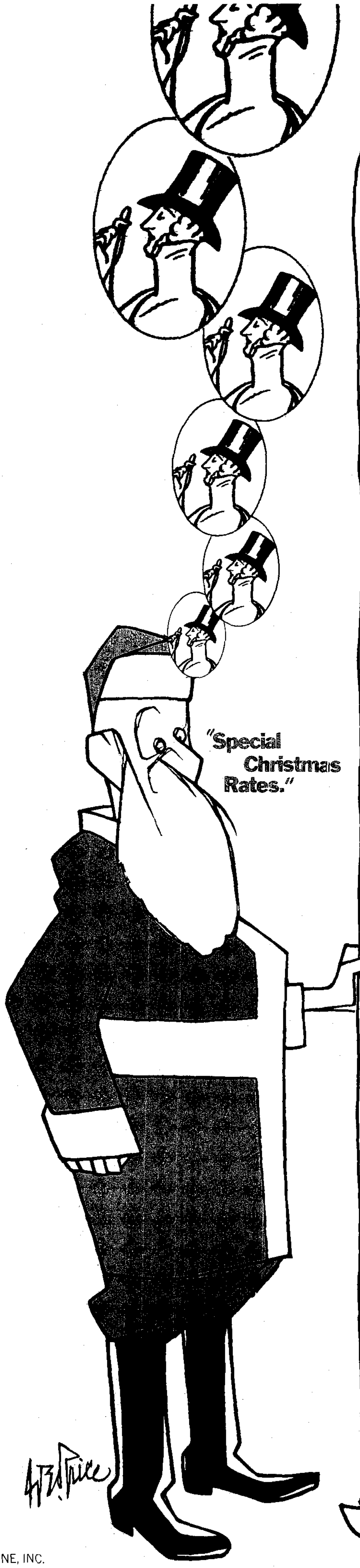
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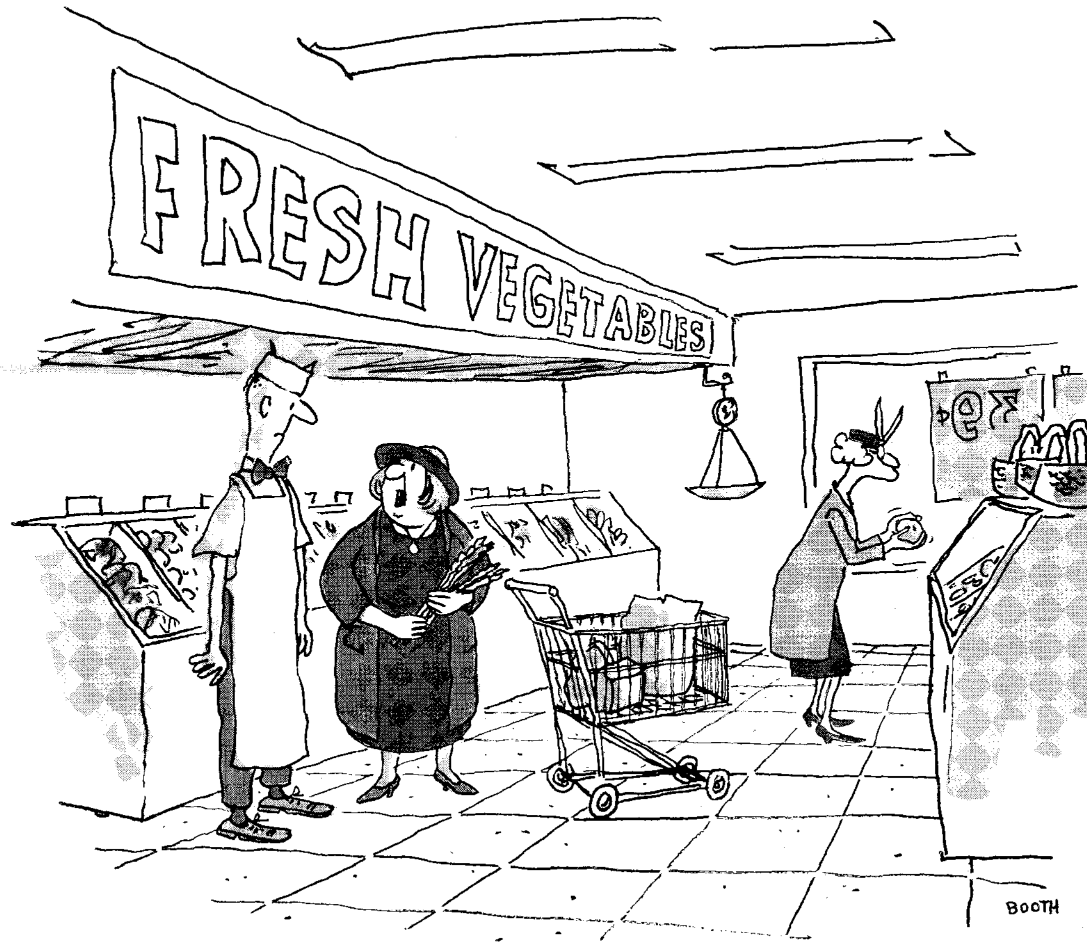
BOOKS

Émigrés

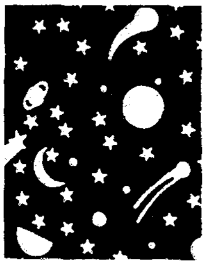
“The Engineer of Human Souls” (Knopf; $17.95) is the Czech novelist Josef Skvorecky’s sixth work of fiction to be translated into English (it was originally published, in Czech, in 1977), and is the most ambitious since the two indelible novellas brought out six years ago as “The Bass Saxophone.” Skvorecky, who teaches English at the University of Toronto, is tireless. His newest novel, which deals with Dvořák’s stay in this country in the mid-nineties, has just been published by Sixty-Eight, the Czech-language publishing house Skvorecky and his wife run, and he is about to begin a novel about a group of Czechs who settled in Texas at the time of the Civil War and refused to fight for the Confederacy. “The Engineer of Human Souls” itself has nearly six hundred closely printed pages; yet, like all Skvorecky’s work, it has no fat.

Skvorecky (pronounced Shkvor-*et*-sky) continues to plumb his life. There is little news in it, for it follows the now classic mid-twentieth-century succession endured by countless Europeans of oppression, fear, resistance, displacement, and (with luck) emigration. But Skvorecky writes of these disorders with eloquence and wit, and with such an attractive directness and clearheadedness that we feel we are reading about them for the first time. He describes his book as “An Entertainment on the Old Themes of Life, Women, Fate, Dreams, the Working Class, Secret Agents, Love, and Death,” a subtitle offered with the same easy irony as the title, said to be Stalin’s definition of the sort of writer he envisioned as celebrating the new Socialist man. The book has a quiet, unruffled surface, and there is no music underneath to guide our emotions. Tragedy and high-grade slapstick are given equal weight, and the intensity of the ensuing dismay or laughter is up to the reader. (The slapstick, which is hilarious and generally ribald, suggests the Marx Brothers freed of the Hays Office.) Although Skvorecky makes his narrator, Danny Smiricky, his alter ego—he is an émigré Czech writer and a professor of English at Edenvale College in Toronto (Skvorecky teaches at Erindale College)—he makes him a bachelor and grants him the indulgence of sentimentality, a state he himself doesn’t share. “I’m not sentimental,” Skvorecky recently told Walter Goodman in the *Times*. “I don’t miss anything [in Czechoslovakia]. I like to remember things. Even if a miracle occurred, I would not go back.” And that’s what “The Engineer of Human Souls” is—a long remembering of Skvorecky’s past, filtered through Danny Smiricky’s softening, dramatic intelligence and through his unfettered Toronto life in the mid-seventies. (Skvorecky-Smiricky fled Czechoslovakia after the Russian invasion of 1968.)

Dickens invented the cinematic novel, and Skvorecky has taken it as far as it will go. Consider this paragraph early in the book: “Outside the gothic windows a melancholy snow is falling. I see hatred in the depths of Hakim’s eyes. I look down at Hawthorne’s book and slide my glance along the black lines of print: ‘When an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes,’—I see Veronika in a spring dress, standing in a crowd on the Old Town Square of Prague—‘it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgement, as it usually does, on the intuitions of its great and warm heart,’—I see Veronika in a mob that is stoning squat tanks—‘the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring, as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.’ ” Within slightly over a hundred words, we move from Smiricky’s contemporary Toronto classroom to the Viet-



“Mrs. Ritterhouse charges her violin students six dollars an hour. That’s two bunches of asparagus and a black-and-white cookie.”



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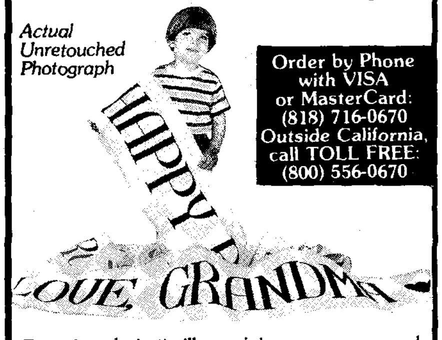

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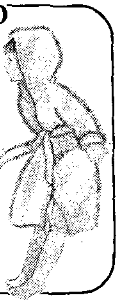

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nam War (Hakim is a draft dodger) to Hawthorne's nineteenth-century Concord consciousness to Puritan New England to the besieged Prague of 1968. And elsewhere we continue to shoot through time and space: we are in Smiricky's Kostelec under the Nazis; in Stephen Crane's Civil War; in Communist Prague in the fifties; in Australia in the seventies; in Israel in the sixties; on Mark Twain's Mississippi; in Toronto at a Czech-émigré party ("Pauperized, re-established, industrious, hungry for money, sentimental, hungry for freedom, limited, intellectual, mean, merciful. All kinds. Indestructible. These are the traitorous emigrants against whom the Prague press rails"); in upper New York State with Allen (presumably) Ginsberg; and in Paris in 1968, standing in front of Les Deux Magots with Milan Kundera, who says to Skvorecky-Smiricky, "I only hope I die soon. There's been too much of *everything. How much longer do you* think we can last?" The book cuts back and forth between a dozen or so Czech lives. Some are in Canada, some are in Europe, some are elsewhere; all are bent and disjointed. Bright, rebellious, homesick Veronika the singer *finally quits Canada and goes home,* only to cable Smiricky, "I'm a fool." Vrata the playwright mocks Communism from West Germany, and dies of a heart attack. An old love, Rebecca, survives Auschwitz, settles in Israel, and loses her beloved only child in a terrorist bombing just after the Yom Kippur War. Prema the resistance fighter single-handedly blows up a Nazi gasoline dump, and ends up a disconsolate laborer in Australia, while Uher the divinity student, always centerless, becomes a Communist agent. The book returns again and again to the "traitorous emigrants" in Toronto, a superb Greek chorus that, in spinning its fablelike tales of horror, its harebrained plans for revenge, its thin hopes for the future, forms a jostling, highly diverting Dickensian assemblage of eccentrics, stoics, cripples, beauties, comedians, fools, and mock tragedians. The book also keeps going back to Smiricky's classroom, a kind of conning tower from which he surveys his dangerous past and his calm, lucid present while trying to persuade his students that Hawthorne and Poe and Mark Twain and Conrad and Fitzgerald still have things to say to us.

Skvorecky clearly would rather laugh than weep, but he does not let us

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or himself off easily. He likes quick, deft jabs:

> The world has moved on. The issue is no longer freedom, that absolutist ideal of eighteenth-century madmen, but the extent to which freedom may permissibly be limited. It is only beyond those limits that persecution begins. The word "persecution" has a much more modern ring to it.
>
> Insouciant Percy is aware of nothing, and knows less. Less than his grandfather from the Queen's Own Rifles who died to make Europe safe for Stalinism.
>
> There is beauty everywhere on earth, but there is greater beauty in those places where one feels that sense of ease which comes from no longer having to put off one's dreams until some improbable future —a future inexorably shrinking away; where the fear which has pervaded one's life suddenly vanishes because there is nothing to be afraid of.
>
> "Ah, fear," observes Mr. Pohorsky thoughtfully. "I know it well."

He scatters several dozen letters throughout the book, all of them from old Czech friends of Danny Smiricky's who stayed home or fled to other points of the globe. Their writers are rarely mentioned in the rest of the text, and the letters constitute brief, emblazoned autobiographies. Indeed, they are the fervent wheels on which Skvorecky's huge caravan moves, pressing the endless European darkness back.

The translation, by Paul Wilson, is graceful and inspired. Presumably, it is also accurate, since Wilson spent ten years in Czechoslovakia and now lives in Toronto, where he and Skvorecky consulted. Wilson offers Skvorecky's prose as clean and handsome, with just the right figurative edge. Here is how Skvorecky handles nature:

> Then they drove back to the city through the pleasant sadness of a Canadian evening, the red Jaguar flashing by the white cairns, the sun like a ruby in the pink velvet of its own setting.
>
> It is snowing cotton wool.
>
> Light planes owned by wealthy sportsmen were chasing each other around in the sky like dragonflies.

Nature, as Skvorecky obviously knows, always needs kidding.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ON THE YANKEE STATION, by William Boyd (Morrow; $12.95). Two of these fifteen stories—"Next Boat from Douala" and "The Coup"—feature Morgan Leafy, the sweaty low-level British diplomat of Mr.

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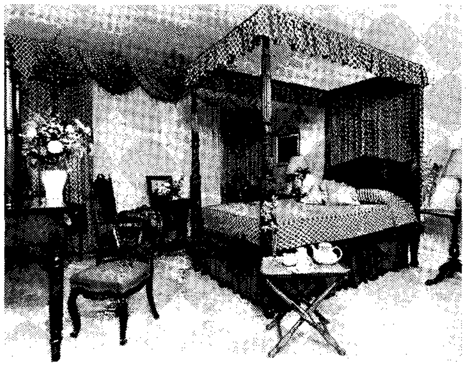

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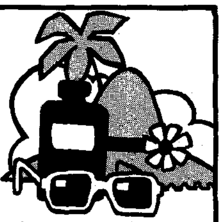

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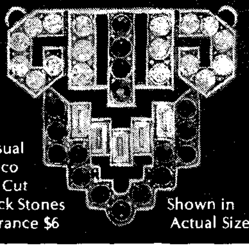

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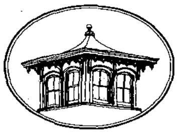

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Boyd's fine first novel, "A Good Man in Africa," whose habitual hyperbole suits a short story's strictures, since the plot thickens as soon as he opens his mouth. The remaining thirteen, mostly about simpler liars—hopeful innocents or hopeless losers—are a luckless lot. In "The Care and Attention of Swimming Pools," set in Southern California, and in the title story, set in and near Saigon, two very different grievances are avenged neatly and implausibly, and with none of the offhand oddities that make "Next Boat from Douala" memorable: the time, for instance, that Morgan Leafy gets off a decent pun about a dachshund and Proust, and his one-woman audience, smiling blankly, says, "Pardon?"

GENERAL

HEMINGWAY IN CUBA, by Norberto Fuentes (Lyle Stuart; $22.50). After Ernest Hemingway's suicide, in 1961, Finca Vigía, his fabled country place outside Havana, was deeded by his widow to the Cuban government as a museum. Except for a now almost priceless collection of paintings, manuscripts, and personal effects, everything that had been in the house when Hemingway left it was included in the gift: guns, books (some nine thousand of them), furniture, hunting trophies, old letters, photographs. Even the Pilar, the motor yacht he'd fished from, and on which he pursued his quasi-farcical anti-submarine hunts during the Second World War, was hauled out and placed on exhibit. Today, the grounds of Finca Vigía are open to the public, but visitors may only look in the windows of the house; the author of this book, a Cuban journalist, is the only person who has obtained permission to inventory the entire contents of the house, read all the letters and other literary memorabilia, and examine the huge collection of photographs—some of which appear among the eighty pictures that illustrate this book. In the course of his description of the shrine, he writes a history of the twenty-two years when Hemingway made Cuba his home, and his home base; there he wrote some of his most memorable fiction, and there he made, among bartenders and barflies, fishermen, workers, peasants, and trainers of fighting cocks, some of his most enduring friendships. Hemingway is

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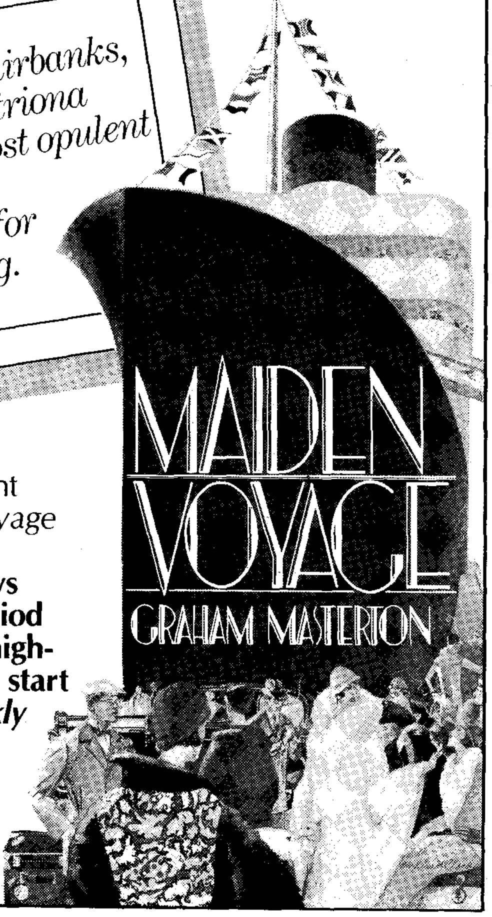
said by some to have been strongly sympathetic to Castro's revolution, and Mr. Fuentes, as would be expected, makes the most of that. Despite the lapses into propaganda, the book contains a wealth of new material on Hemingway, and of insights—some of them revealing rather unseemly traits of character—into his ever equivocal personality.

MARGARET MEAD: A LIFE, by Jane Howard (Simon & Schuster; $19.95) and WITH A DAUGHTER'S EYE: A MEMOIR OF MARGARET MEAD AND GREGORY BATESON, by Mary Catherine Bateson (Morrow; $15.95). Miss Howard's biography of the noted American anthropologist (1901-78) is thorough and enormously readable; it brings to life a variety of backgrounds and people as fascinating as Mead herself. Its flaw is the author's decision to include even petty criticisms of Mead, as if striving to avoid the conclusion that the preponderance of her evidence suggests: Mead was great. Great people are not perfect, but Mead had a grand vision, a sense of mission, and considerable effectiveness. The publicity she received evoked some resentment from her second husband and from some of her colleagues who did not attain her celebrity, but attention was as essential to Mead's purpose as it was to, say, Gandhi's. Her ambition was to make anthropology and allied social studies useful practically—to improve not only human understanding but human behavior. She was a superb scientist, but she was not a pure scientist; she was also an ethical teacher. Some of today's feminists object to her having focussed on the traditional place of women in primitive cultures, but they overlook the fact that the peoples she investigated generally did not allow any woman entrée into masculine inner circles. Miss Howard takes these objections too seriously, and also betrays the contemporary sensibility that demands a public display of suffering; she seems almost disappointed that Mead made no scenes and no confessions about her romantic and erotic life. Mead's personality was powerful, and could seem overbearing to men and women less outgoing, more withdrawn, or more meditative. Such a person was Gregory Bateson, her third husband and the father of her only child, Mary Catherine, herself an anthropologist. Miss Bateson's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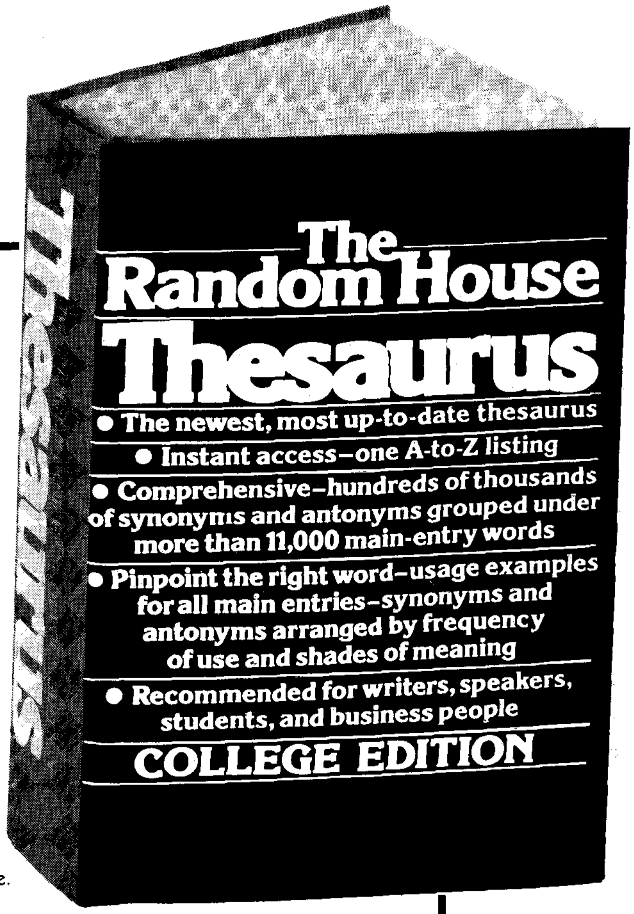
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memoir is a triumph. She has come to terms with the deprivation that her parents' divorce brought her, and is able to recall her parents in two ways: as they affected her and as they were themselves. Where Mead had an almost breathtaking capacity for shuttling between the abstract and the concrete, Bateson sought ever higher levels of abstraction; where she attempted to serve causes, such as world peace, he attempted to find logical patterns in the universe. Miss Bateson is pleased, however, that toward the end of his life her father, alarmed by the ecological mess on this planet, began to publicize his ideas and put his learning to work, and that her parents collaborated in a "conference on the future" in 1978. She understands the originality of her parents' formidable minds, conveys the quality of their remarkable personalities, and shows them as entertaining in intimacy.

NOTE: "Parallel Universes," a collection of drawings by Roz Chast, has been published by Harper & Row ($7.95 paper). Many of the drawings originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Cameraworks," a volume of photocollages by David Hockney, with a preface by Lawrence Weschler, has been published by Knopf ($50). Part of the preface first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MAN WHO STOLE THE MONA LISA, by Martin Page (Pantheon; $13.95). Adam Worth is the world's greatest art thief. This is the year 1909. J. Pierpont Morgan, with only a few years to live, wishes to round out his art collection with the greatest of all paintings—the "Mona Lisa." He hires Worth, with a down payment of a million dollars, to do the job. Worth heads for the Louvre by way of Brazil (where he picks up a suitable wife) and London (where he arranges for an abandoned corpse to be buried as Adam Worth), and lays his ultimately successful plan. Mr. Page is full of life and good humor and ingenuity, and his novel is a delight.

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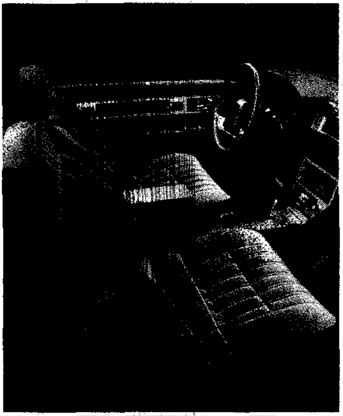

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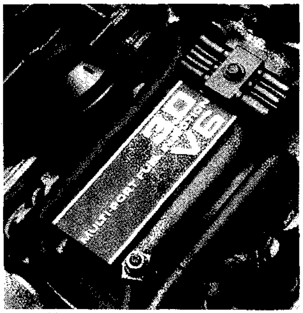

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Connect the camera to the lightweight portable recorder. The camera focuses automatically. Even lets you record weddings, birthday parties and other special moments. Without special lights. Touch a button for instant replay. Right in the camera.

8-hour recording. No other system has more.

Slide the recorder onto its compact tuner-timer. Connects automatically. No wires. Now you can record up to eight hours of TV on a single cassette. Even program it to record up to eight TV shows. Over a two-week period while you're away.

And whether you're recording a high-stepping pro halfback. Or your child's first steps. You'll enjoy watching them even more with jitter-free special effects. Like slow motion. Or stop motion. Thanks to Tech-4. Our four-head playback technology.

VHS Hi-Fi. Sound that goes beyond stereo.

Connect the video recorder to your stereo system. Play any prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi movie. Or musical performance. From classical to rock. You'll experience sound your conventional stereo alone could never give you.

So make sure your first video system is good enough to be your last. Panasonic. The video system that's here today. And here tomorrow.

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